MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 54

APRIL

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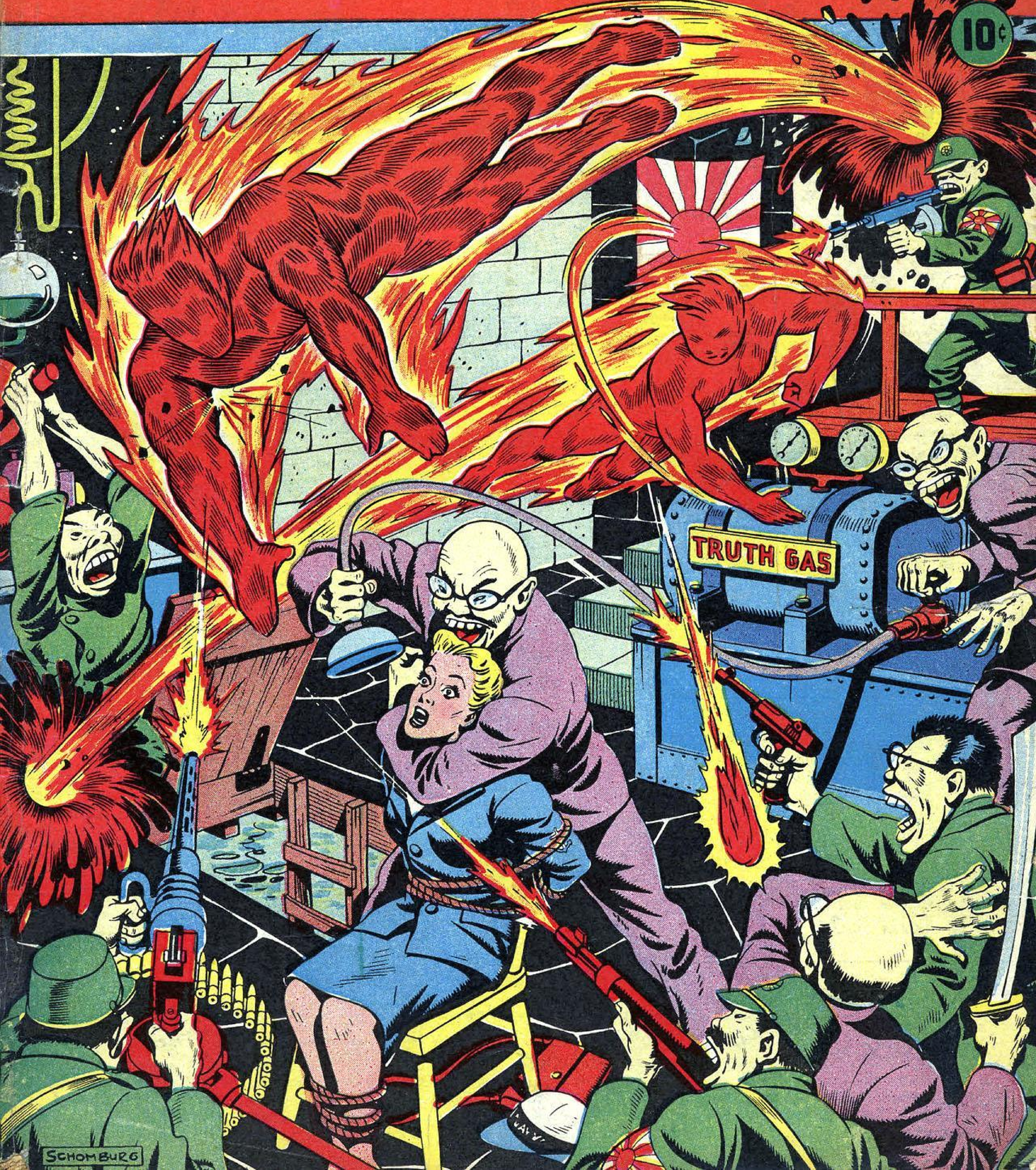
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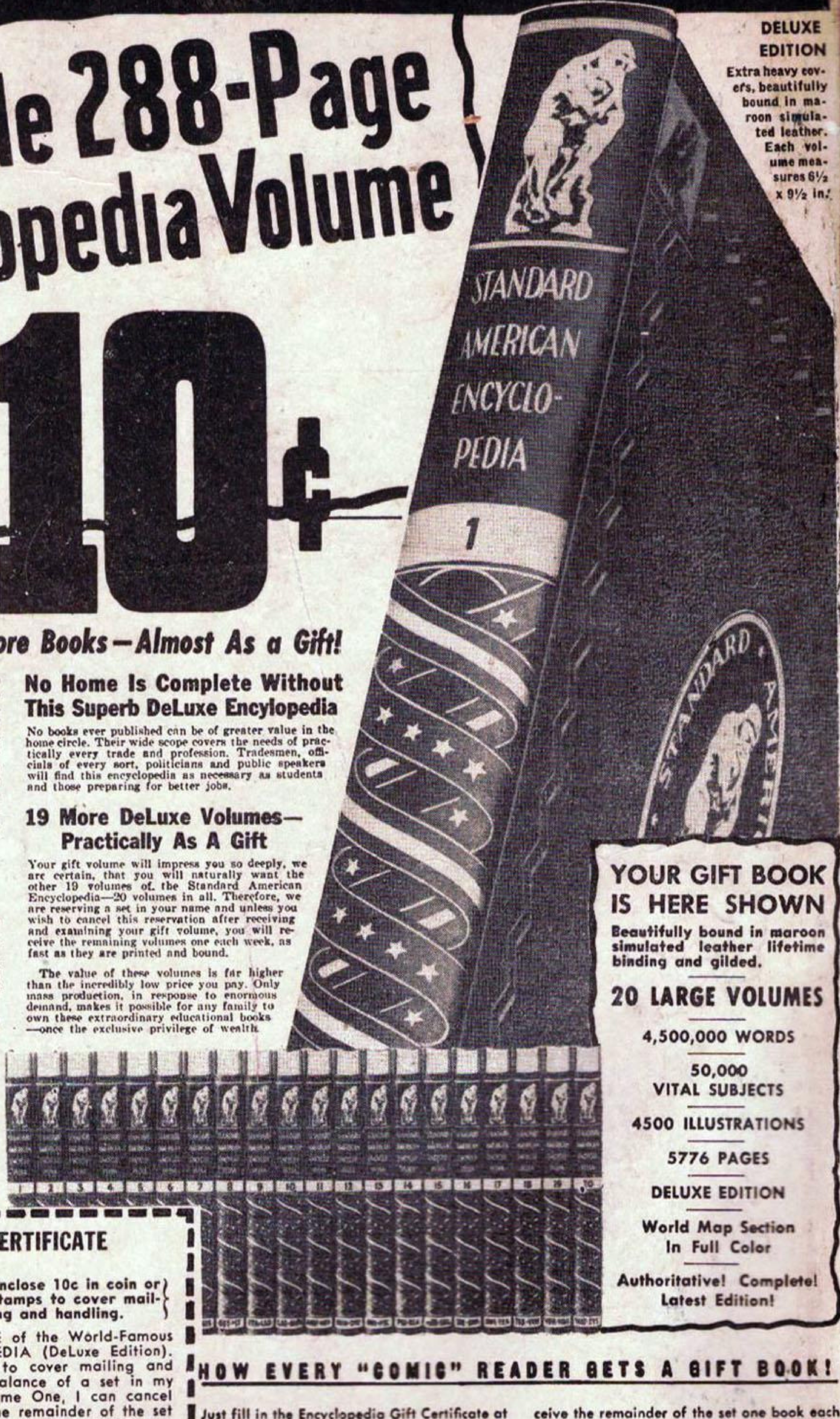

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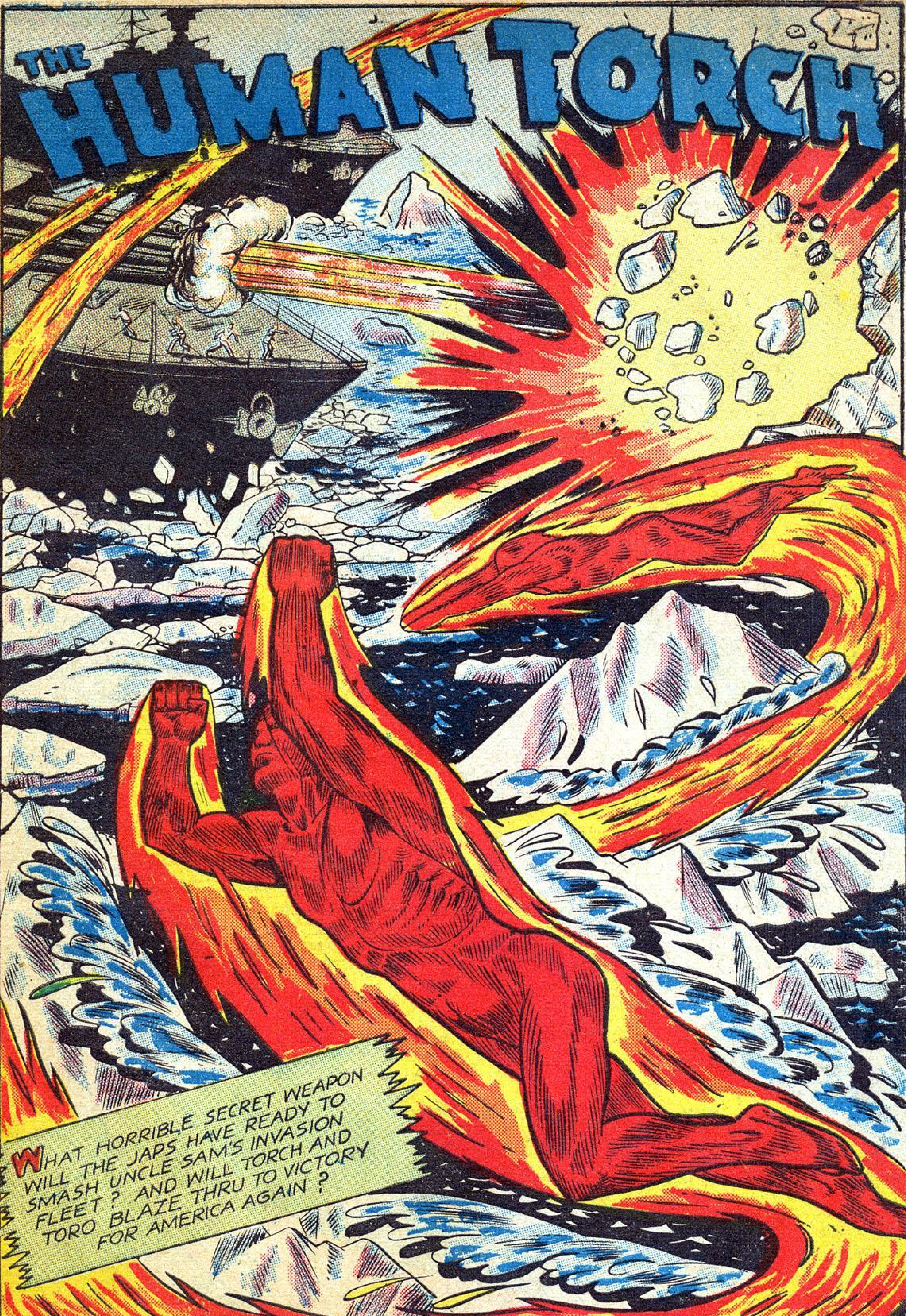
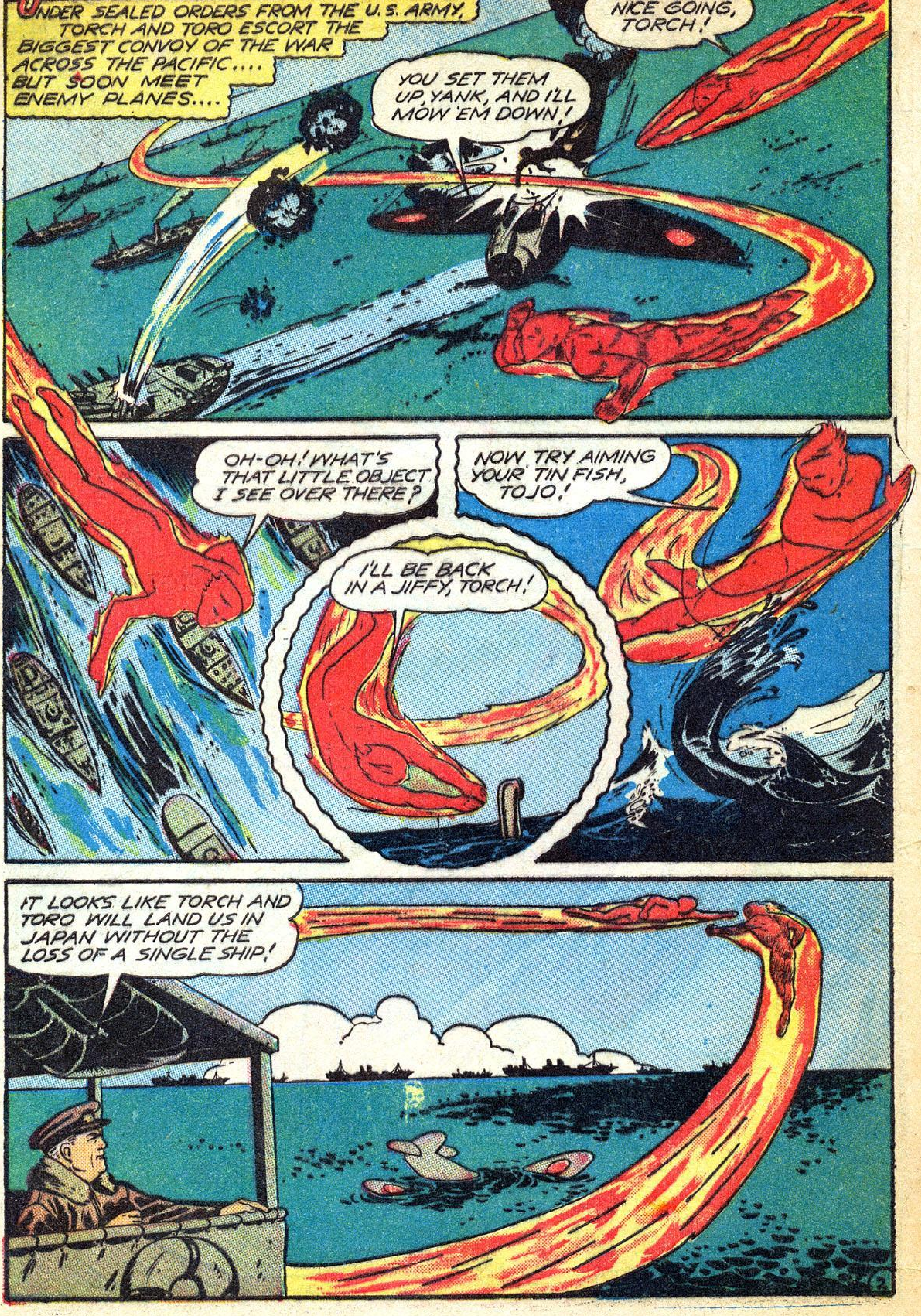
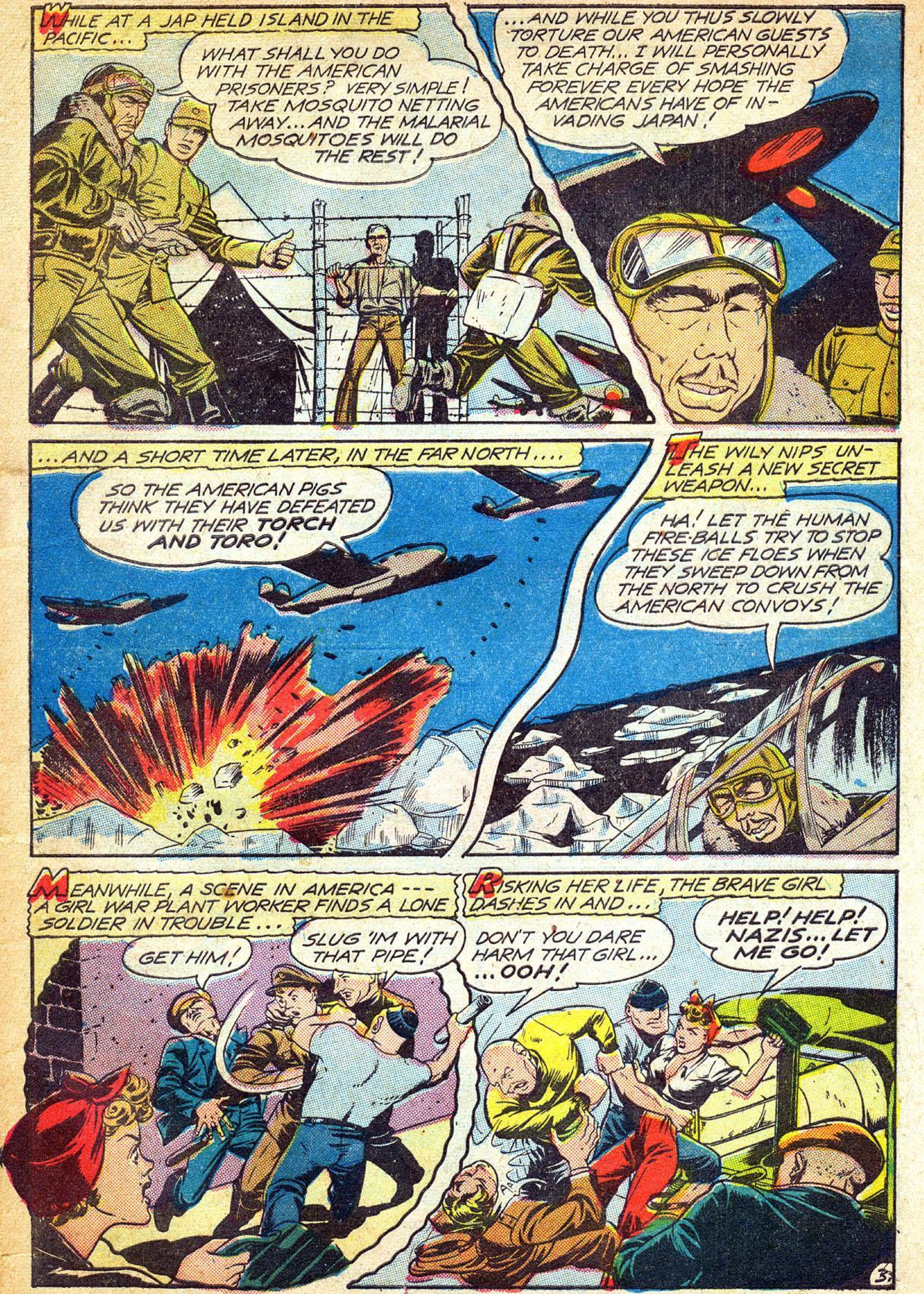
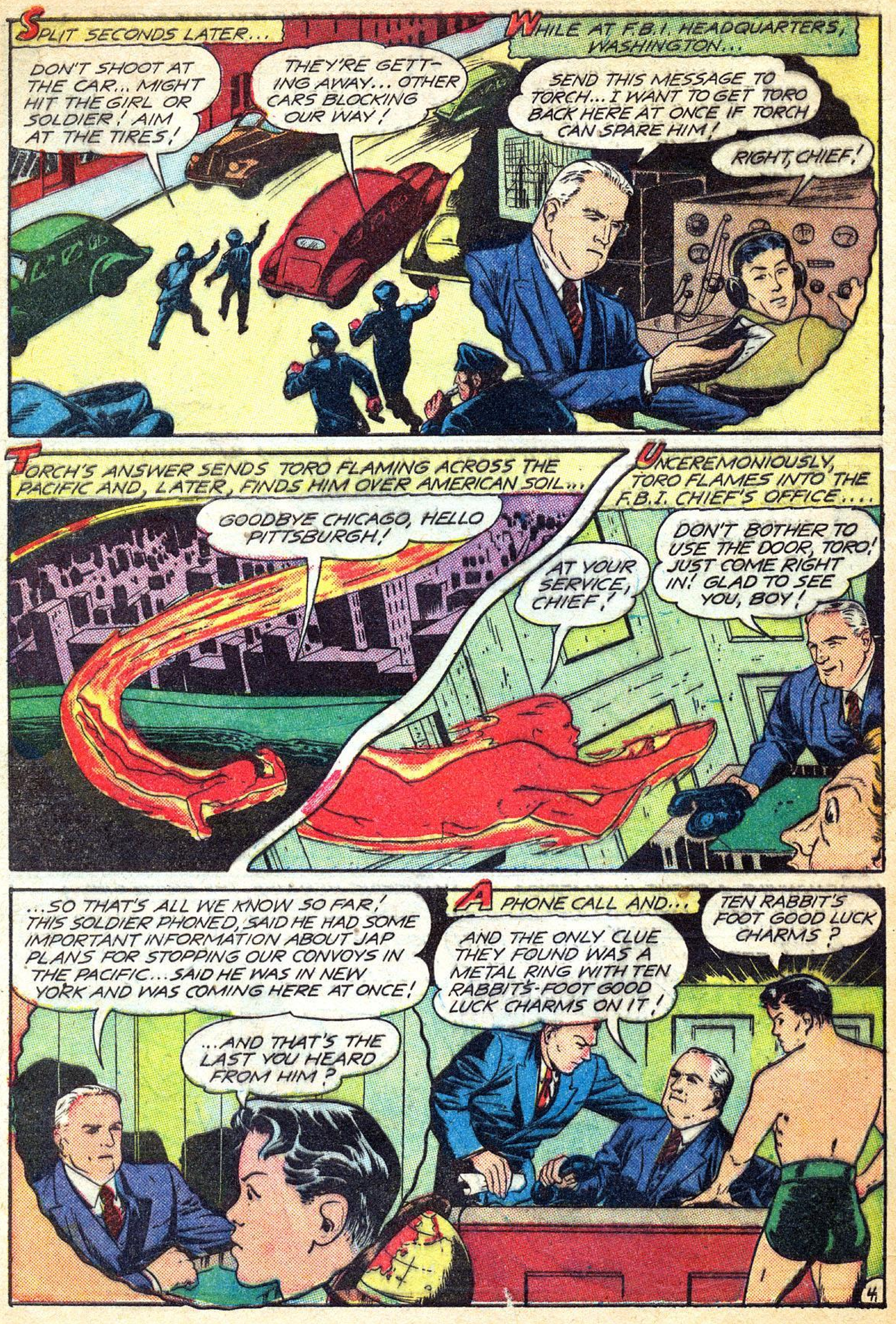
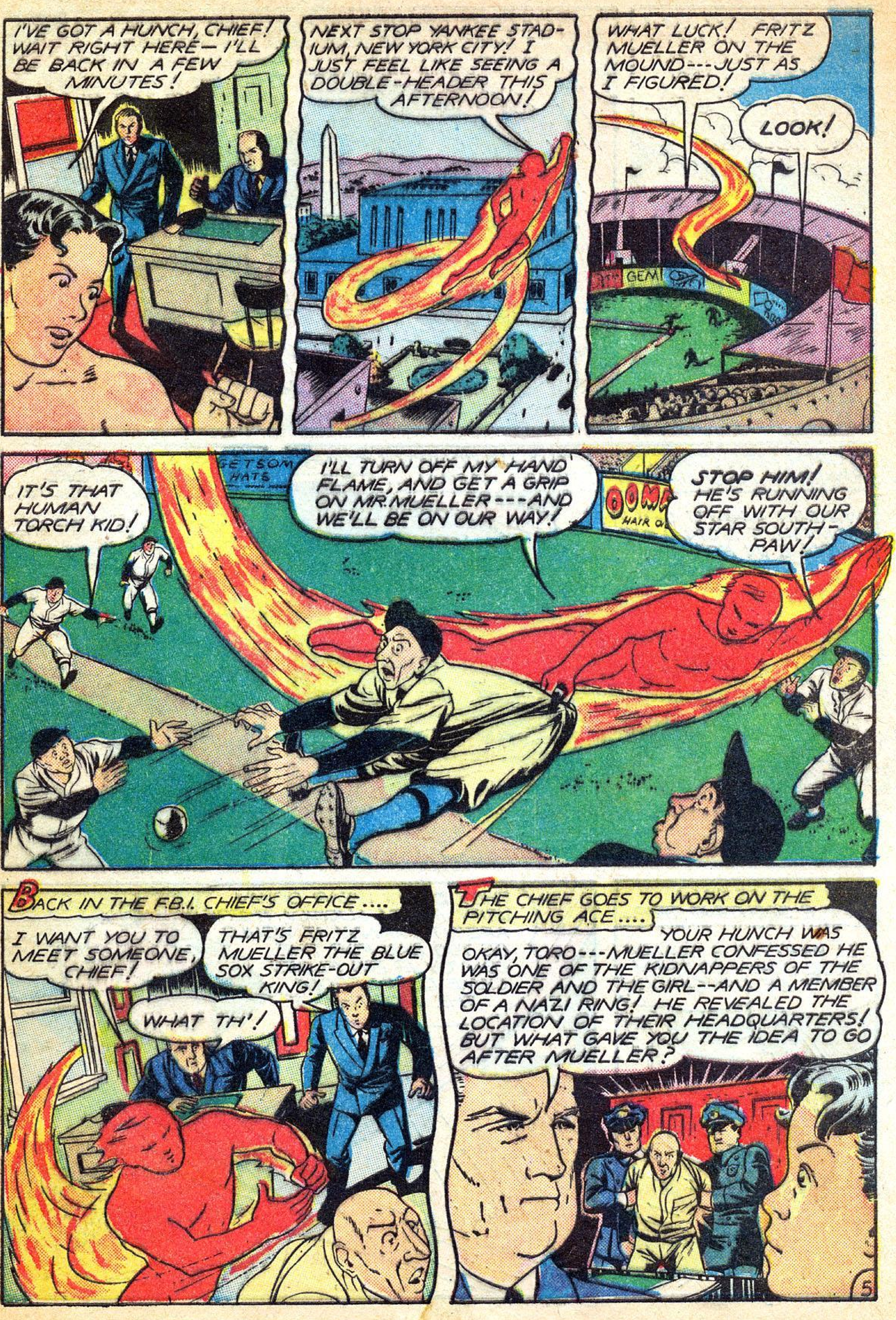
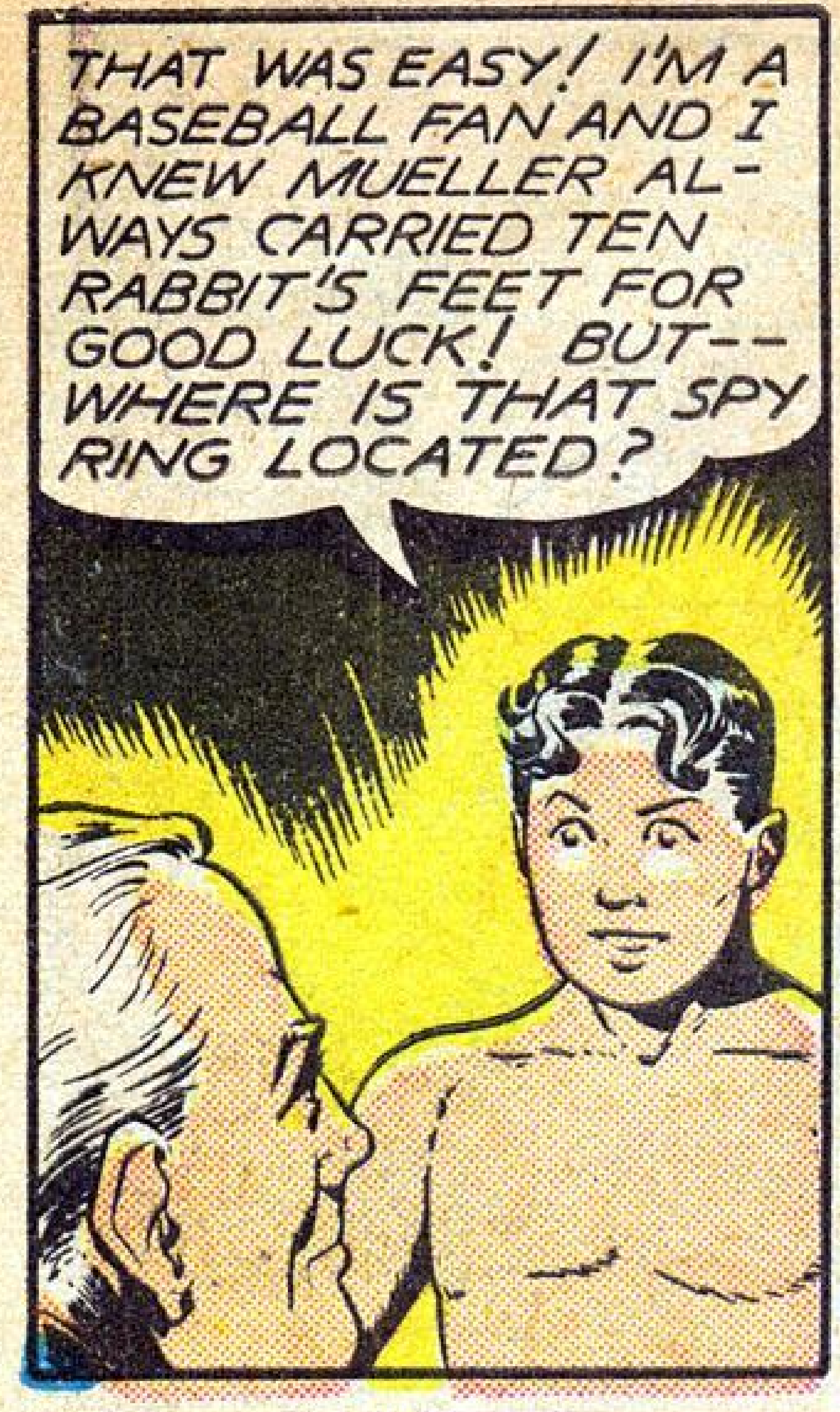

THE HUMAN TORCH
WHAT HORRIBLE SECRET WEAPON WILL THE JAPS HAVE READY TO SMASH UNCLE SAM'S INVASION FLEET? AND WILL TORCH AND TORO BLAZE THRU TO VICTORY FOR AMERICA AGAIN?

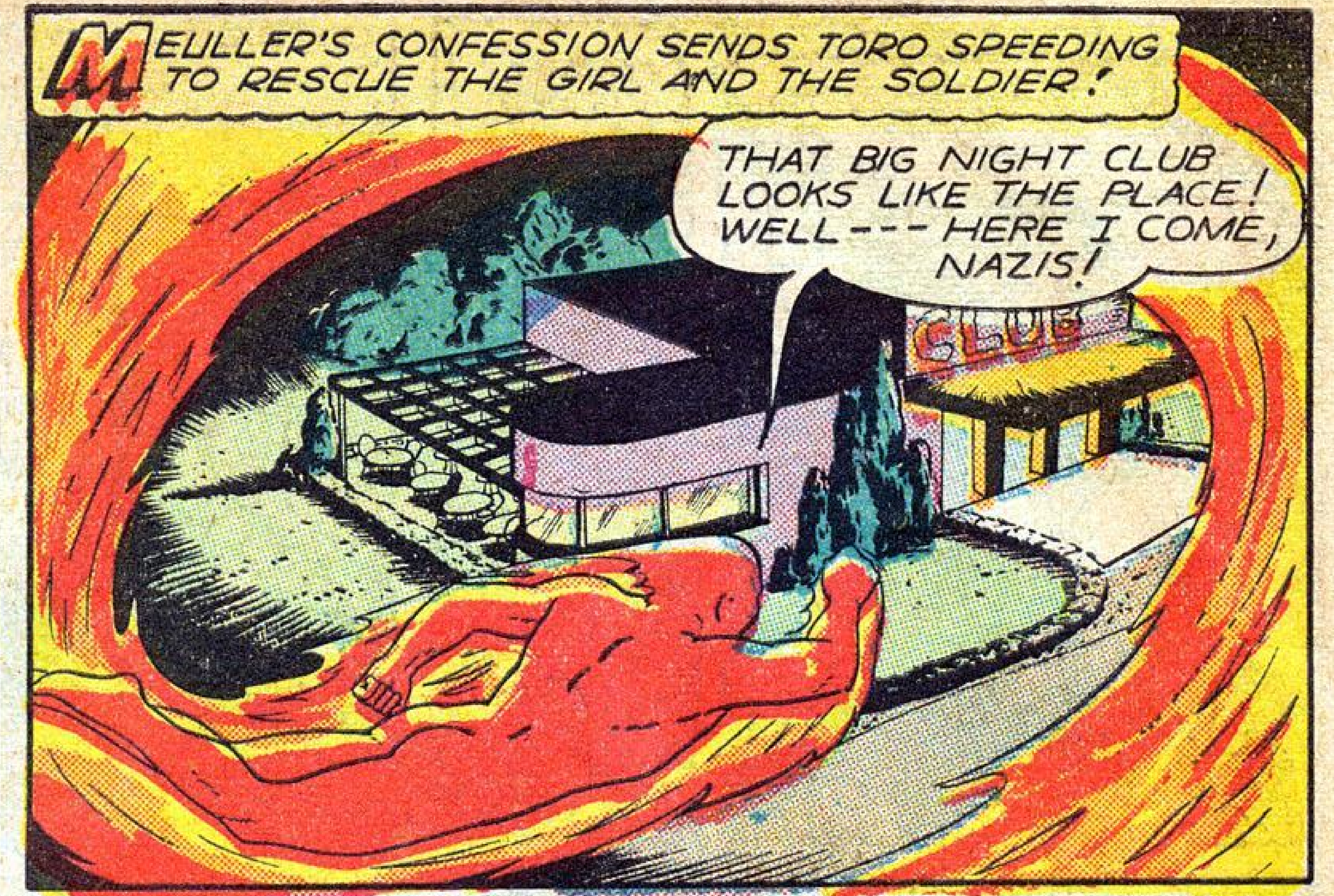

UNDER SEALED ORDERS FROM THE U.S. ARMY, TORCH AND TORO ESCORT THE BIGGEST CONVOY OF THE WAR ACROSS THE PACIFIC.... BUT SOON MEET ENEMY PLANES....
NICE GOING, TORCH!
YOU SET THEM UP, YANK, AND I'LL MOW 'EM DOWN!
OH-OH! WHAT'S THAT LITTLE OBJECT I SEE OVER THERE?
NOW TRY AIMING YOUR TIN FISH, TOJO!
I'LL BE BACK IN A JIFFY, TORCH!
IT LOOKS LIKE TORCH AND TORO WILL LAND US IN JAPAN WITHOUT THE LOSS OF A SINGLE SHIP!

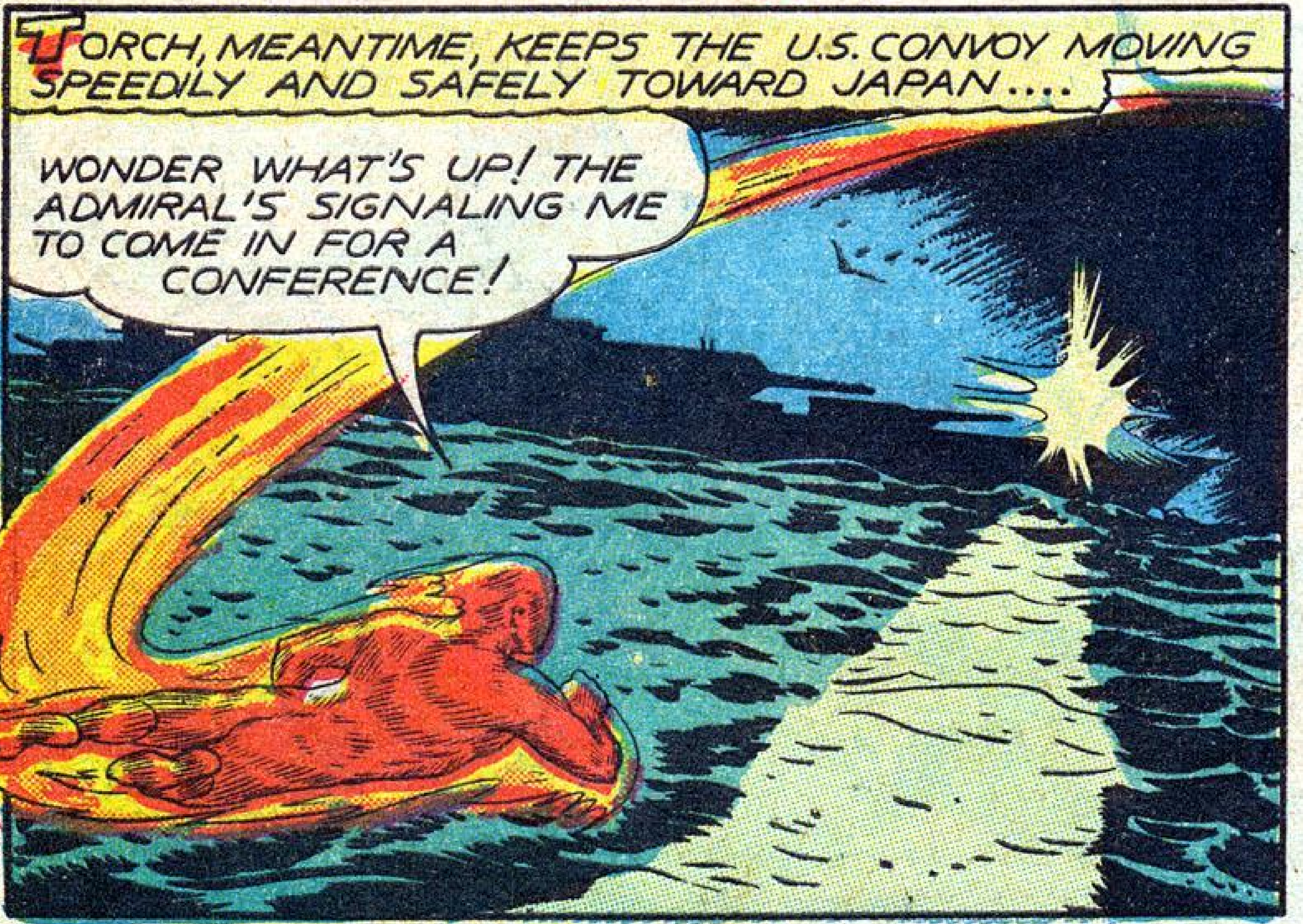

WHILE AT A JAP HELD ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC...
WHAT SHALL YOU DO WITH THE AMERICAN PRISONERS? VERY SIMPLE! TAKE MOSQUITO NETTING AWAY... AND THE MALARIAL MOSQUITOES WILL DO THE REST!
...AND WHILE YOU THUS SLOWLY TORTURE OUR AMERICAN GUESTS TO DEATH... I WILL PERSONALLY TAKE CHARGE OF SMASHING FOREVER EVERY HOPE THE AMERICANS HAVE OF INVADING JAPAN!
...AND A SHORT TIME LATER, IN THE FAR NORTH....
SO THE AMERICAN PIGS THINK THEY HAVE DEFEATED US WITH THEIR **TORCH AND TORO!**
THE WILY NIPS UNLEASH A NEW SECRET WEAPON...
HA! LET THE HUMAN FIRE-BALLS TRY TO STOP THESE ICE FLOES WHEN THEY SWEEP DOWN FROM THE NORTH TO CRUSH THE AMERICAN CONVOYS!
MEANWHILE, A SCENE IN AMERICA --- A GIRL WAR PLANT WORKER FINDS A LONE SOLDIER IN TROUBLE...
GET HIM!
SLUG 'IM WITH THAT PIPE!
RISKING HER LIFE, THE BRAVE GIRL DASHES IN AND...
DON'T YOU DARE HARM THAT GIRL... ...**OOH!**
HELP! HELP! NAZIS... LET ME GO!

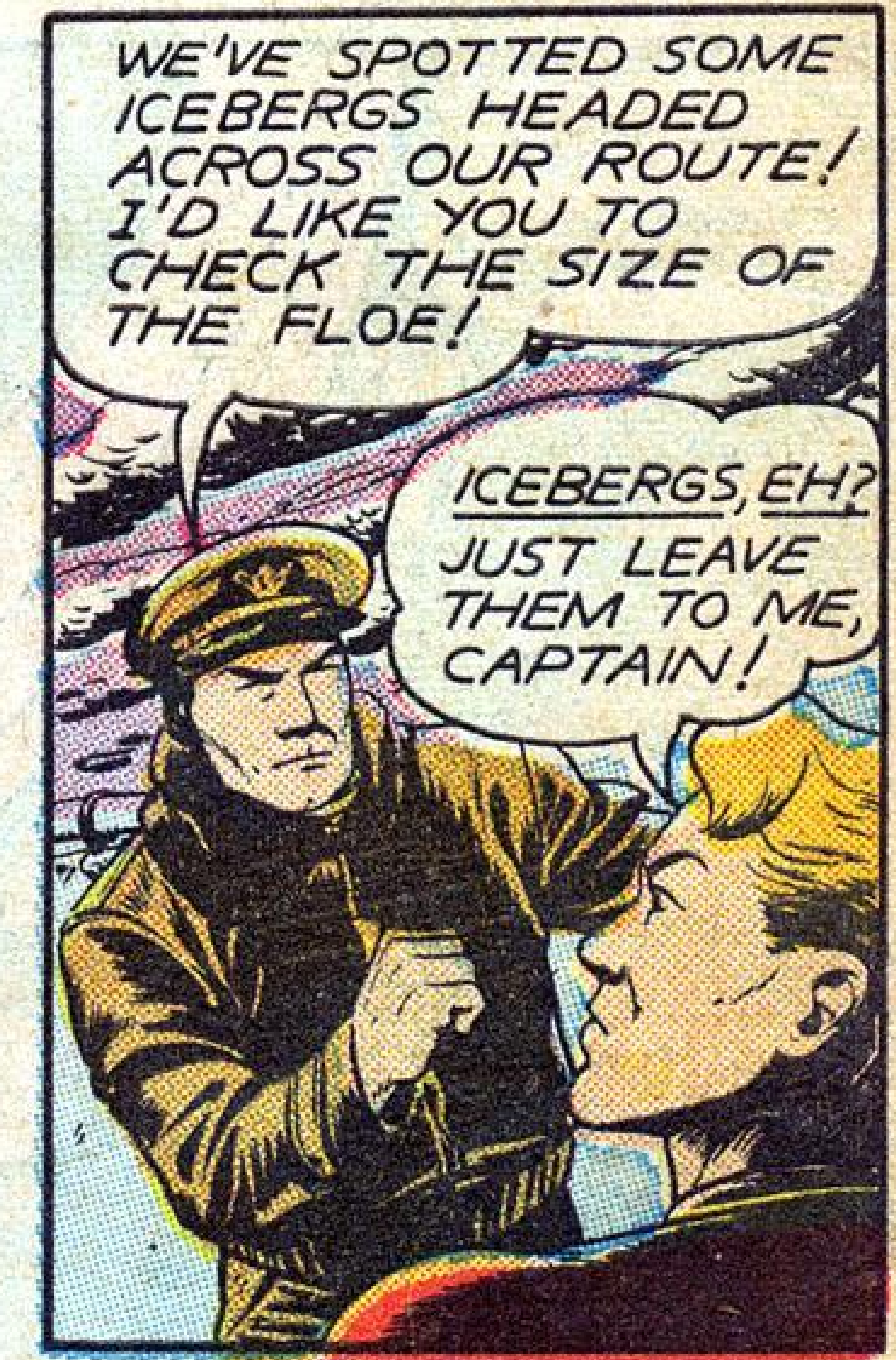

SPLIT SECONDS LATER...
DON'T SHOOT AT THE CAR... MIGHT HIT THE GIRL OR SOLDIER! AIM AT THE TIRES!
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY... OTHER CARS BLOCKING OUR WAY!
WHILE AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON...
SEND THIS MESSAGE TO TORCH... I WANT TO GET TORO BACK HERE AT ONCE IF TORCH CAN SPARE HIM!
RIGHT, CHIEF!
TORCH'S ANSWER SENDS TORO FLAMING ACROSS THE PACIFIC AND, LATER, FINDS HIM OVER AMERICAN SOIL...
GOODBYE CHICAGO, HELLO PITTSBURGH!
UNCEREMONIOUSLY, TORO FLAMES INTO THE F.B.I. CHIEF'S OFFICE....
AT YOUR SERVICE, CHIEF!
DON'T BOTHER TO USE THE DOOR, TORO! JUST COME RIGHT IN! GLAD TO SEE YOU, BOY!
...SO THAT'S ALL WE KNOW SO FAR! THIS SOLDIER PHONED, SAID HE HAD SOME IMPORTANT INFORMATION ABOUT JAP PLANS FOR STOPPING OUR CONVOYS IN THE PACIFIC... SAID HE WAS IN NEW YORK AND WAS COMING HERE AT ONCE!
...AND THAT'S THE LAST YOU HEARD FROM HIM?
A PHONE CALL AND...
AND THE ONLY CLUE THEY FOUND WAS A METAL RING WITH TEN RABBIT'S-FOOT GOOD LUCK CHARMS ON IT!
TEN RABBIT'S FOOT GOOD LUCK CHARMS?

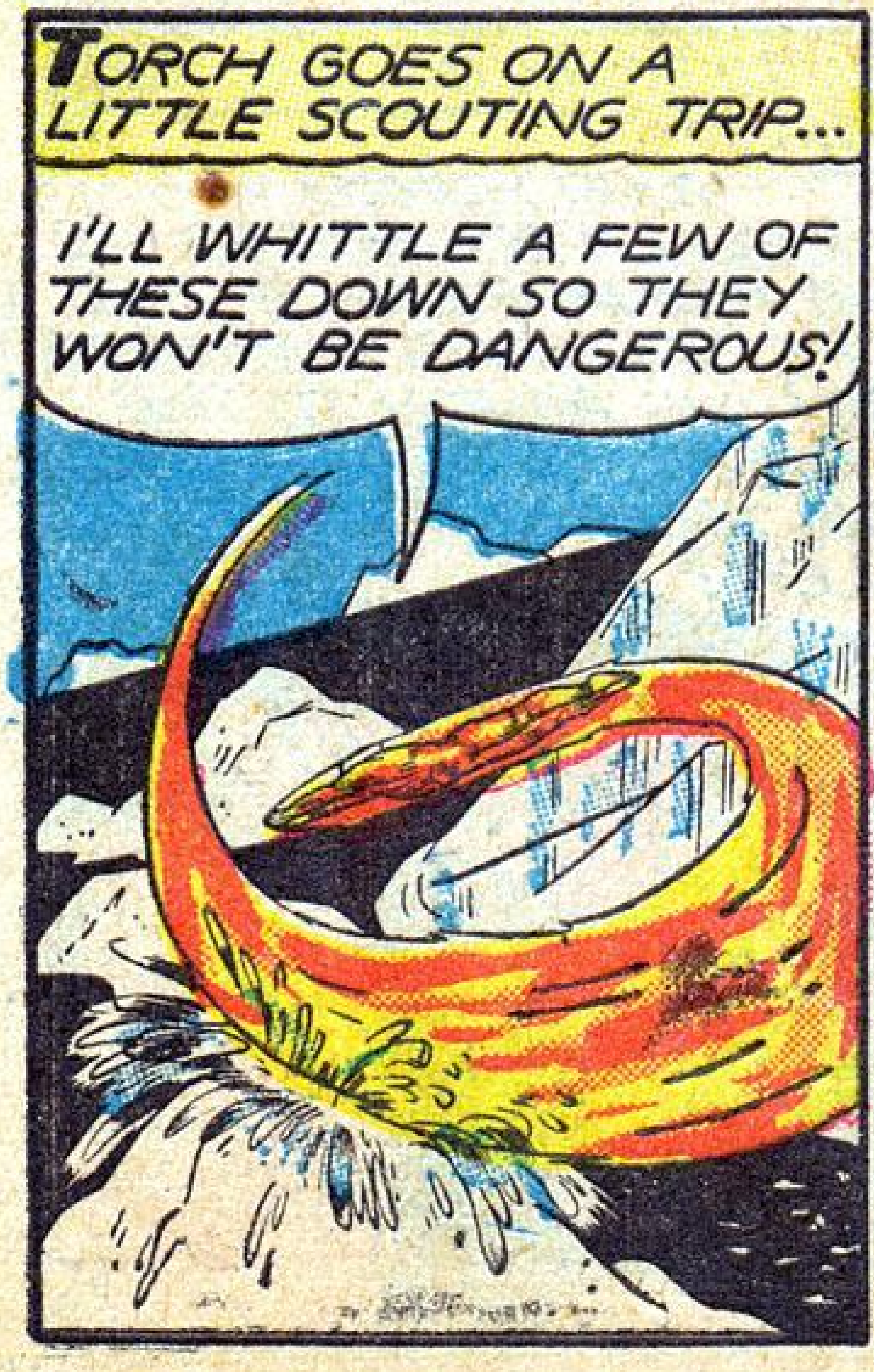

I'VE GOT A HUNCH, CHIEF! WAIT RIGHT HERE— I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW MINUTES!
NEXT STOP YANKEE STADIUM, NEW YORK CITY! I JUST FEEL LIKE SEEING A DOUBLE-HEADER THIS AFTERNOON!
WHAT LUCK! FRITZ MUELLER ON THE MOUND---JUST AS I FIGURED!
LOOK!
GEM
IT'S THAT HUMAN TORCH KID!
GETSOM HATS
I'LL TURN OFF MY HAND FLAME, AND GET A GRIP ON MR. MUELLER---AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY!
STOP HIM! HE'S RUNNING OFF WITH OUR STAR SOUTH-PAW!
BACK IN THE F.B.I. CHIEF'S OFFICE....
I WANT YOU TO MEET SOMEONE, CHIEF!
THAT'S FRITZ MUELLER THE BLUE SOX STRIKE-OUT KING!
WHAT TH'!
THE CHIEF GOES TO WORK ON THE PITCHING ACE....
YOUR HUNCH WAS OKAY, TORO---MUELLER CONFESSED HE WAS ONE OF THE KIDNAPPERS OF THE SOLDIER AND THE GIRL--AND A MEMBER OF A NAZI RING! HE REVEALED THE LOCATION OF THEIR HEADQUARTERS! BUT WHAT GAVE YOU THE IDEA TO GO AFTER MUELLER?

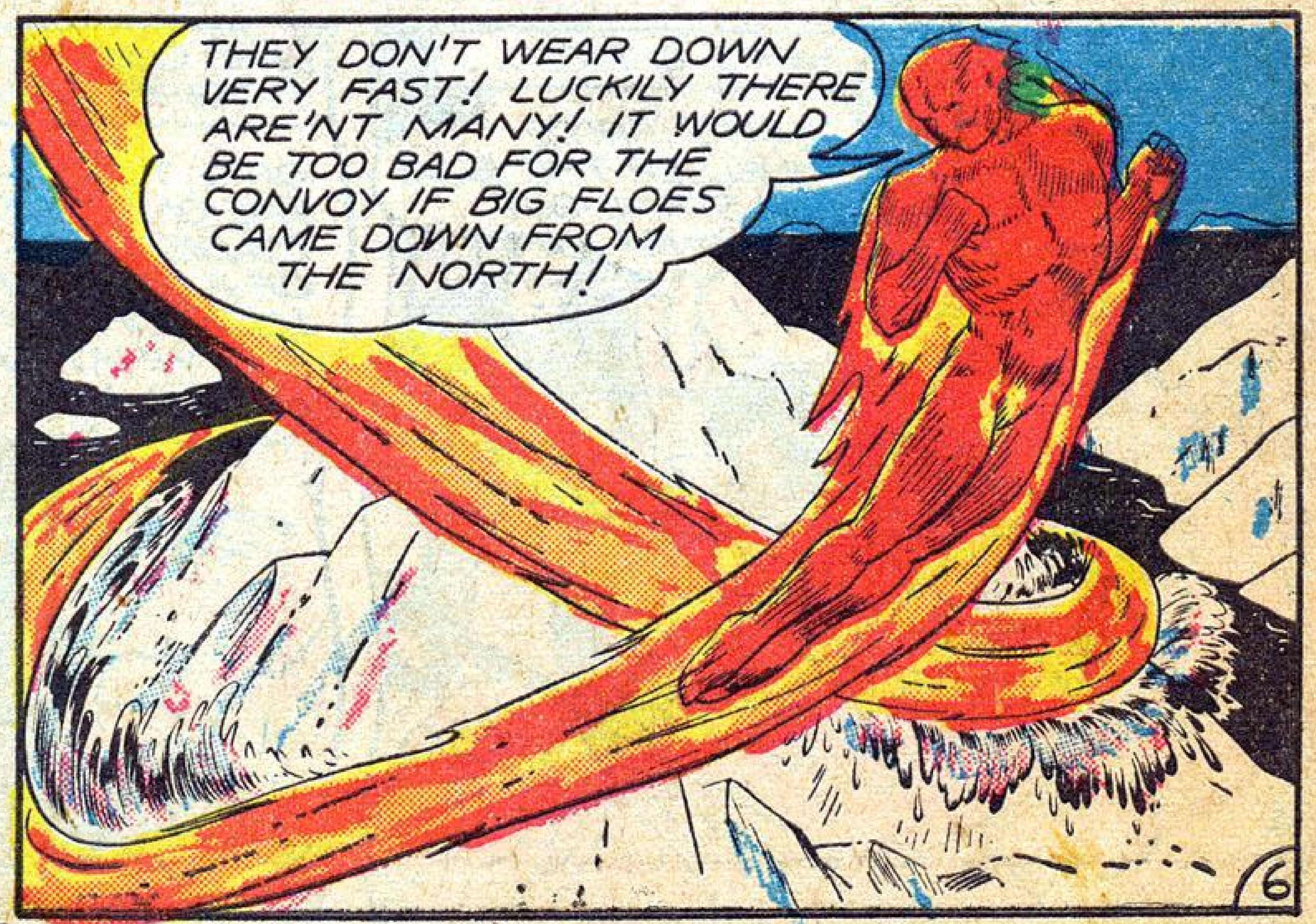

THAT WAS EASY! I'M A BASEBALL FAN AND I KNEW MUELLER ALWAYS CARRIED TEN RABBIT'S FEET FOR GOOD LUCK! BUT-- WHERE IS THAT SPY RING LOCATED?

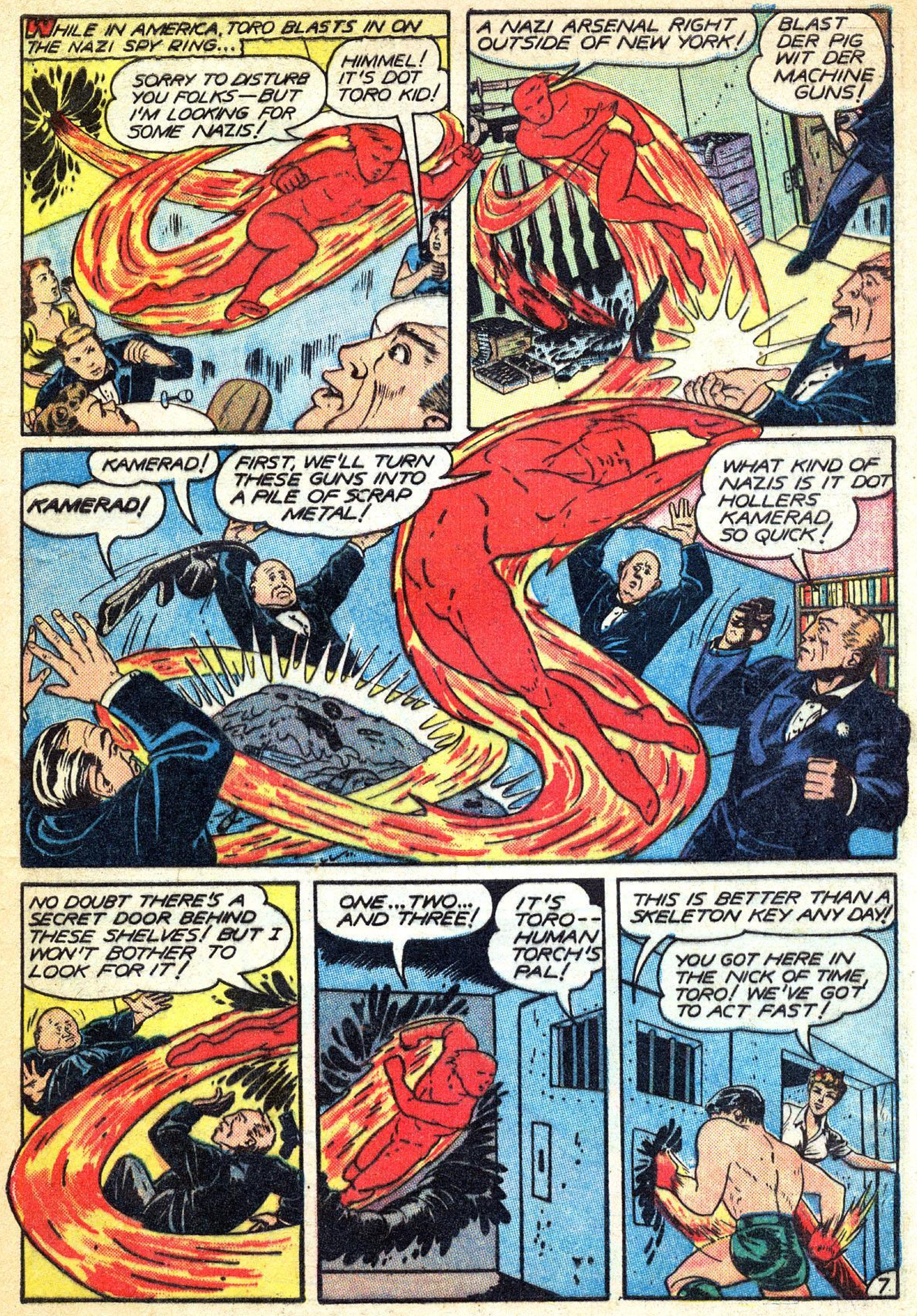

MEULLER'S CONFESSION SENDS TORO SPEEDING TO RESCUE THE GIRL AND THE SOLDIER!
THAT BIG NIGHT CLUB LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE! WELL--- HERE I COME, NAZIS!
CLUB

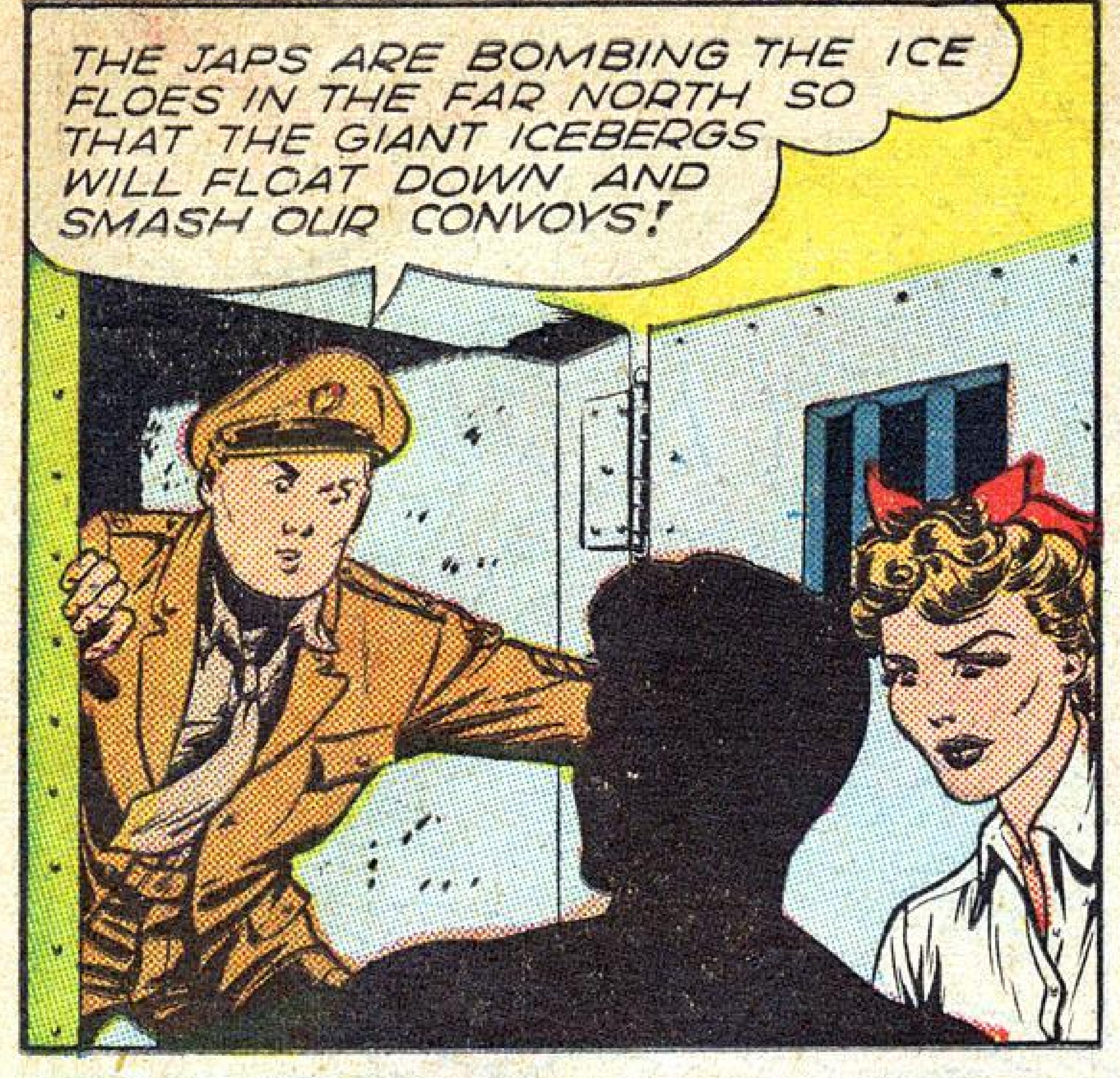

TORCH, MEANTIME, KEEPS THE U.S. CONVOY MOVING SPEEDILY AND SAFELY TOWARD JAPAN....
WONDER WHAT'S UP! THE ADMIRAL'S SIGNALING ME TO COME IN FOR A CONFERENCE!

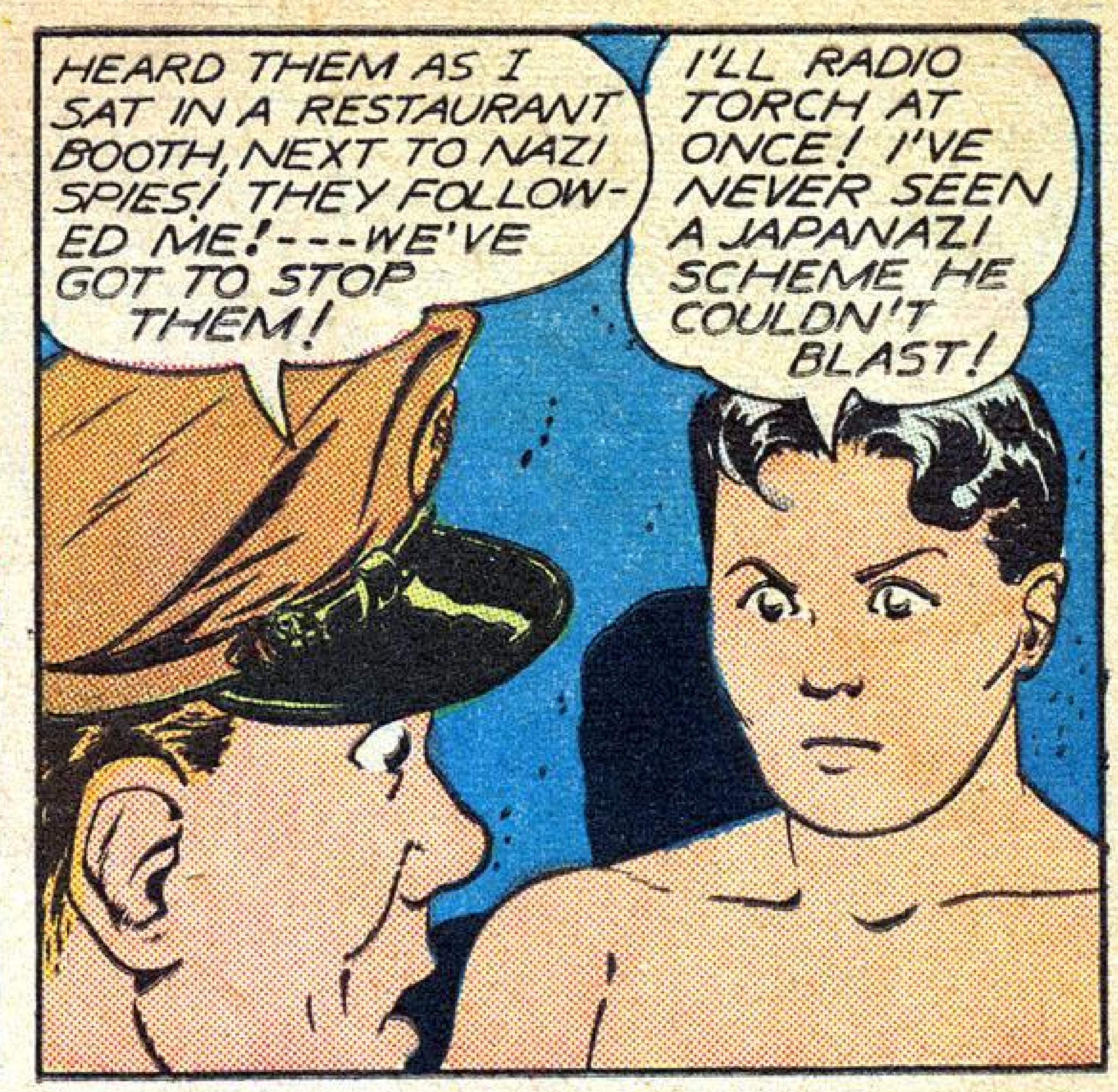

WE'VE SPOTTED SOME ICEBERGS HEADED ACROSS OUR ROUTE! I'D LIKE YOU TO CHECK THE SIZE OF THE FLOE!
ICEBERGS, EH? JUST LEAVE THEM TO ME, CAPTAIN!

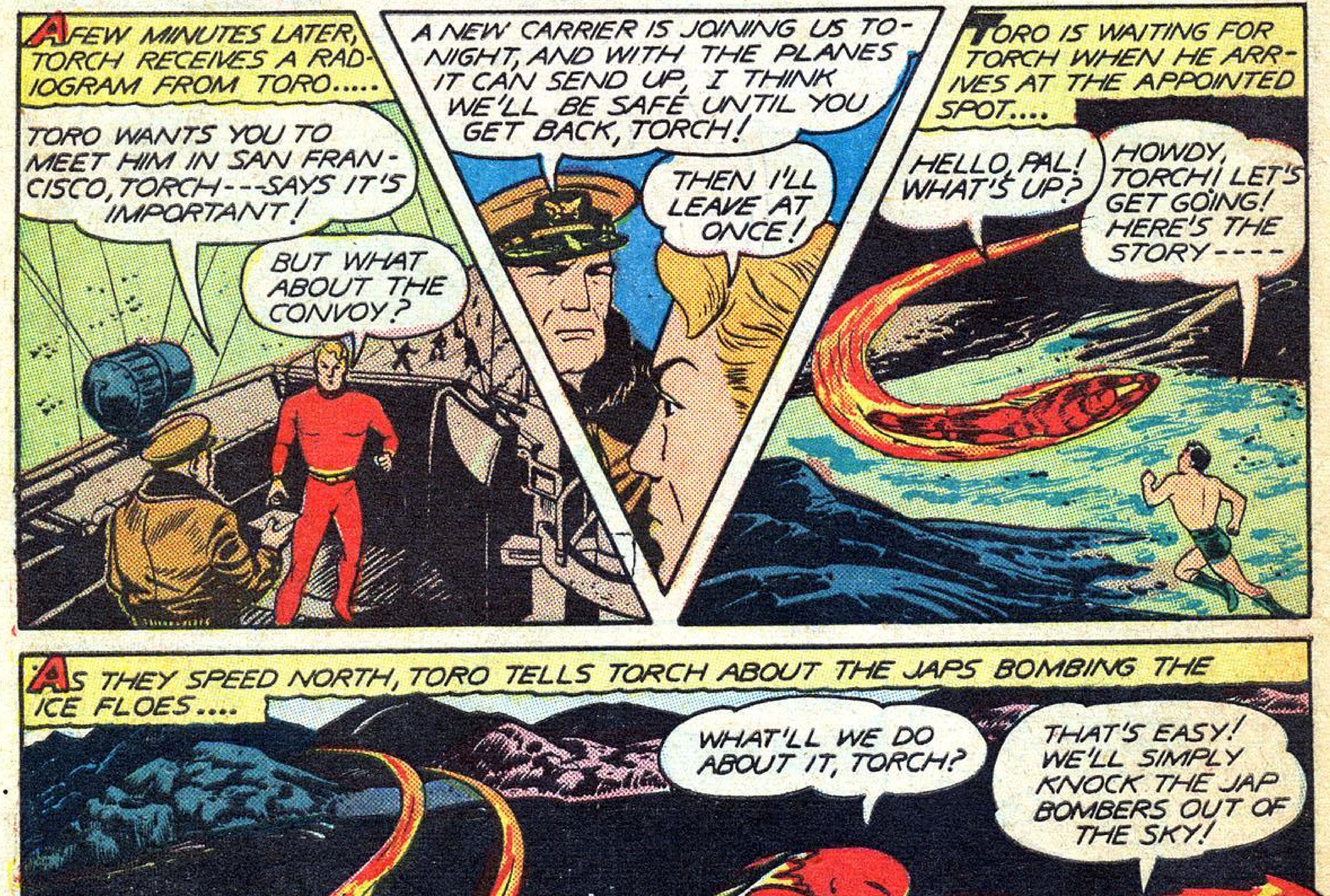

TORCH GOES ON A LITTLE SCOUTING TRIP...
I'LL WHITTLE A FEW OF THESE DOWN SO THEY WON'T BE DANGEROUS!

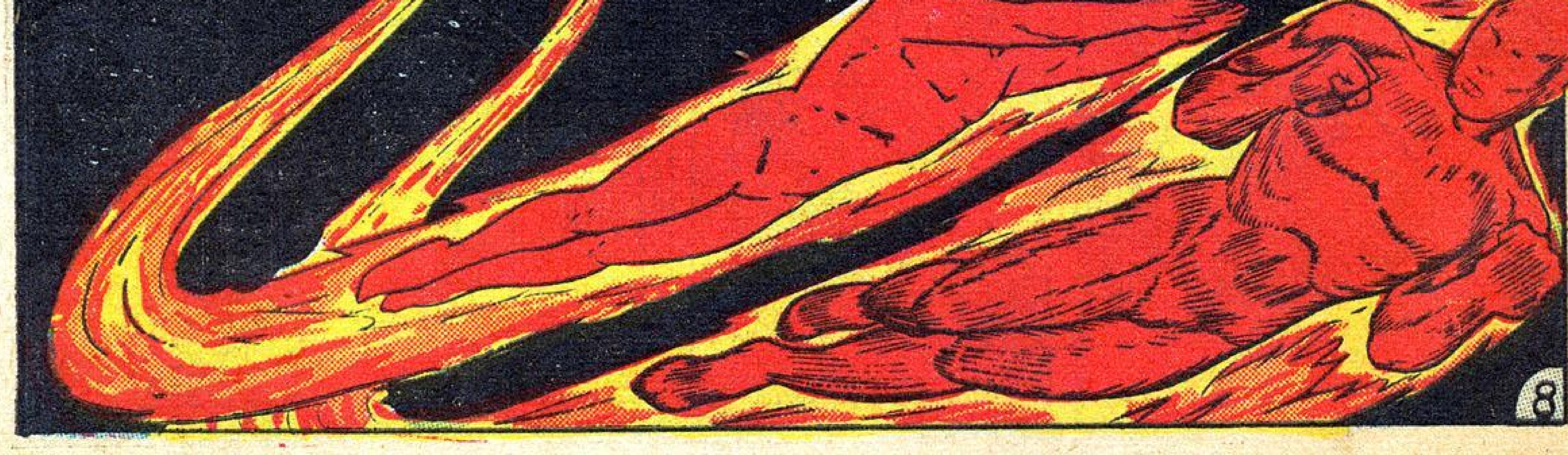

THEY DON'T WEAR DOWN VERY FAST! LUCKILY THERE ARE'NT MANY! IT WOULD BE TOO BAD FOR THE CONVOY IF BIG FLOES CAME DOWN FROM THE NORTH!

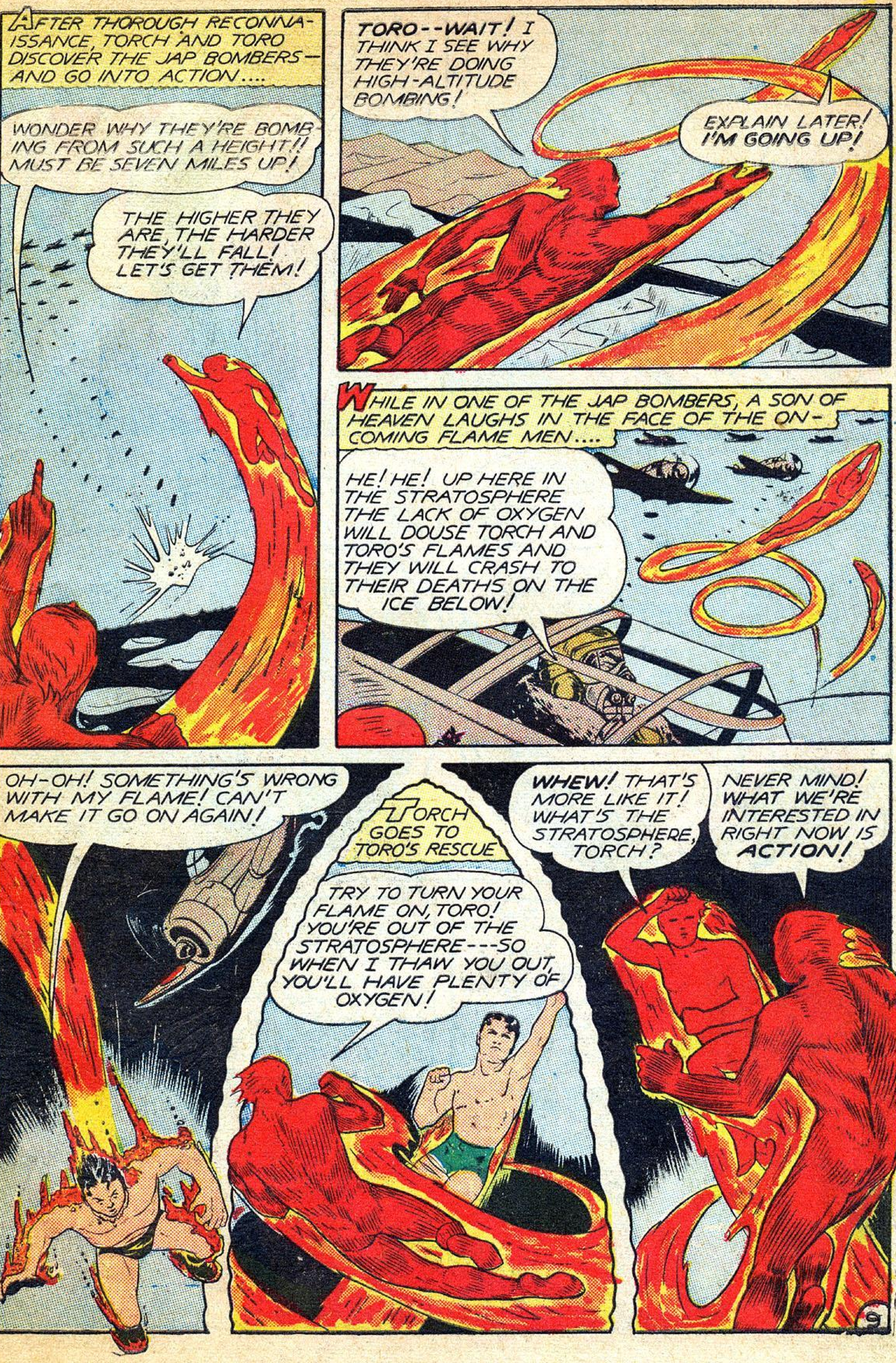

WHILE IN AMERICA, TORO BLASTS IN ON THE NAZI SPY RING...
SORRY TO DISTURB YOU FOLKS—BUT I'M LOOKING FOR SOME NAZIS!
HIMMEL! IT'S DOT TORO KID!
A NAZI ARSENAL RIGHT OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK!
BLAST DER PIG WIT DER MACHINE GUNS!
KAMERAD!
KAMERAD!
FIRST, WE'LL TURN THESE GUNS INTO A PILE OF SCRAP METAL!
WHAT KIND OF NAZIS IS IT DOT HOLLERS KAMERAD, SO QUICK!
NO DOUBT THERE'S A SECRET DOOR BEHIND THESE SHELVES! BUT I WON'T BOTHER TO LOOK FOR IT!
ONE...TWO... AND THREE!
IT'S TORO-- HUMAN TORCH'S PAL!
THIS IS BETTER THAN A SKELETON KEY ANY DAY!
YOU GOT HERE IN THE NICK OF TIME, TORO! WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST!

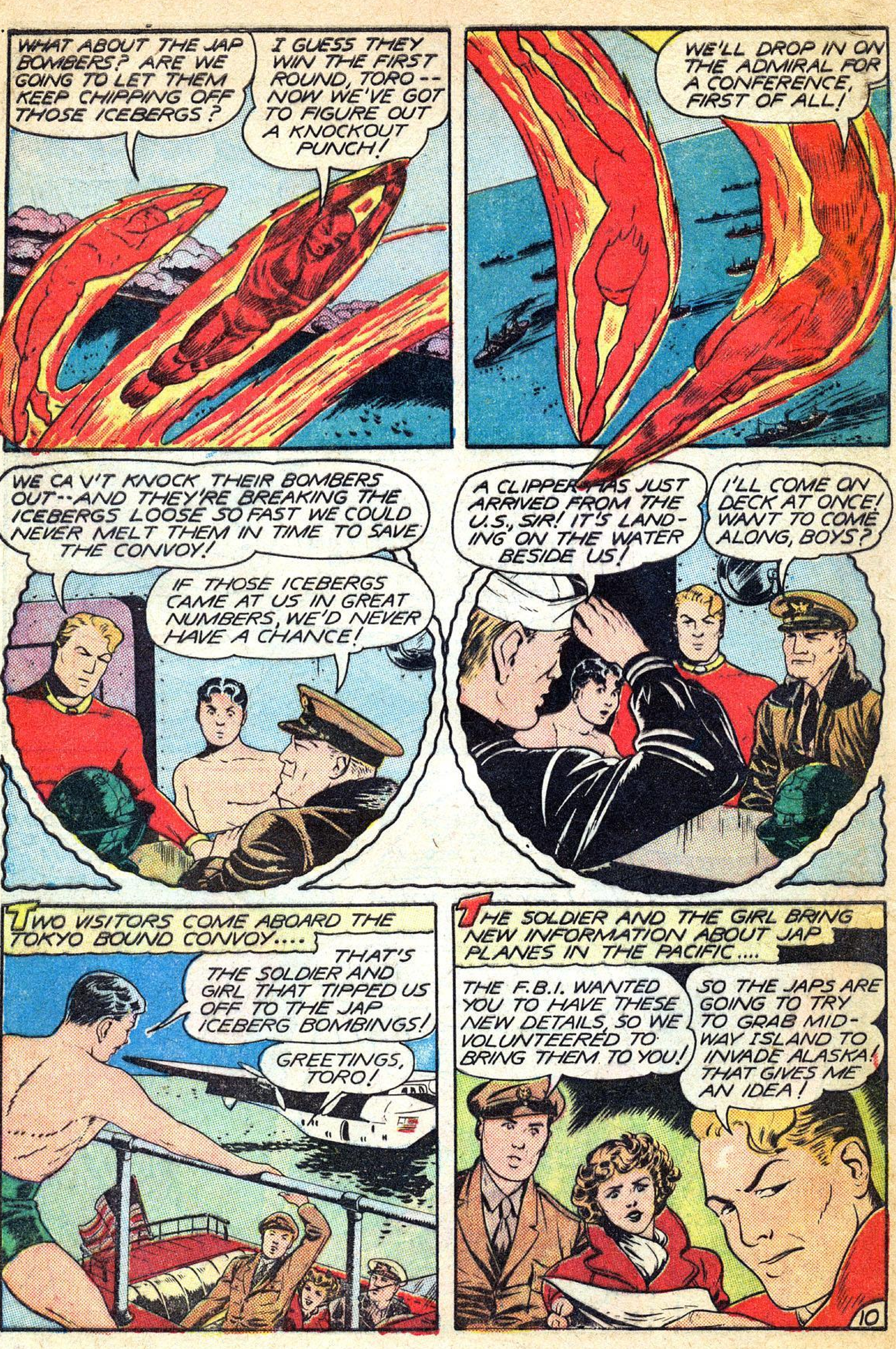

THE JAPS ARE BOMBING THE ICE FLOES IN THE FAR NORTH SO THAT THE GIANT ICEBERGS WILL FLOAT DOWN AND SMASH OUR CONVOYS!

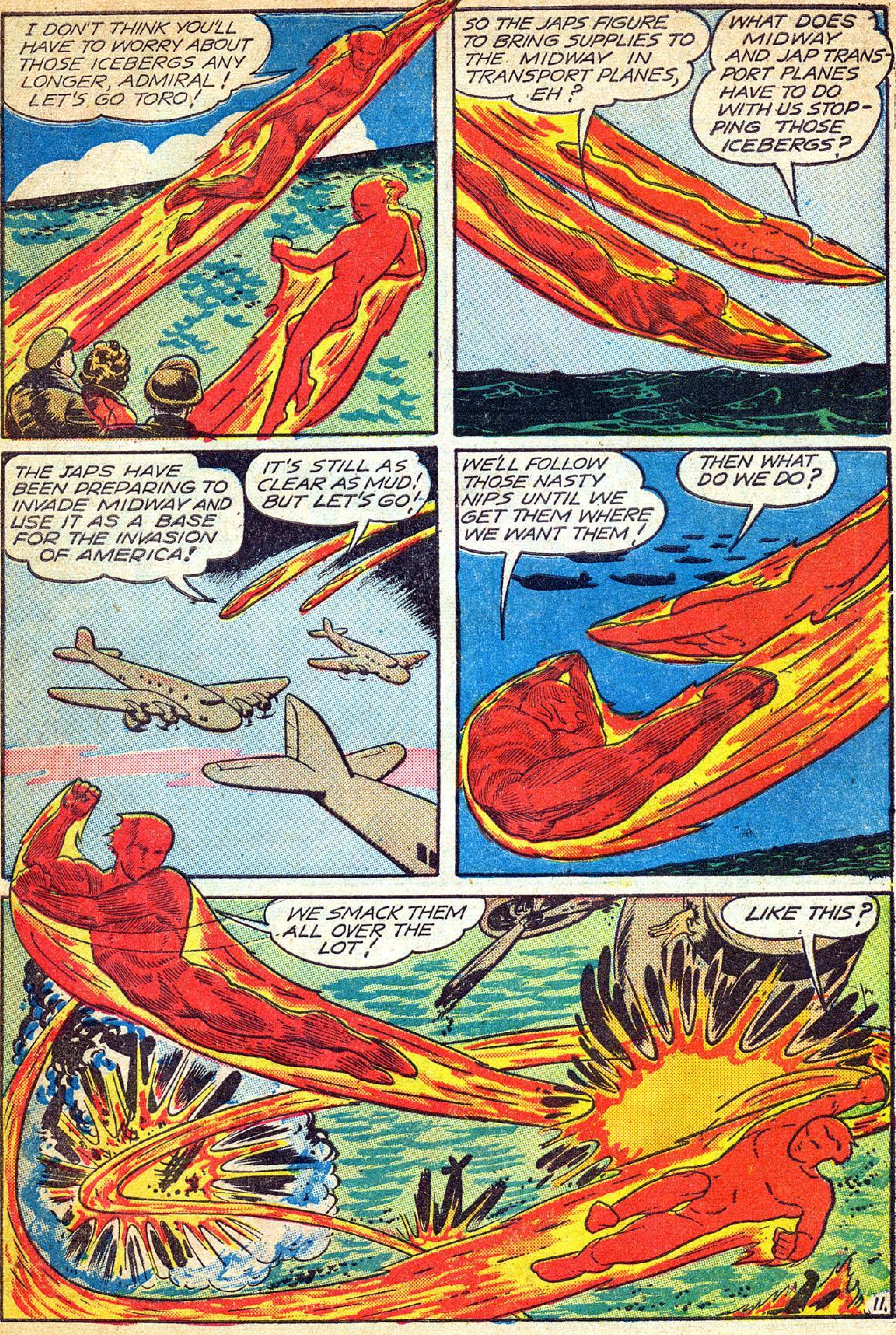

HEARD THEM AS I SAT IN A RESTAURANT BOOTH, NEXT TO NAZI SPIES! THEY FOLLOWED ME!---WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
I'LL RADIO TORCH AT ONCE! I'VE NEVER SEEN A JAPANAZI SCHEME HE COULDN'T BLAST!

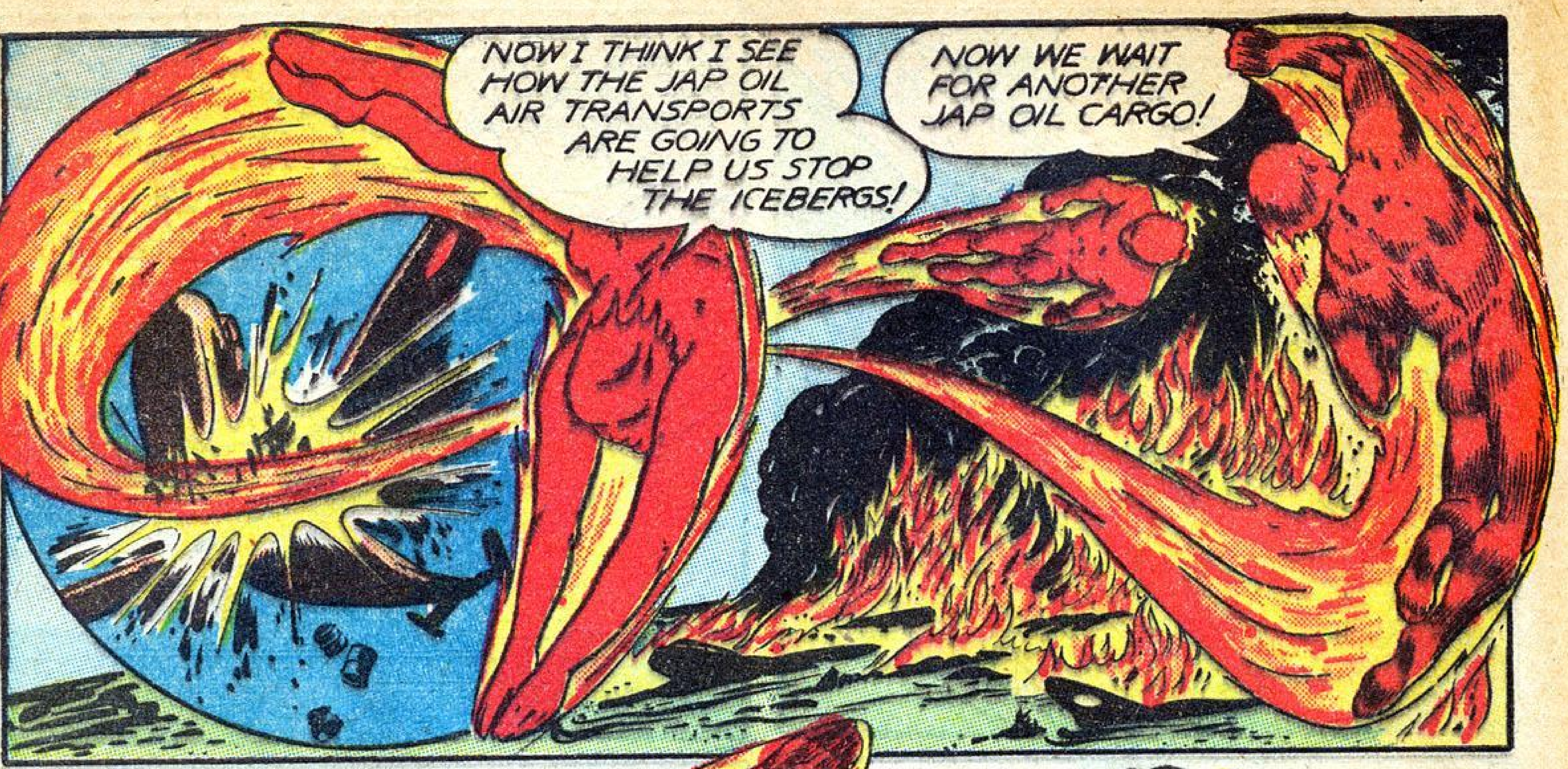

A FEW MINUTES LATER, TORCH RECEIVES A RADIOGRAM FROM TORO.....
TORO WANTS YOU TO MEET HIM IN SAN FRANCISCO, TORCH---SAYS IT'S IMPORTANT!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CONVOY?
A NEW CARRIER IS JOINING US TONIGHT, AND WITH THE PLANES IT CAN SEND UP, I THINK WE'LL BE SAFE UNTIL YOU GET BACK, TORCH!
THEN I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE!
TORO IS WAITING FOR TORCH WHEN HE ARRIVES AT THE APPOINTED SPOT....
HELLO, PAL! WHAT'S UP?
HOWDY, TORCH! LET'S GET GOING! HERE'S THE STORY----

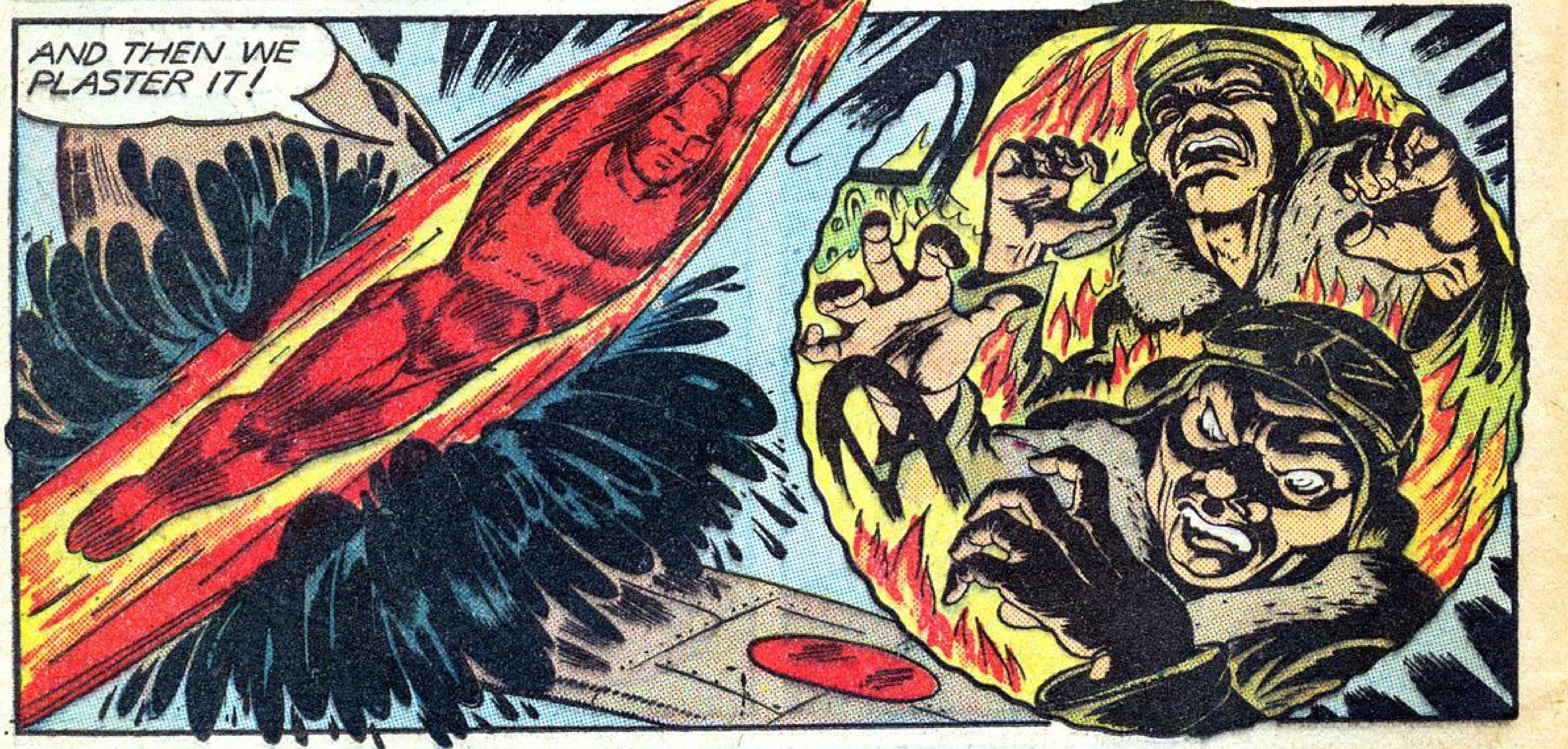

AS THEY SPEED NORTH, TORO TELLS TORCH ABOUT THE JAPS BOMBING THE ICE FLOES....
WHAT'LL WE DO ABOUT IT, TORCH?
THAT'S EASY! WE'LL SIMPLY KNOCK THE JAP BOMBERS OUT OF THE SKY!

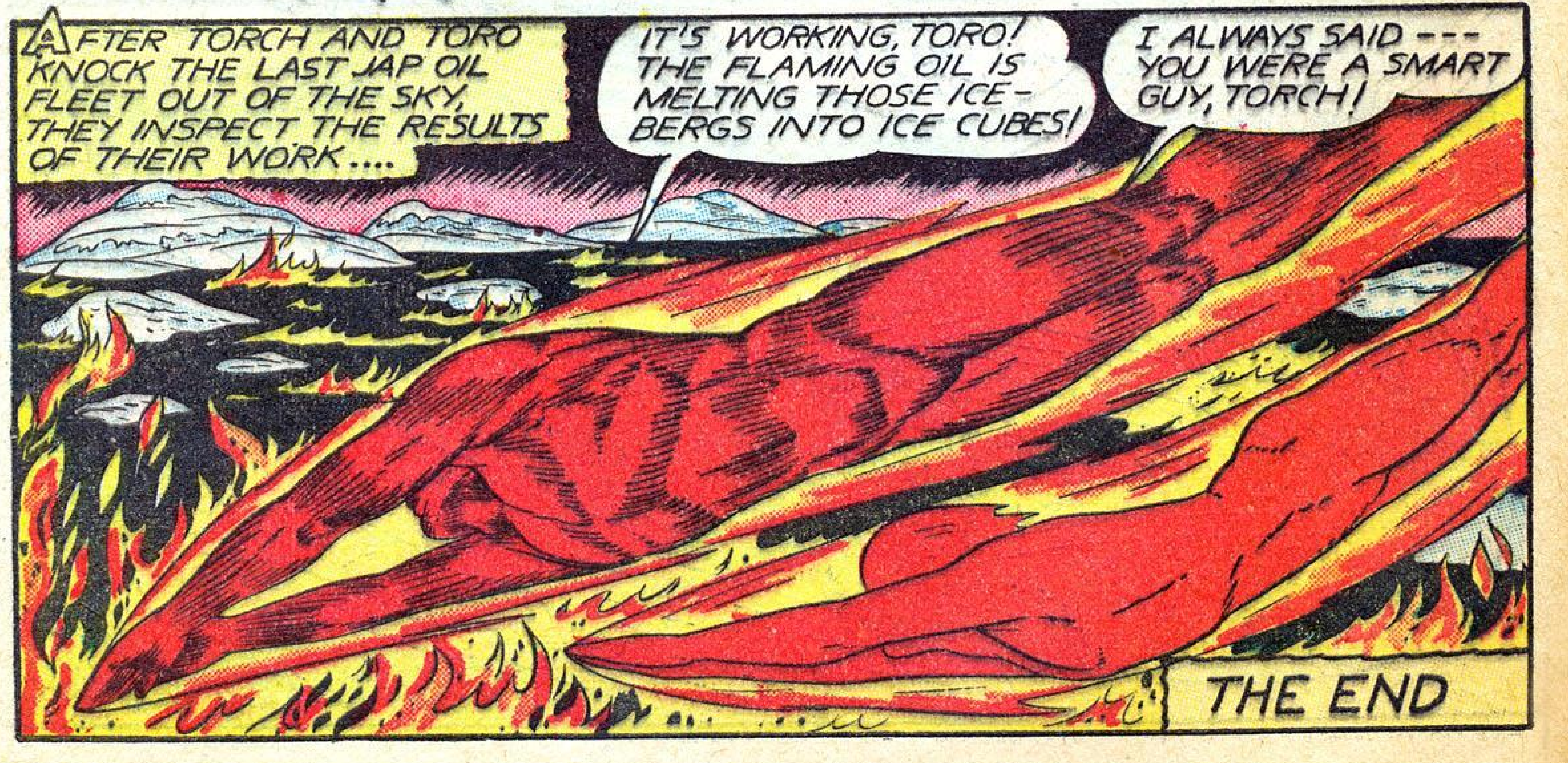

AFTER THOROUGH RECONNAISSANCE, TORCH AND TORO DISCOVER THE JAP BOMBERS—AND GO INTO ACTION....
WONDER WHY THEY'RE BOMBING FROM SUCH A HEIGHT!! MUST BE SEVEN MILES UP!
THE HIGHER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY'LL FALL! LET'S GET THEM!
TORO--WAIT! I THINK I SEE WHY THEY'RE DOING HIGH-ALTITUDE BOMBING!
EXPLAIN LATER! I'M GOING UP!
WHILE IN ONE OF THE JAP BOMBERS, A SON OF HEAVEN LAUGHS IN THE FACE OF THE ON-COMING FLAME MEN....
HE! HE! UP HERE IN THE STRATOSPHERE THE LACK OF OXYGEN WILL DOUSE TORCH AND TORO'S FLAMES AND THEY WILL CRASH TO THEIR DEATHS ON THE ICE BELOW!
OH-OH! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH MY FLAME! CAN'T MAKE IT GO ON AGAIN!
TORCH GOES TO TORO'S RESCUE
TRY TO TURN YOUR FLAME ON, TORO! YOU'RE OUT OF THE STRATOSPHERE---SO WHEN I THAW YOU OUT, YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF OXYGEN!
WHEW! THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! WHAT'S THE STRATOSPHERE, TORCH?
NEVER MIND! WHAT WE'RE INTERESTED IN RIGHT NOW IS ACTION!

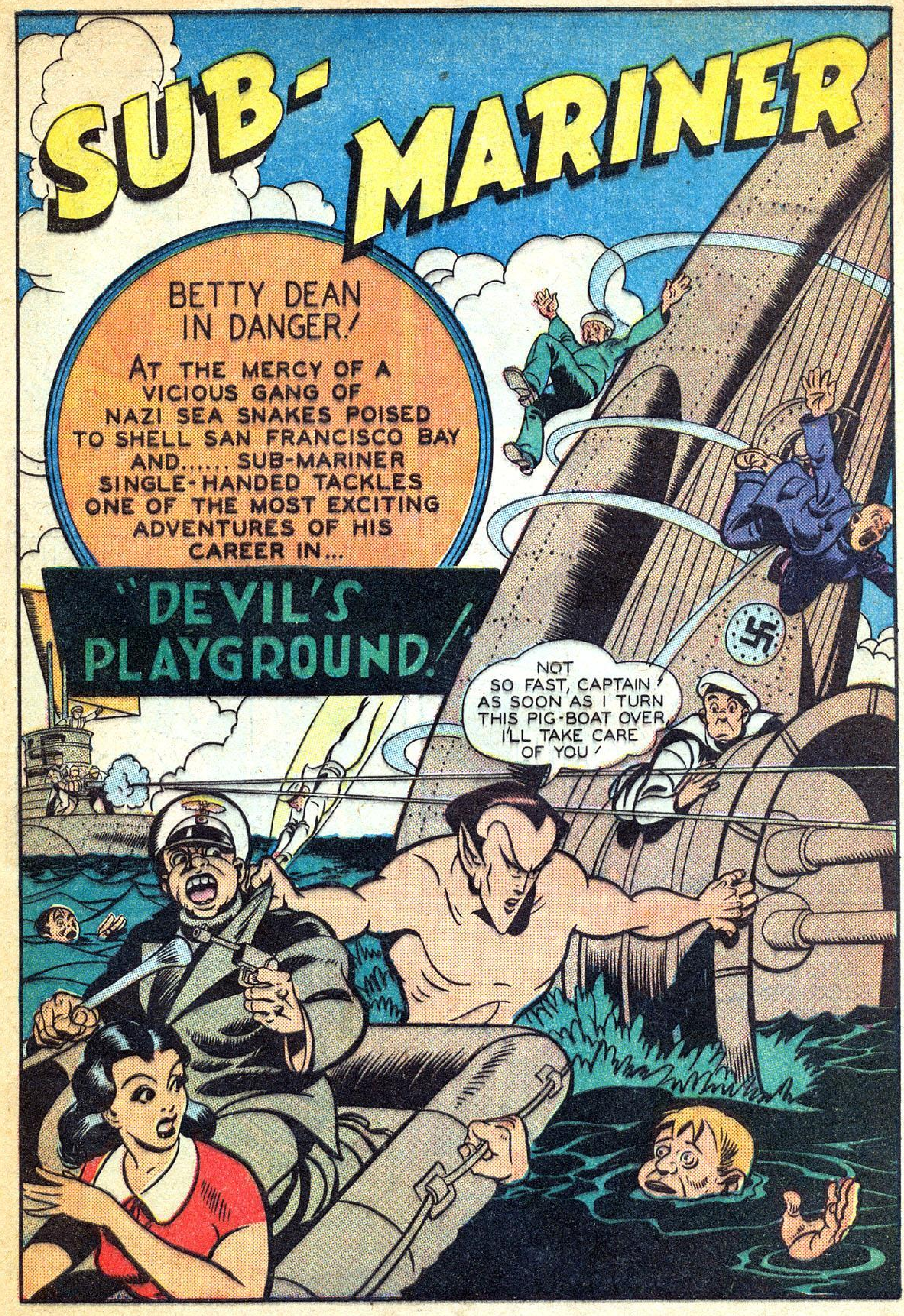

WHAT ABOUT THE JAP BOMBERS? ARE WE GOING TO LET THEM KEEP CHIPPING OFF THOSE ICEBERGS?
I GUESS THEY WIN THE FIRST ROUND, TORO -- NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT A KNOCKOUT PUNCH!
WE'LL DROP IN ON THE ADMIRAL FOR A CONFERENCE, FIRST OF ALL!
WE CAN'T KNOCK THEIR BOMBERS OUT--AND THEY'RE BREAKING THE ICEBERGS LOOSE SO FAST WE COULD NEVER MELT THEM IN TIME TO SAVE THE CONVOY!
IF THOSE ICEBERGS CAME AT US IN GREAT NUMBERS, WE'D NEVER HAVE A CHANCE!
A CLIPPER HAS JUST ARRIVED FROM THE U.S., SIR! IT'S LANDING ON THE WATER BESIDE US!
I'LL COME ON DECK AT ONCE! WANT TO COME ALONG, BOYS?
TWO VISITORS COME ABOARD THE TOKYO BOUND CONVOY....
THAT'S THE SOLDIER AND GIRL THAT TIPPED US OFF TO THE JAP ICEBERG BOMBINGS!
GREETINGS, TORO!
THE SOLDIER AND THE GIRL BRING NEW INFORMATION ABOUT JAP PLANES IN THE PACIFIC....
THE F.B.I. WANTED YOU TO HAVE THESE NEW DETAILS, SO WE VOLUNTEERED TO BRING THEM TO YOU!
SO THE JAPS ARE GOING TO TRY TO GRAB MIDWAY ISLAND TO INVADE ALASKA! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

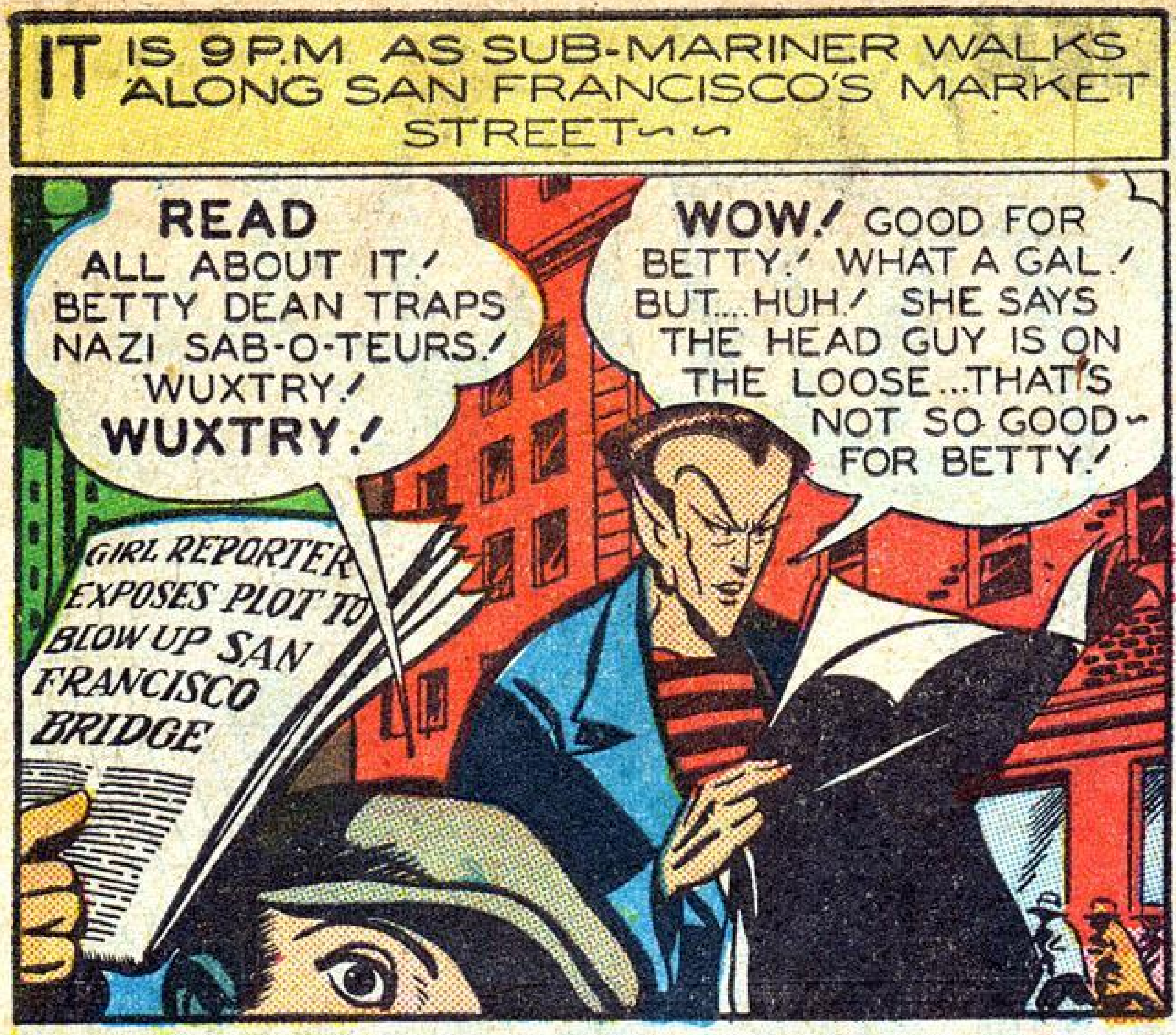

I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THOSE ICEBERGS ANY LONGER, ADMIRAL! LET'S GO TORO!
SO THE JAPS FIGURE TO BRING SUPPLIES TO THE MIDWAY IN TRANSPORT PLANES, EH?
WHAT DOES MIDWAY AND JAP TRANSPORT PLANES HAVE TO DO WITH US STOPPING THOSE ICEBERGS?
THE JAPS HAVE BEEN PREPARING TO INVADE MIDWAY AND USE IT AS A BASE FOR THE INVASION OF AMERICA!
IT'S STILL AS CLEAR AS MUD! BUT LET'S GO!
WE'LL FOLLOW THOSE NASTY NIPS UNTIL WE GET THEM WHERE WE WANT THEM!
THEN WHAT DO WE DO?
WE SMACK THEM ALL OVER THE LOT!
LIKE THIS?

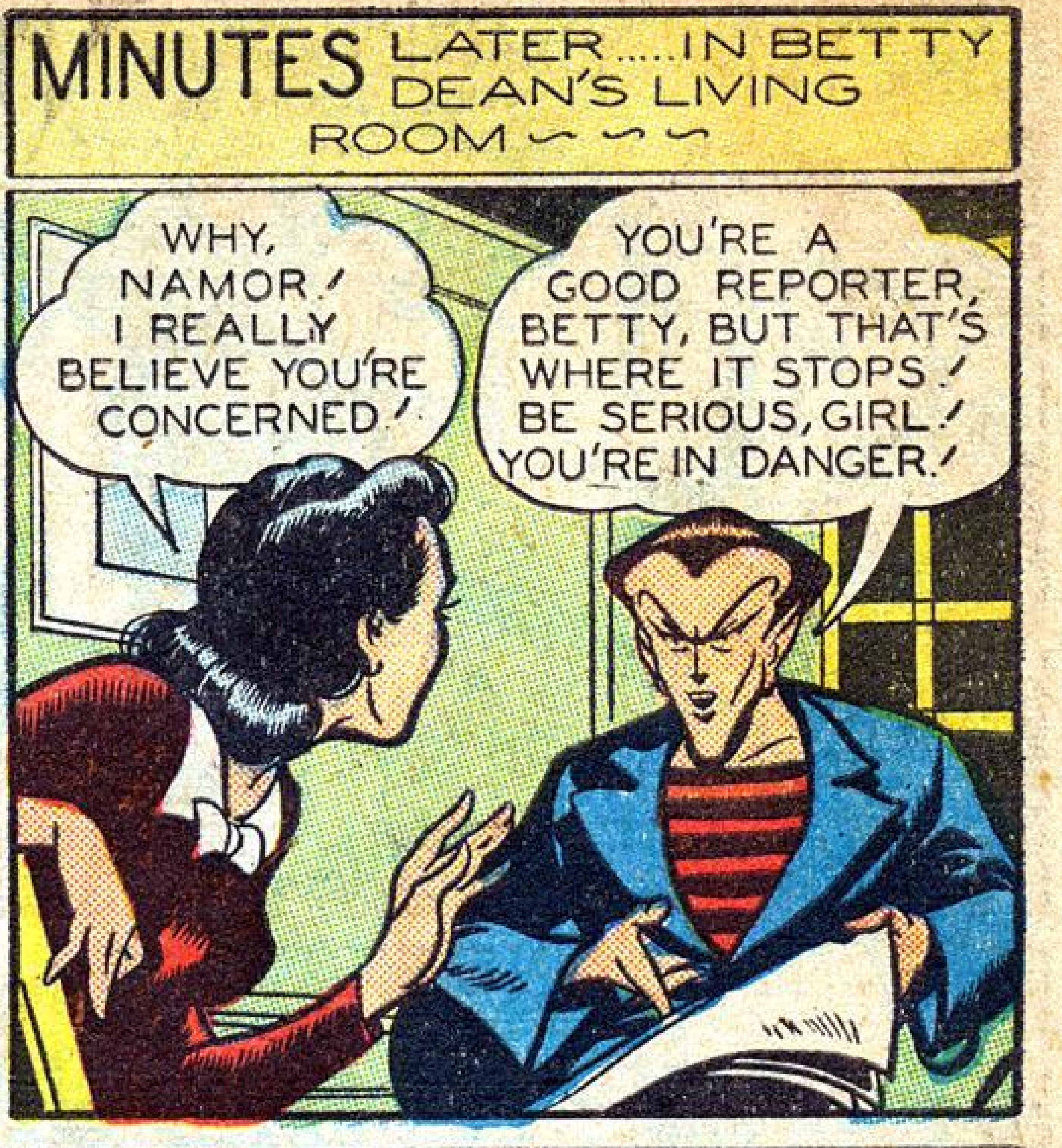

NOW I THINK I SEE HOW THE JAP OIL AIR TRANSPORTS ARE GOING TO HELP US STOP THE ICEBERGS!
NOW WE WAIT FOR ANOTHER JAP OIL CARGO!

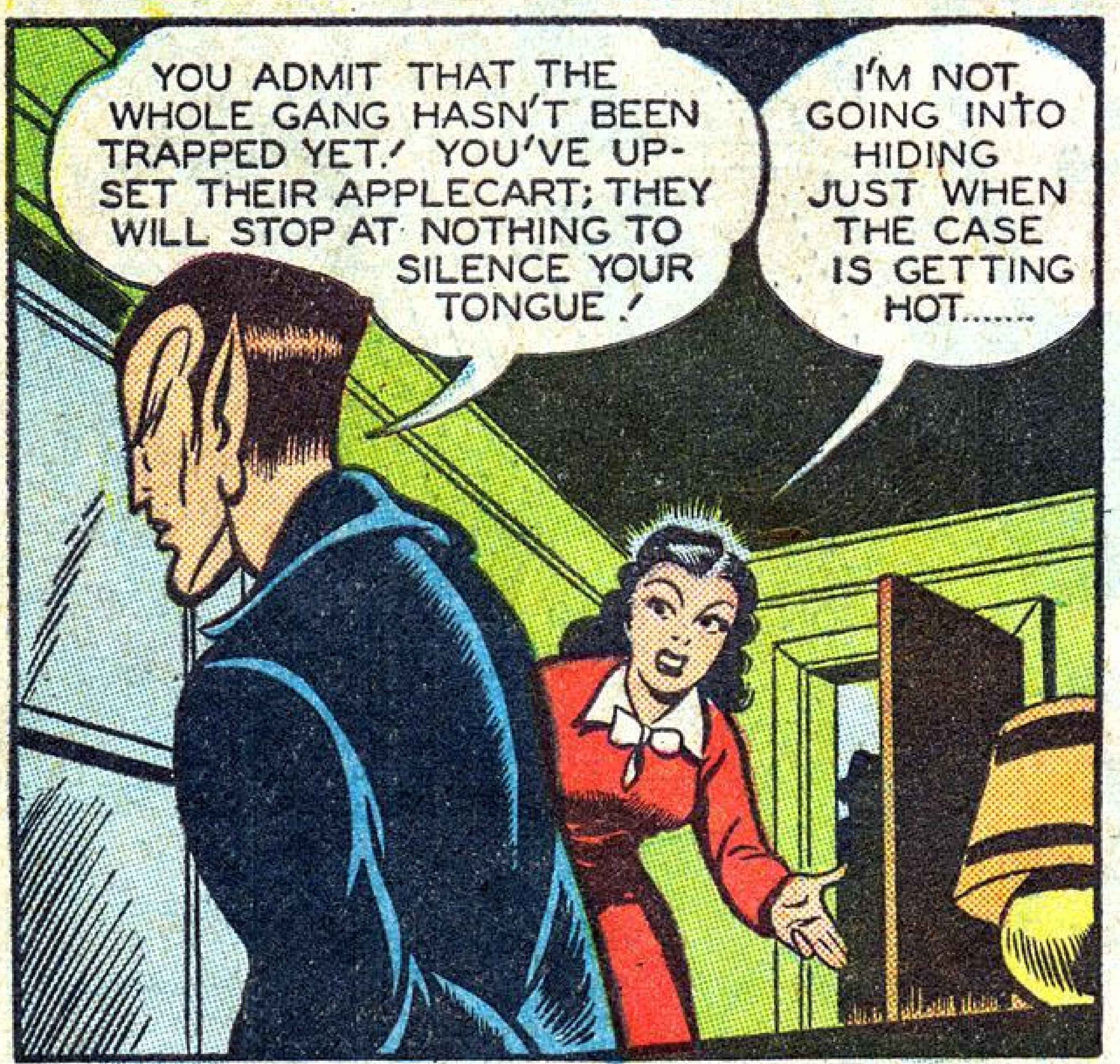

AND THEN WE PLASTER IT!

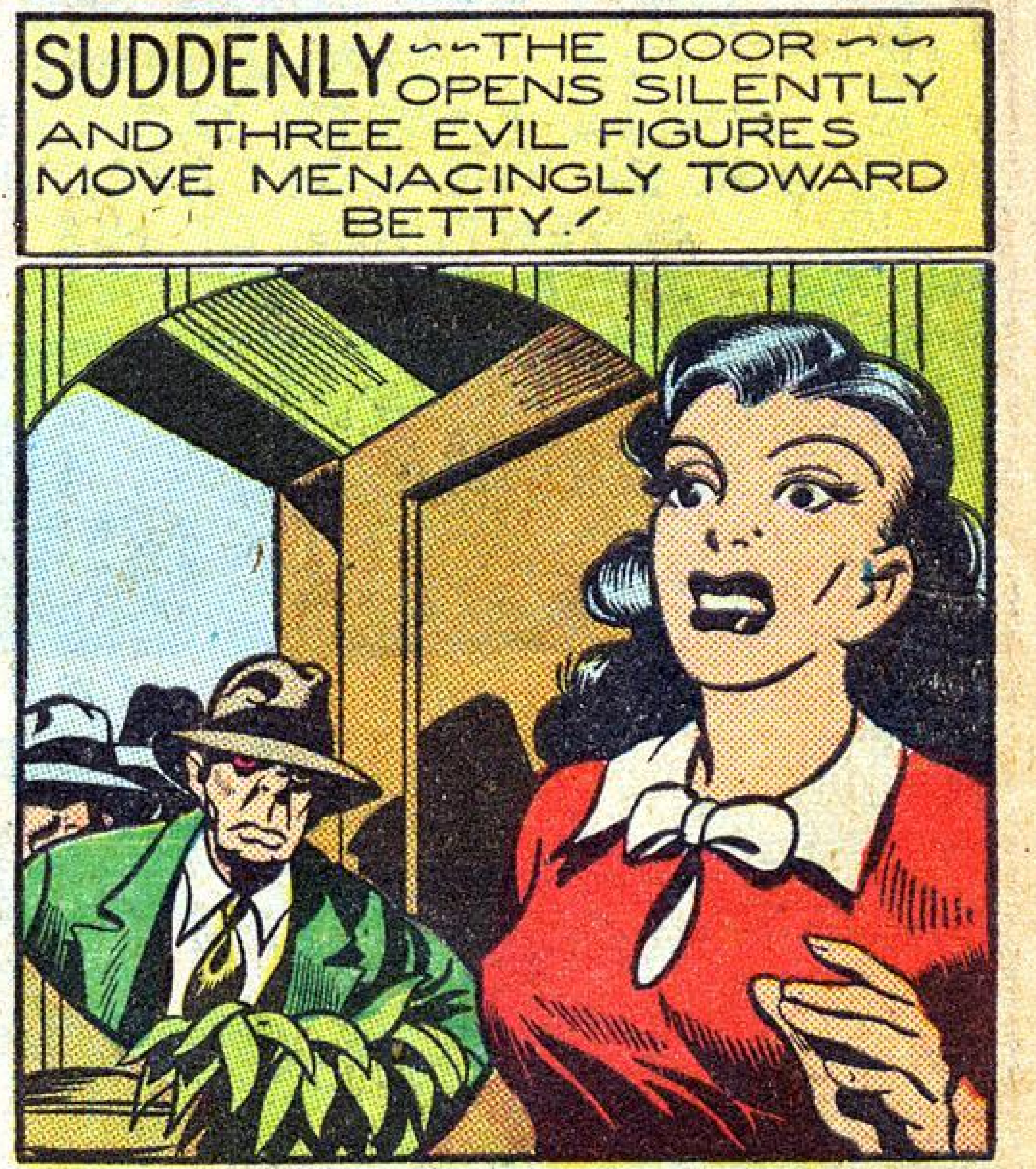

AFTER TORCH AND TORO KNOCK THE LAST JAP OIL FLEET OUT OF THE SKY, THEY INSPECT THE RESULTS OF THEIR WORK....
IT'S WORKING, TORO! THE FLAMING OIL IS MELTING THOSE ICEBERGS INTO ICE CUBES!
I ALWAYS SAID --- YOU WERE A SMART GUY, TORCH!
THE END

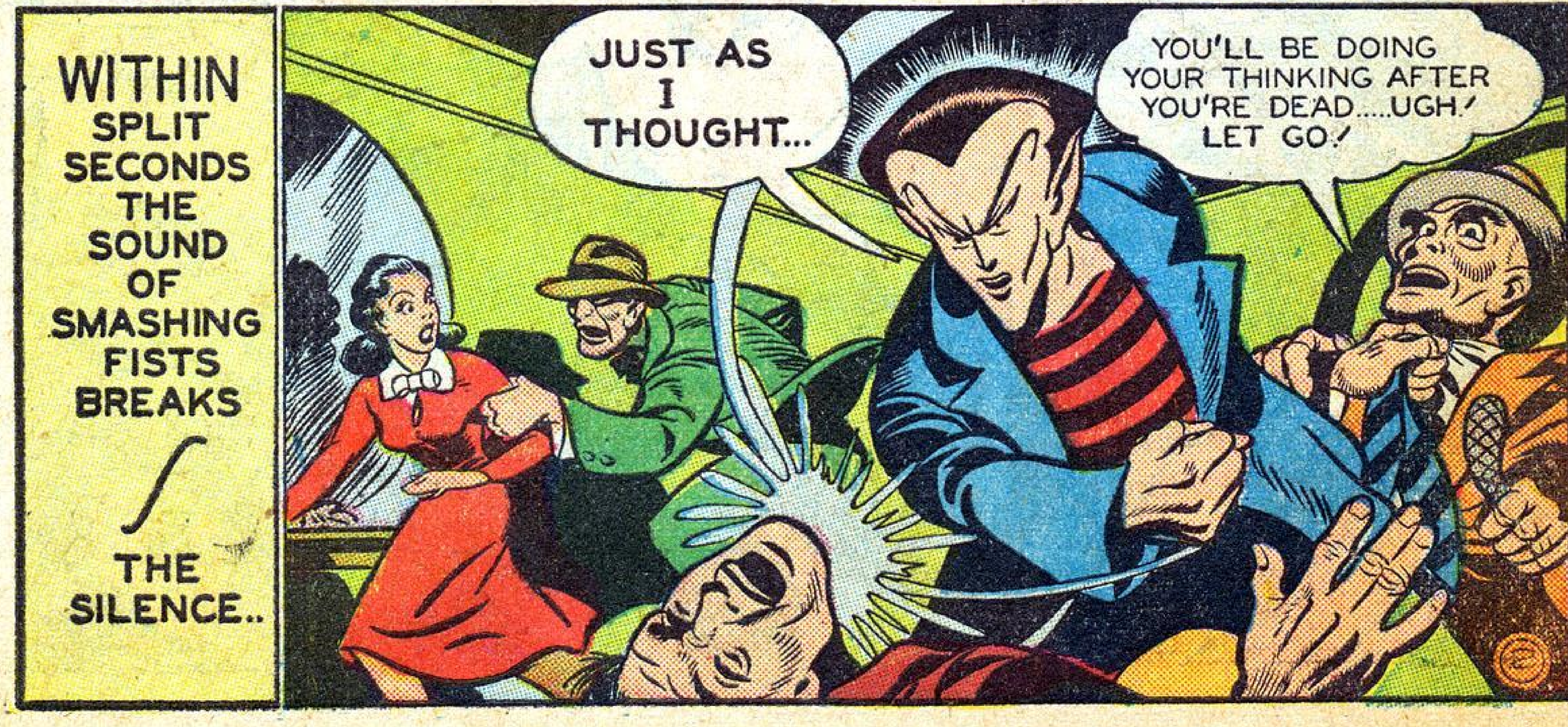

SUB-MARINER
BETTY DEAN IN DANGER! AT THE MERCY OF A VICIOUS GANG OF NAZI SEA SNAKES POISED TO SHELL SAN FRANCISCO BAY AND...... SUB-MARINER SINGLE-HANDED TACKLES ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING ADVENTURES OF HIS CAREER IN...
"DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND!"
NOT SO FAST, CAPTAIN! AS SOON AS I TURN THIS PIG-BOAT OVER I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

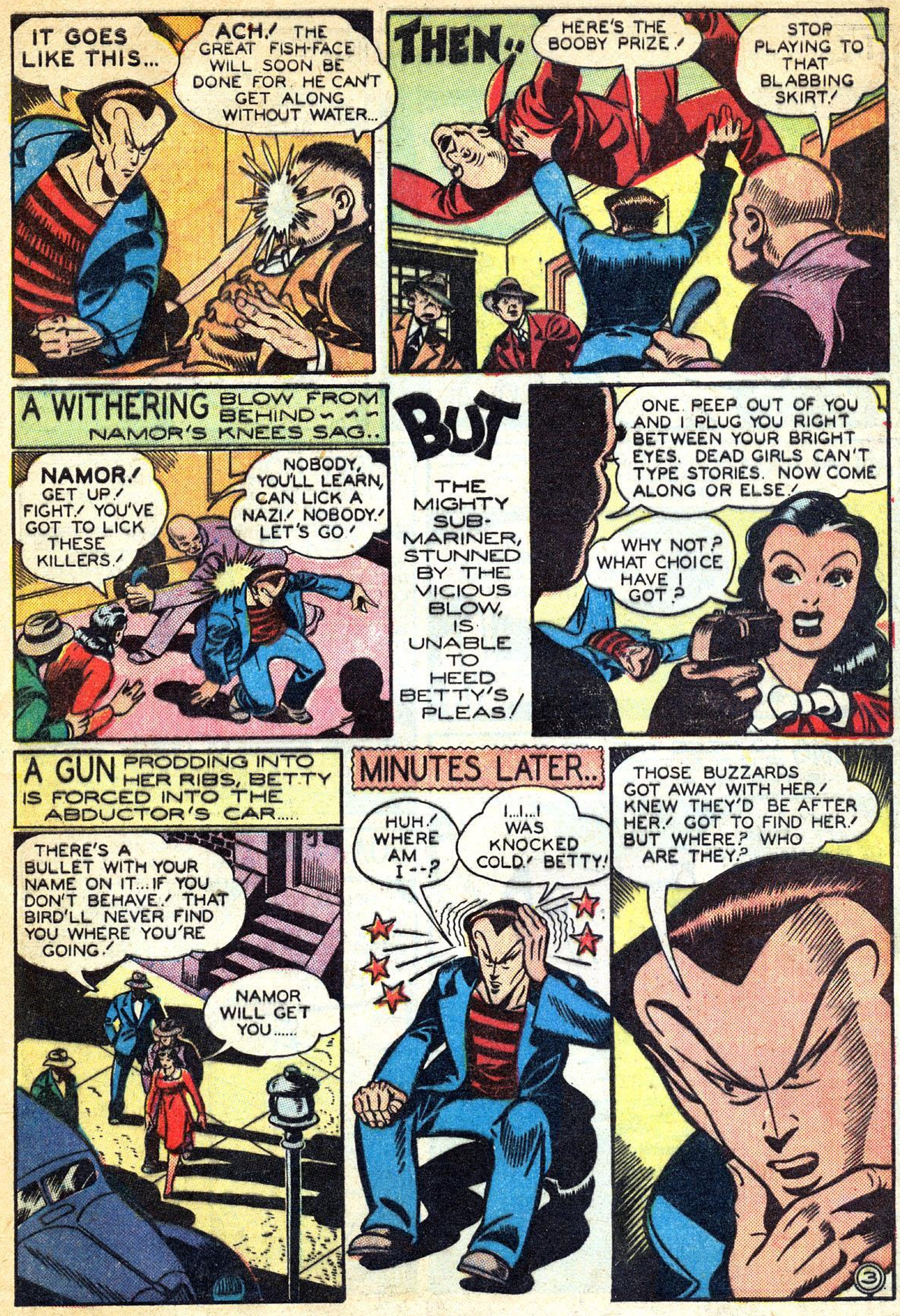

IT IS 9 P.M. AS SUB-MARINER WALKS ALONG SAN FRANCISCO'S MARKET STREET
READ ALL ABOUT IT! BETTY DEAN TRAPS NAZI SAB-O-TEURS! WUXTRY! WUXTRY!
WOW! GOOD FOR BETTY! WHAT A GAL! BUT....HUH! SHE SAYS THE HEAD GUY IS ON THE LOOSE...THAT'S NOT SO GOOD FOR BETTY!
GIRL REPORTER EXPOSES PLOT TO BLOW UP SAN FRANCISCO BRIDGE

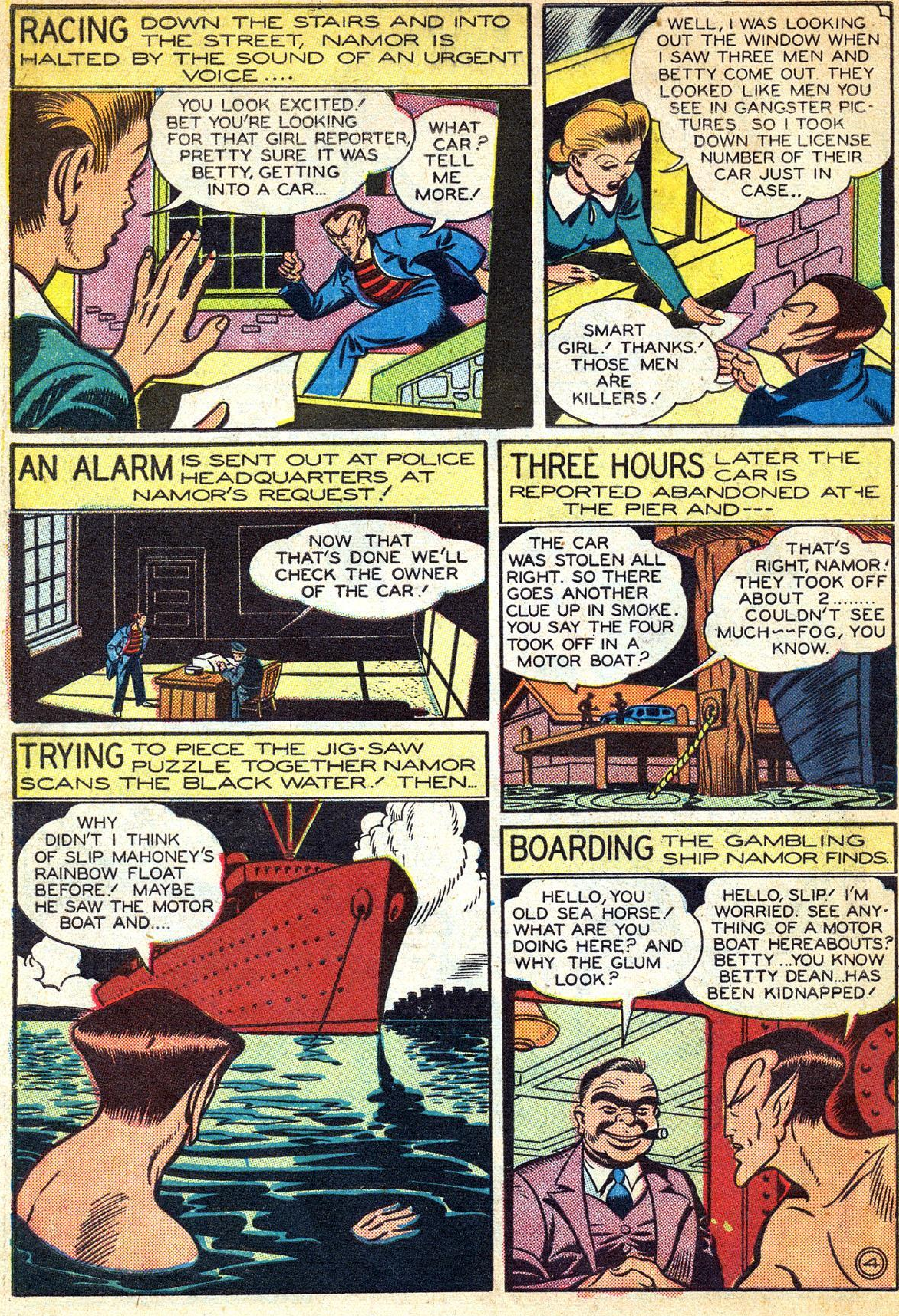

MINUTES LATER.....IN BETTY DEAN'S LIVING ROOM
WHY, NAMOR! I REALLY BELIEVE YOU'RE CONCERNED!
YOU'RE A GOOD REPORTER, BETTY, BUT THAT'S WHERE IT STOPS! BE SERIOUS, GIRL! YOU'RE IN DANGER!

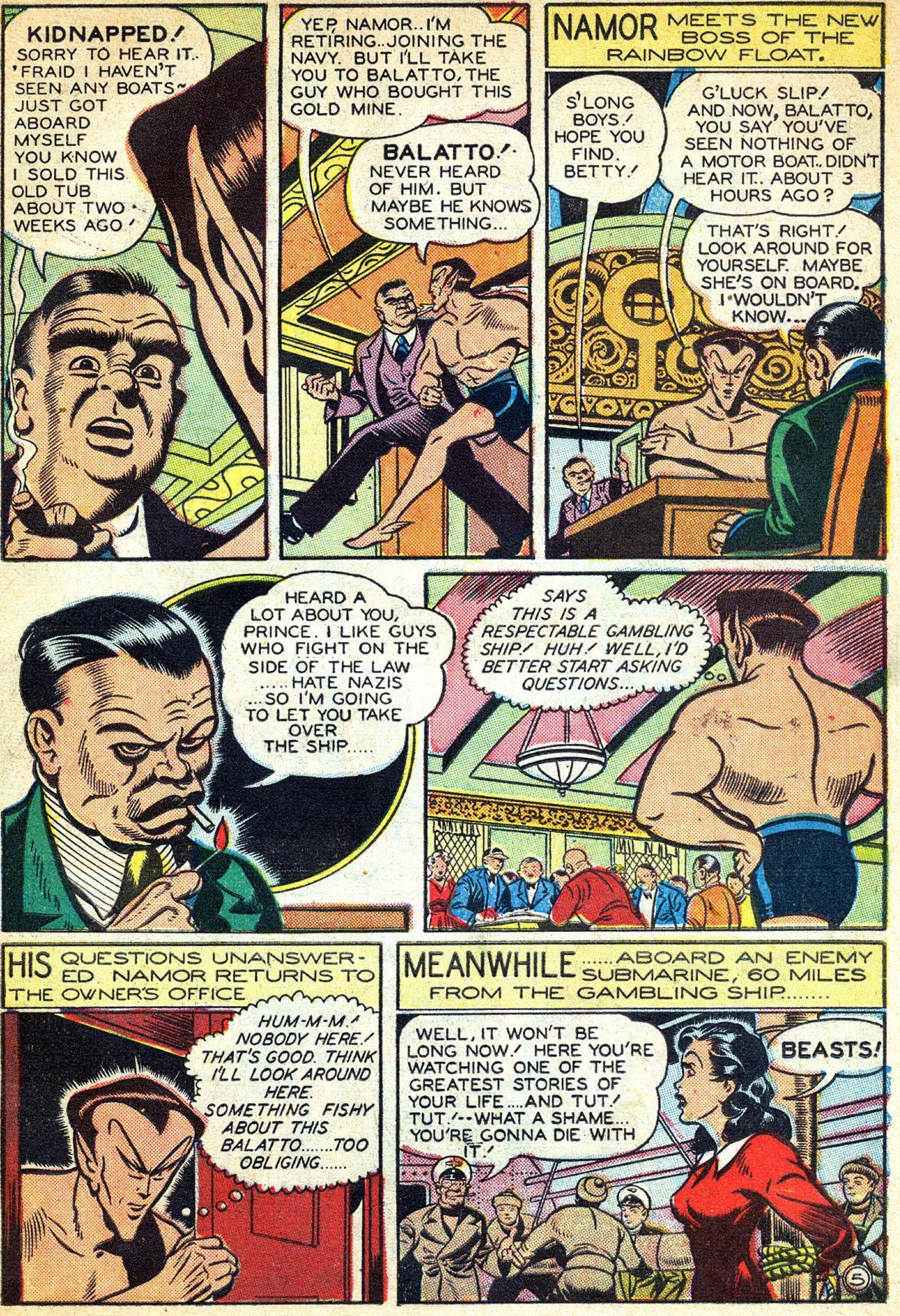

YOU ADMIT THAT THE WHOLE GANG HASN'T BEEN TRAPPED YET! YOU'VE UPSET THEIR APPLECART; THEY WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO SILENCE YOUR TONGUE!
I'M NOT GOING INTO HIDING JUST WHEN THE CASE IS GETTING HOT.......

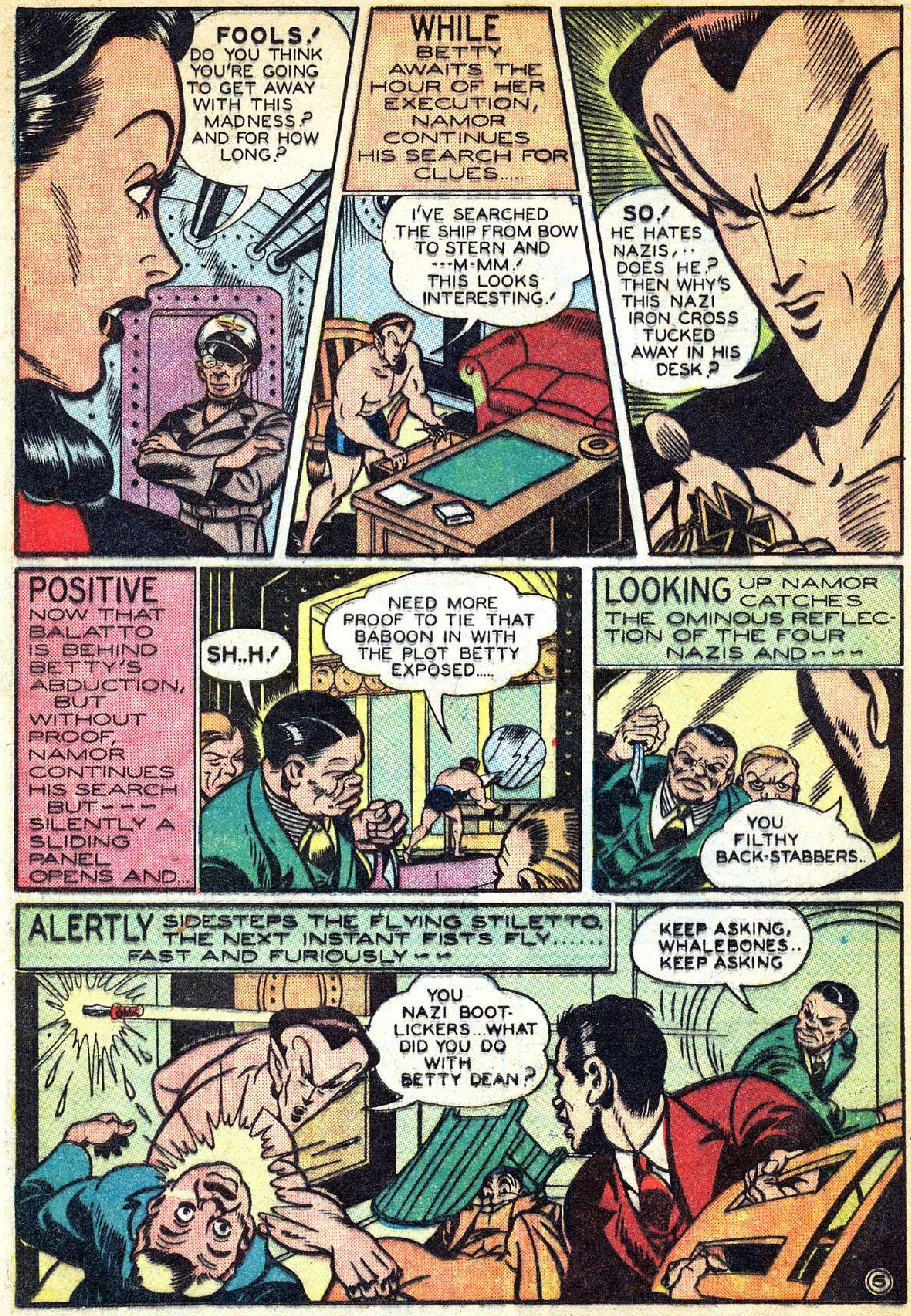

SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS SILENTLY AND THREE EVIL FIGURES MOVE MENACINGLY TOWARD BETTY!

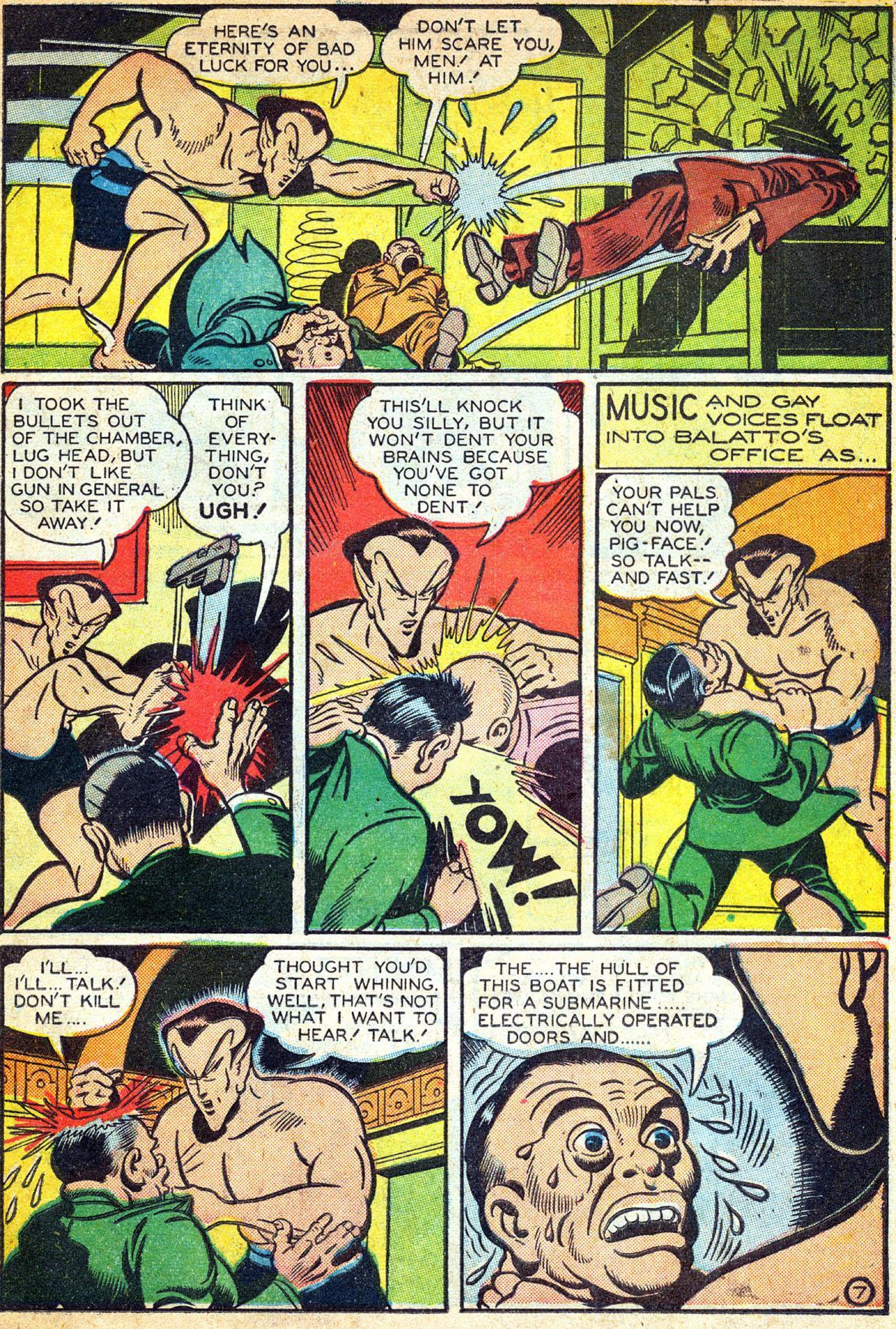

WITHIN SPLIT SECONDS THE SOUND OF SMASHING FISTS BREAKS THE SILENCE..
JUST AS I THOUGHT...
YOU'LL BE DOING YOUR THINKING AFTER YOU'RE DEAD.....UGH! LET GO!

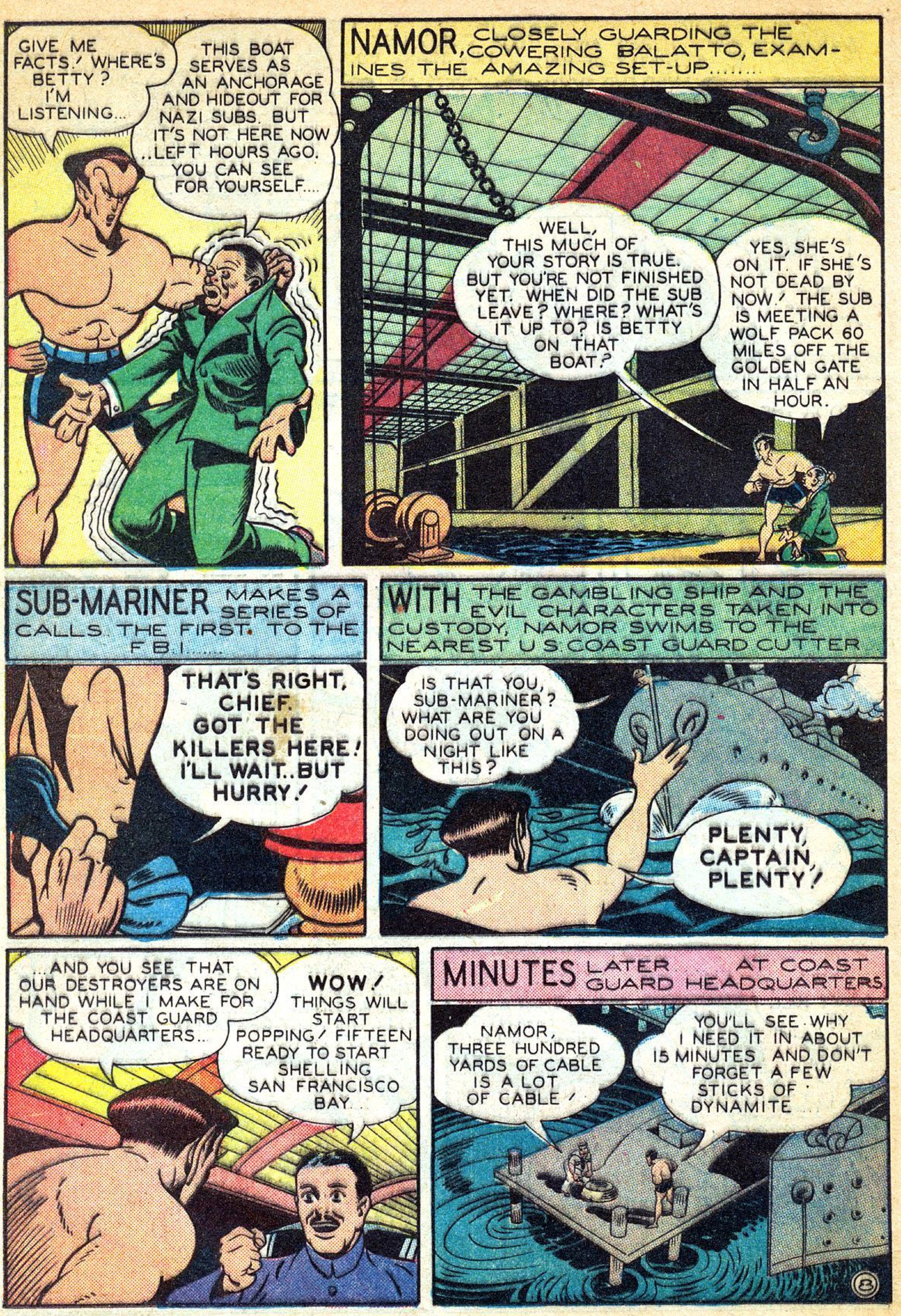

IT GOES LIKE THIS...
ACH! THE GREAT FISH-FACE WILL SOON BE DONE FOR. HE CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT WATER...
THEN..
HERE'S THE BOOBY PRIZE!
STOP PLAYING TO THAT BLABBING SKIRT!
A WITHERING BLOW FROM BEHIND-- NAMOR'S KNEES SAG..
NAMOR! GET UP! FIGHT! YOU'VE GOT TO LICK THESE KILLERS!
NOBODY, YOU'LL LEARN, CAN LICK A NAZI! NOBODY! LET'S GO!
BUT THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER, STUNNED BY THE VICIOUS BLOW, IS UNABLE TO HEED BETTY'S PLEAS!
ONE PEEP OUT OF YOU AND I PLUG YOU RIGHT BETWEEN YOUR BRIGHT EYES. DEAD GIRLS CAN'T TYPE STORIES. NOW COME ALONG OR ELSE!
WHY NOT? WHAT CHOICE HAVE I GOT?
A GUN PRODDING INTO HER RIBS, BETTY IS FORCED INTO THE ABDUCTOR'S CAR.....
THERE'S A BULLET WITH YOUR NAME ON IT... IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE! THAT BIRD'LL NEVER FIND YOU WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
NAMOR WILL GET YOU......
MINUTES LATER..
HUH! WHERE AM I--?
I..I..I WAS KNOCKED COLD! BETTY!
THOSE BUZZARDS GOT AWAY WITH HER! KNEW THEY'D BE AFTER HER! GOT TO FIND HER! BUT WHERE? WHO ARE THEY?
3

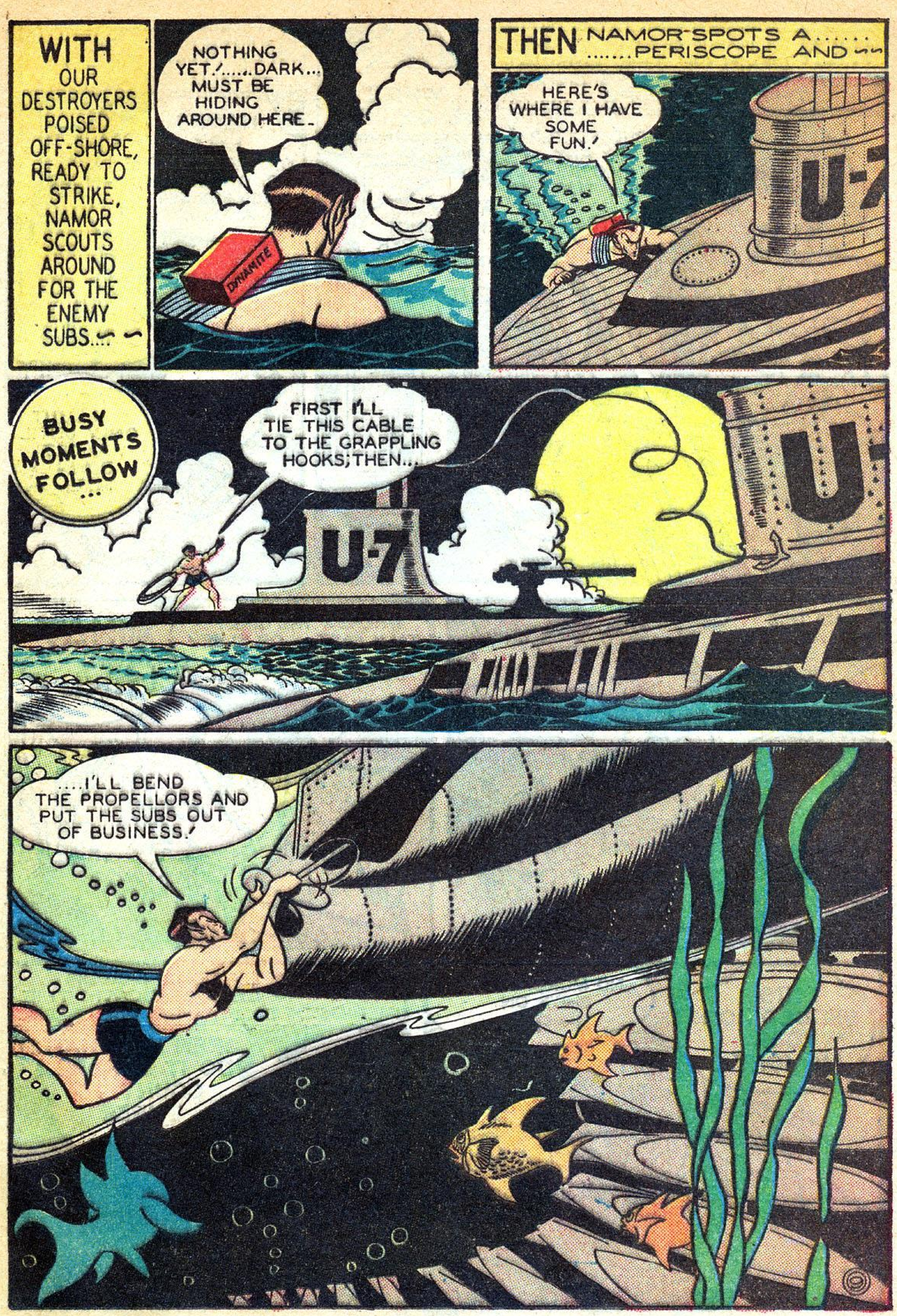

RACING DOWN THE STAIRS AND INTO THE STREET, NAMOR IS HALTED BY THE SOUND OF AN URGENT VOICE....
YOU LOOK EXCITED! BET YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THAT GIRL REPORTER, PRETTY SURE IT WAS BETTY, GETTING INTO A CAR...
WHAT CAR? TELL ME MORE!
WELL, I WAS LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW WHEN I SAW THREE MEN AND BETTY COME OUT. THEY LOOKED LIKE MEN YOU SEE IN GANGSTER PICTURES. SO I TOOK DOWN THE LICENSE NUMBER OF THEIR CAR JUST IN CASE..
SMART GIRL! THANKS! THOSE MEN ARE KILLERS!
AN ALARM IS SENT OUT AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS AT NAMOR'S REQUEST!
NOW THAT THAT'S DONE WE'LL CHECK THE OWNER OF THE CAR!
THREE HOURS LATER THE CAR IS REPORTED ABANDONED AT THE THE PIER AND---
THE CAR WAS STOLEN ALL RIGHT. SO THERE GOES ANOTHER CLUE UP IN SMOKE. YOU SAY THE FOUR TOOK OFF IN A MOTOR BOAT?
THAT'S RIGHT, NAMOR! THEY TOOK OFF ABOUT 2........ COULDN'T SEE MUCH--FOG, YOU KNOW.
TRYING TO PIECE THE JIG-SAW PUZZLE TOGETHER NAMOR SCANS THE BLACK WATER! THEN...
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF SLIP MAHONEY'S RAINBOW FLOAT BEFORE! MAYBE HE SAW THE MOTOR BOAT AND....
BOARDING THE GAMBLING SHIP NAMOR FINDS..
HELLO, YOU OLD SEA HORSE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? AND WHY THE GLUM LOOK?
HELLO, SLIP! I'M WORRIED. SEE ANYTHING OF A MOTOR BOAT HEREABOUTS? BETTY...YOU KNOW BETTY DEAN...HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED!
④

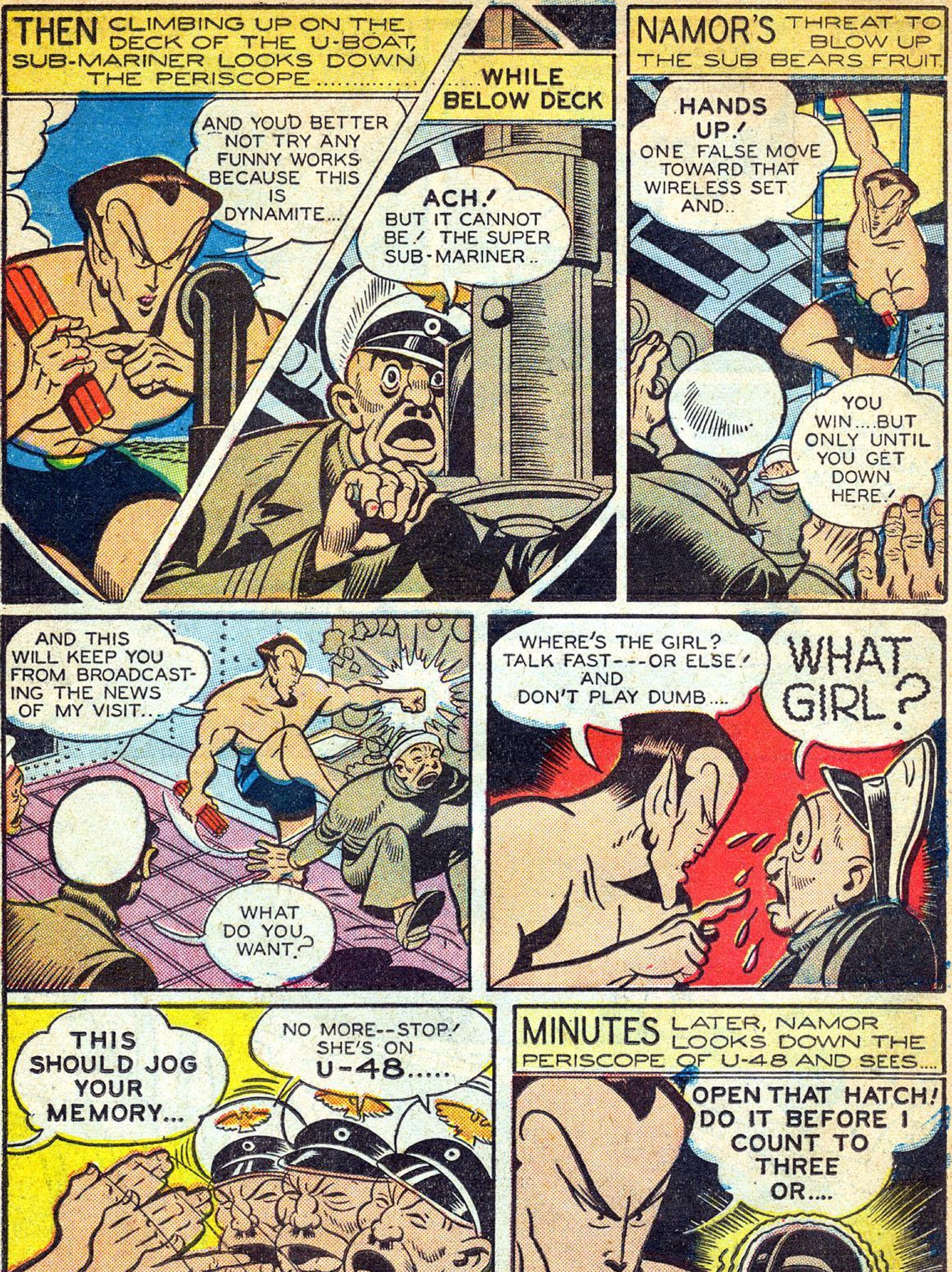

KIDNAPPED! SORRY TO HEAR IT.. 'FRAID I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY BOATS~ JUST GOT ABOARD MYSELF YOU KNOW I SOLD THIS OLD TUB ABOUT TWO WEEKS AGO!
YEP, NAMOR.. I'M RETIRING.. JOINING THE NAVY. BUT I'LL TAKE YOU TO BALATTO, THE GUY WHO BOUGHT THIS GOLD MINE.
BALATTO! NEVER HEARD OF HIM. BUT MAYBE HE KNOWS SOMETHING...
NAMOR MEETS THE NEW BOSS OF THE RAINBOW FLOAT.
S'LONG BOYS! HOPE YOU FIND. BETTY!
G'LUCK SLIP! AND NOW, BALATTO, YOU SAY YOU'VE SEEN NOTHING OF A MOTOR BOAT.. DIDN'T HEAR IT.. ABOUT 3 HOURS AGO?
THAT'S RIGHT! LOOK AROUND FOR YOURSELF. MAYBE SHE'S ON BOARD. I WOULDN'T KNOW...
HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU, PRINCE. I LIKE GUYS WHO FIGHT ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW ..... HATE NAZIS ...SO I'M GOING TO LET YOU TAKE OVER THE SHIP.....
SAYS THIS IS A RESPECTABLE GAMBLING SHIP! HUH! WELL, I'D BETTER START ASKING QUESTIONS...
HIS QUESTIONS UNANSWERED. NAMOR RETURNS TO THE OWNER'S OFFICE
HUM-M-M! NOBODY HERE! THAT'S GOOD. THINK I'LL LOOK AROUND HERE. SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS BALATTO......TOO OBLIGING.....
MEANWHILE ......ABOARD AN ENEMY SUBMARINE, 60 MILES FROM THE GAMBLING SHIP.......
WELL, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! HERE YOU'RE WATCHING ONE OF THE GREATEST STORIES OF YOUR LIFE....AND TUT! TUT!--WHAT A SHAME... YOU'RE GONNA DIE WITH IT!
BEASTS!

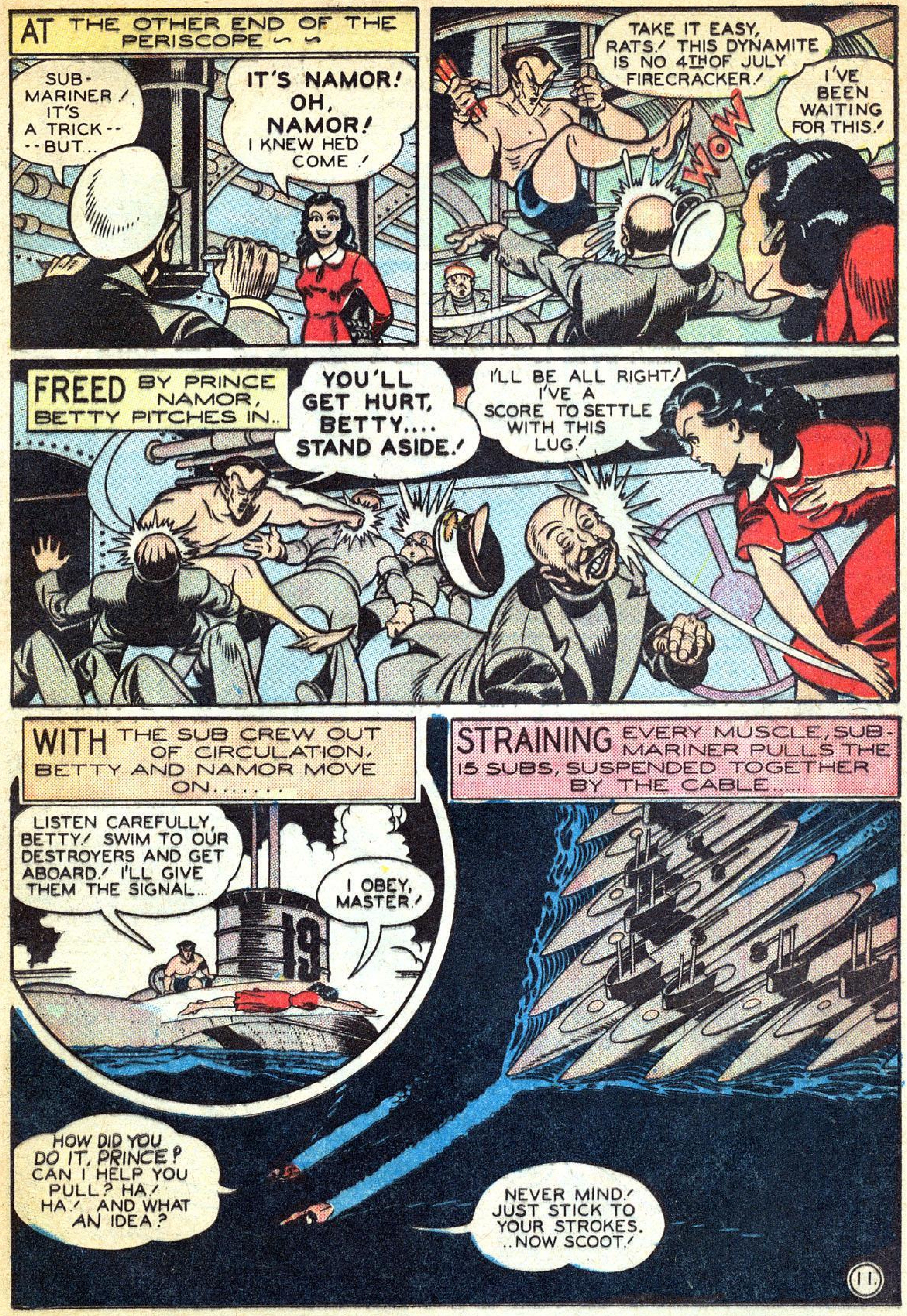

FOOLS.! DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS MADNESS.? AND FOR HOW LONG.?
WHILE BETTY AWAITS THE HOUR OF HER EXECUTION, NAMOR CONTINUES HIS SEARCH FOR CLUES.....
I'VE SEARCHED THE SHIP FROM BOW TO STERN AND ---M-MM.! THIS LOOKS INTERESTING.!
SO.! HE HATES NAZIS, .. DOES HE.? THEN WHY'S THIS NAZI IRON CROSS TUCKED AWAY IN HIS DESK.?
POSITIVE NOW THAT BALATTO IS BEHIND BETTY'S ABDUCTION, BUT WITHOUT PROOF, NAMOR CONTINUES HIS SEARCH BUT--- SILENTLY A SLIDING PANEL OPENS AND..
SH..H.!
NEED MORE PROOF TO TIE THAT BABOON IN WITH THE PLOT BETTY EXPOSED.....
LOOKING UP NAMOR CATCHES THE OMINOUS REFLECTION OF THE FOUR NAZIS AND---
YOU FILTHY BACK-STABBERS..
ALERTLY SIDESTEPS THE FLYING STILETTO. THE NEXT INSTANT FISTS FLY...... FAST AND FURIOUSLY--
KEEP ASKING, WHALEBONES.. KEEP ASKING
YOU NAZI BOOT-LICKERS...WHAT DID YOU DO WITH BETTY DEAN.?

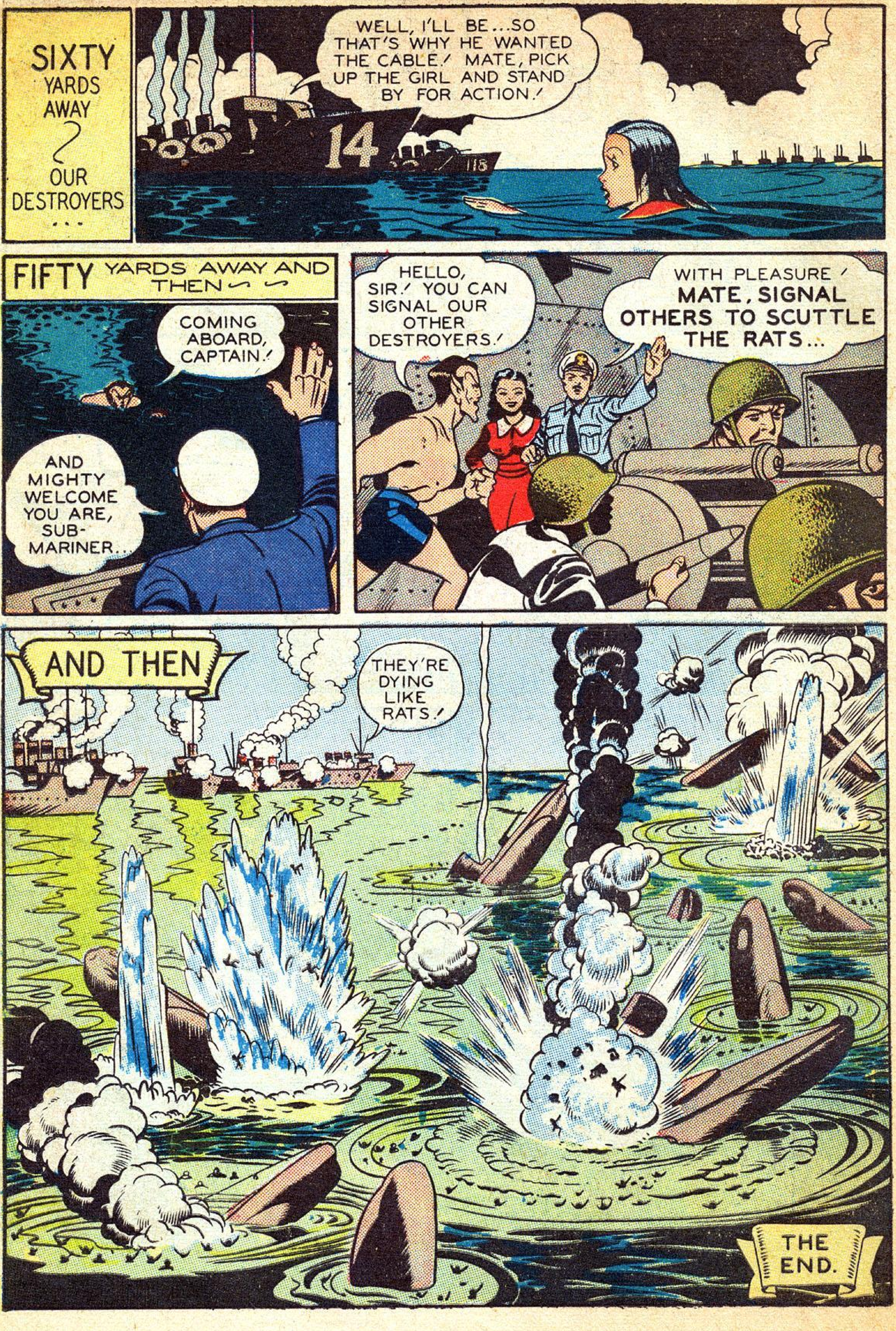

HERE'S AN ETERNITY OF BAD LUCK FOR YOU...
DON'T LET HIM SCARE YOU, MEN! AT HIM!
I TOOK THE BULLETS OUT OF THE CHAMBER, LUG HEAD, BUT I DON'T LIKE GUN IN GENERAL SO TAKE IT AWAY!
THINK OF EVERYTHING, DON'T YOU? UGH!
THIS'LL KNOCK YOU SILLY, BUT IT WON'T DENT YOUR BRAINS BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT NONE TO DENT!
YOW!
MUSIC AND GAY VOICES FLOAT INTO BALATTO'S OFFICE AS...
YOUR PALS CAN'T HELP YOU NOW, PIG-FACE! SO TALK-- AND FAST!
I'LL... I'LL... TALK! DON'T KILL ME....
THOUGHT YOU'D START WHINING. WELL, THAT'S NOT WHAT I WANT TO HEAR! TALK!
THE....THE HULL OF THIS BOAT IS FITTED FOR A SUBMARINE..... ELECTRICALLY OPERATED DOORS AND......


GIVE ME FACTS! WHERE'S BETTY? I'M LISTENING...
THIS BOAT SERVES AS AN ANCHORAGE AND HIDEOUT FOR NAZI SUBS. BUT IT'S NOT HERE NOW ..LEFT HOURS AGO. YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF....
NAMOR, CLOSELY GUARDING THE COWERING BALATTO, EXAMINES THE AMAZING SET-UP........
WELL, THIS MUCH OF YOUR STORY IS TRUE. BUT YOU'RE NOT FINISHED YET. WHEN DID THE SUB LEAVE? WHERE? WHAT'S IT UP TO? IS BETTY ON THAT BOAT?
YES, SHE'S ON IT. IF SHE'S NOT DEAD BY NOW! THE SUB IS MEETING A WOLF PACK 60 MILES OFF THE GOLDEN GATE IN HALF AN HOUR.
SUB-MARINER MAKES A SERIES OF CALLS. THE FIRST, TO THE F.B.I.....
THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF. GOT THE KILLERS HERE! I'LL WAIT..BUT HURRY!
WITH THE GAMBLING SHIP AND THE EVIL CHARACTERS TAKEN INTO CUSTODY, NAMOR SWIMS TO THE NEAREST U S COAST GUARD CUTTER
IS THAT YOU, SUB-MARINER? WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS?
PLENTY, CAPTAIN, PLENTY!
...AND YOU SEE THAT OUR DESTROYERS ARE ON HAND WHILE I MAKE FOR THE COAST GUARD HEADQUARTERS..
WOW! THINGS WILL START POPPING! FIFTEEN READY TO START SHELLING SAN FRANCISCO BAY...
MINUTES LATER AT COAST GUARD HEADQUARTERS
NAMOR, THREE HUNDRED YARDS OF CABLE IS A LOT OF CABLE!
YOU'LL SEE WHY I NEED IT IN ABOUT 15 MINUTES. AND DON'T FORGET A FEW STICKS OF DYNAMITE....

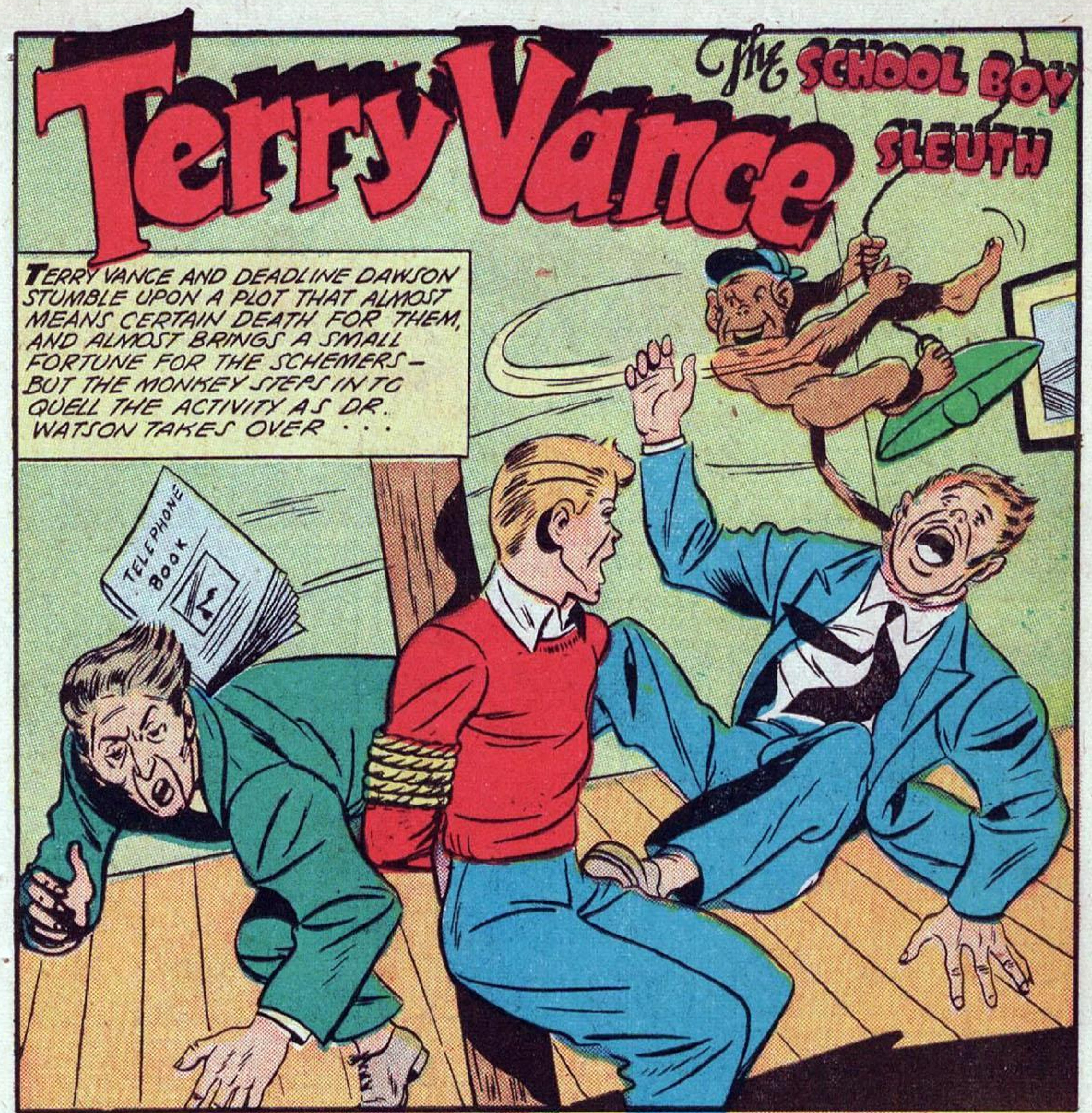

WITH OUR DESTROYERS POISED OFF-SHORE, READY TO STRIKE, NAMOR SCOUTS AROUND FOR THE ENEMY SUBS....
NOTHING YET!.....DARK... MUST BE HIDING AROUND HERE.
DYNAMITE
THEN NAMOR SPOTS A...... ......PERISCOPE AND --
HERE'S WHERE I HAVE SOME FUN!
U-7
BUSY MOMENTS FOLLOW ...
FIRST I'LL TIE THIS CABLE TO THE GRAPPLING HOOKS; THEN...
U-7
U-
....I'LL BEND THE PROPELLORS AND PUT THE SUBS OUT OF BUSINESS!

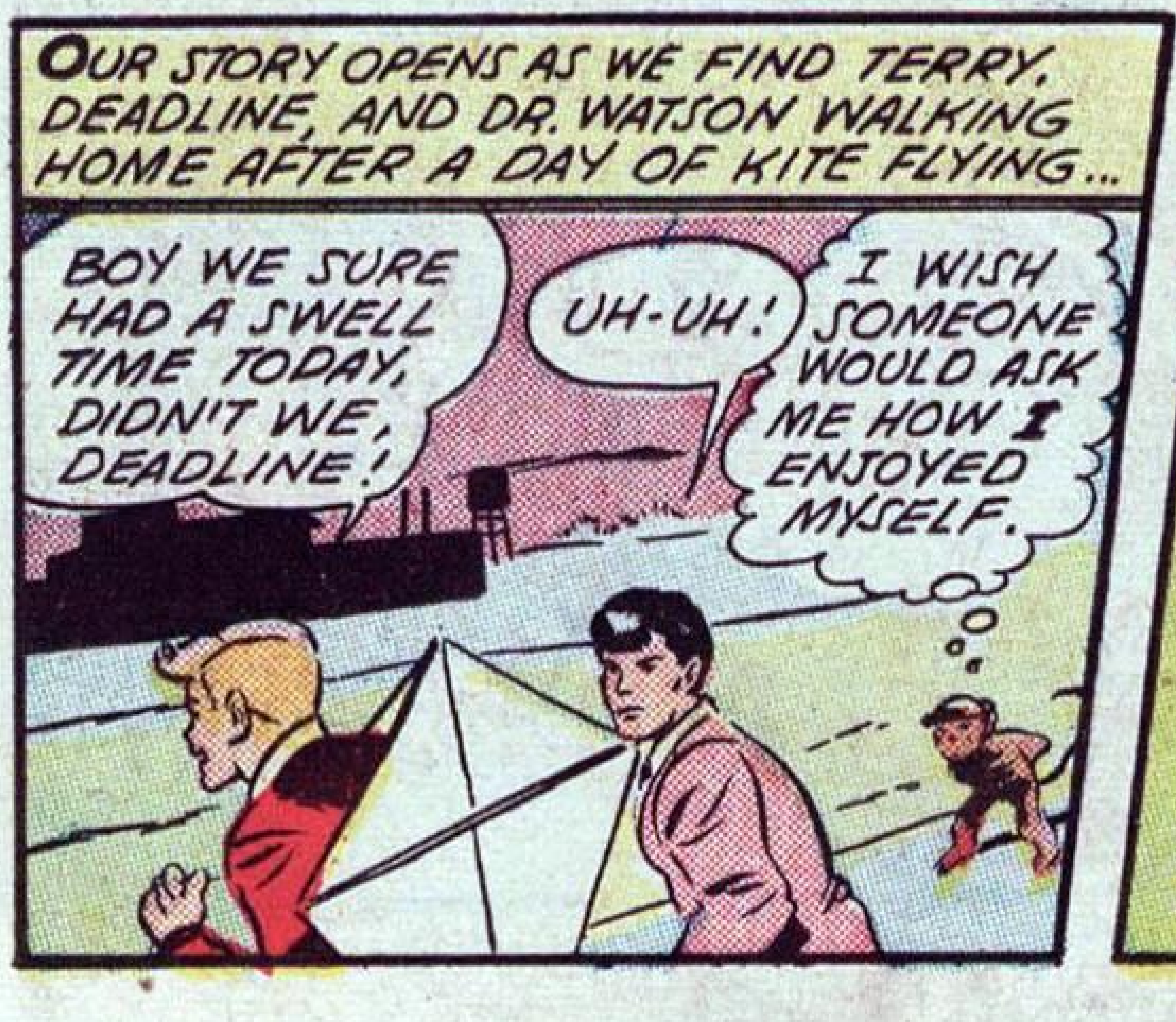

THEN CLIMBING UP ON THE DECK OF THE U-BOAT, SUB-MARINER LOOKS DOWN THE PERISCOPE............
AND YOU'D BETTER NOT TRY ANY FUNNY WORKS BECAUSE THIS IS DYNAMITE...
.....WHILE BELOW DECK
ACH! BUT IT CANNOT BE! THE SUPER SUB-MARINER..
NAMOR'S THREAT TO BLOW UP THE SUB BEARS FRUIT.
HANDS UP! ONE FALSE MOVE TOWARD THAT WIRELESS SET AND..
YOU WIN....BUT ONLY UNTIL YOU GET DOWN HERE!
AND THIS WILL KEEP YOU FROM BROADCASTING THE NEWS OF MY VISIT...
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WHERE'S THE GIRL? TALK FAST---OR ELSE! AND DON'T PLAY DUMB....
WHAT GIRL?
THIS SHOULD JOG YOUR MEMORY...
NO MORE--STOP! SHE'S ON U-48.....
MINUTES LATER, NAMOR LOOKS DOWN THE PERISCOPE OF U-48 AND SEES....
OPEN THAT HATCH! DO IT BEFORE I COUNT TO THREE OR....

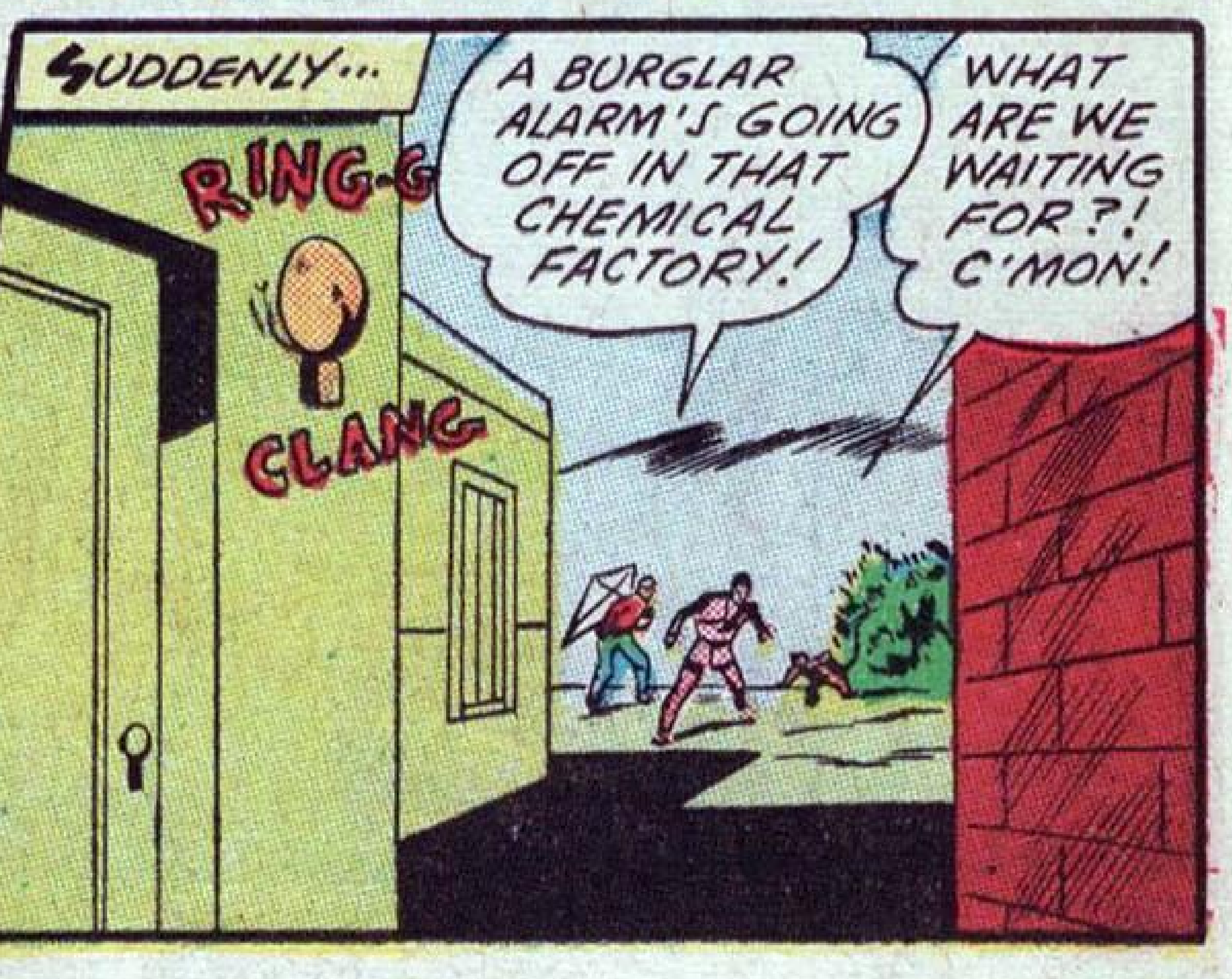

AT THE OTHER END OF THE PERISCOPE ~ ~
SUB-MARINER! IT'S A TRICK-- --BUT...
IT'S NAMOR! OH, NAMOR! I KNEW HE'D COME!
TAKE IT EASY, RATS! THIS DYNAMITE IS NO 4TH OF JULY FIRECRACKER!
WOW
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS!
FREED BY PRINCE NAMOR, BETTY PITCHES IN..
YOU'LL GET HURT, BETTY.... STAND ASIDE!
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT! I'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THIS LUG!
WITH THE SUB CREW OUT OF CIRCULATION, BETTY AND NAMOR MOVE ON......
LISTEN CAREFULLY, BETTY! SWIM TO OUR DESTROYERS AND GET ABOARD! I'LL GIVE THEM THE SIGNAL...
I OBEY, MASTER!
19
STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE, SUB-MARINER PULLS THE 15 SUBS, SUSPENDED TOGETHER BY THE CABLE.....
HOW DID YOU DO IT, PRINCE? CAN I HELP YOU PULL? HA! HA! AND WHAT AN IDEA?
NEVER MIND! JUST STICK TO YOUR STROKES. ..NOW SCOOT!

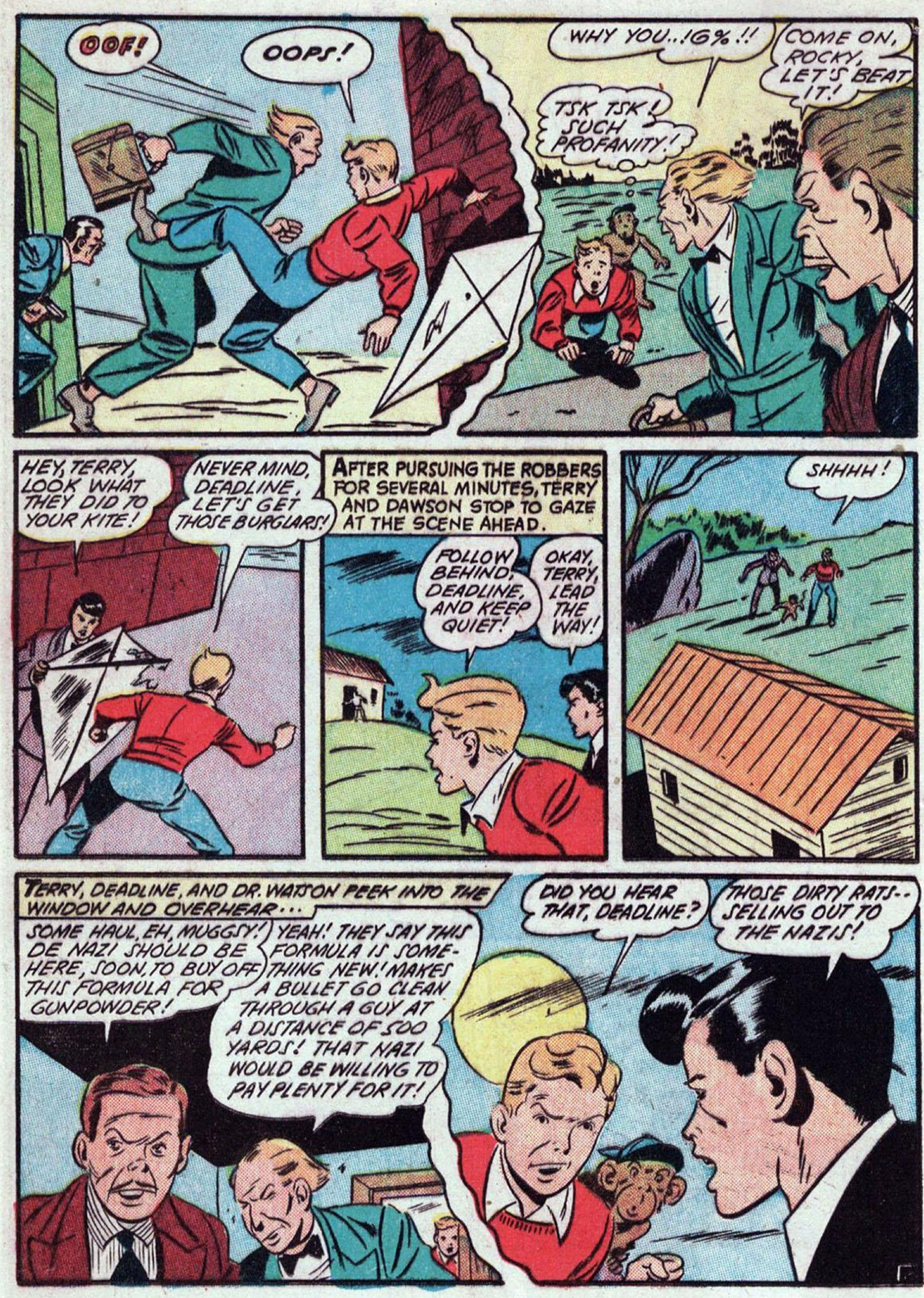

SIXTY YARDS AWAY ? OUR DESTROYERS . . .
WELL, I'LL BE...SO THAT'S WHY HE WANTED THE CABLE! MATE, PICK UP THE GIRL AND STAND BY FOR ACTION!
14
115
FIFTY YARDS AWAY AND THEN ~~
COMING ABOARD, CAPTAIN!
AND MIGHTY WELCOME YOU ARE, SUB-MARINER...
HELLO, SIR! YOU CAN SIGNAL OUR OTHER DESTROYERS!
WITH PLEASURE! MATE, SIGNAL OTHERS TO SCUTTLE THE RATS...
AND THEN
THEY'RE DYING LIKE RATS!
THE END.

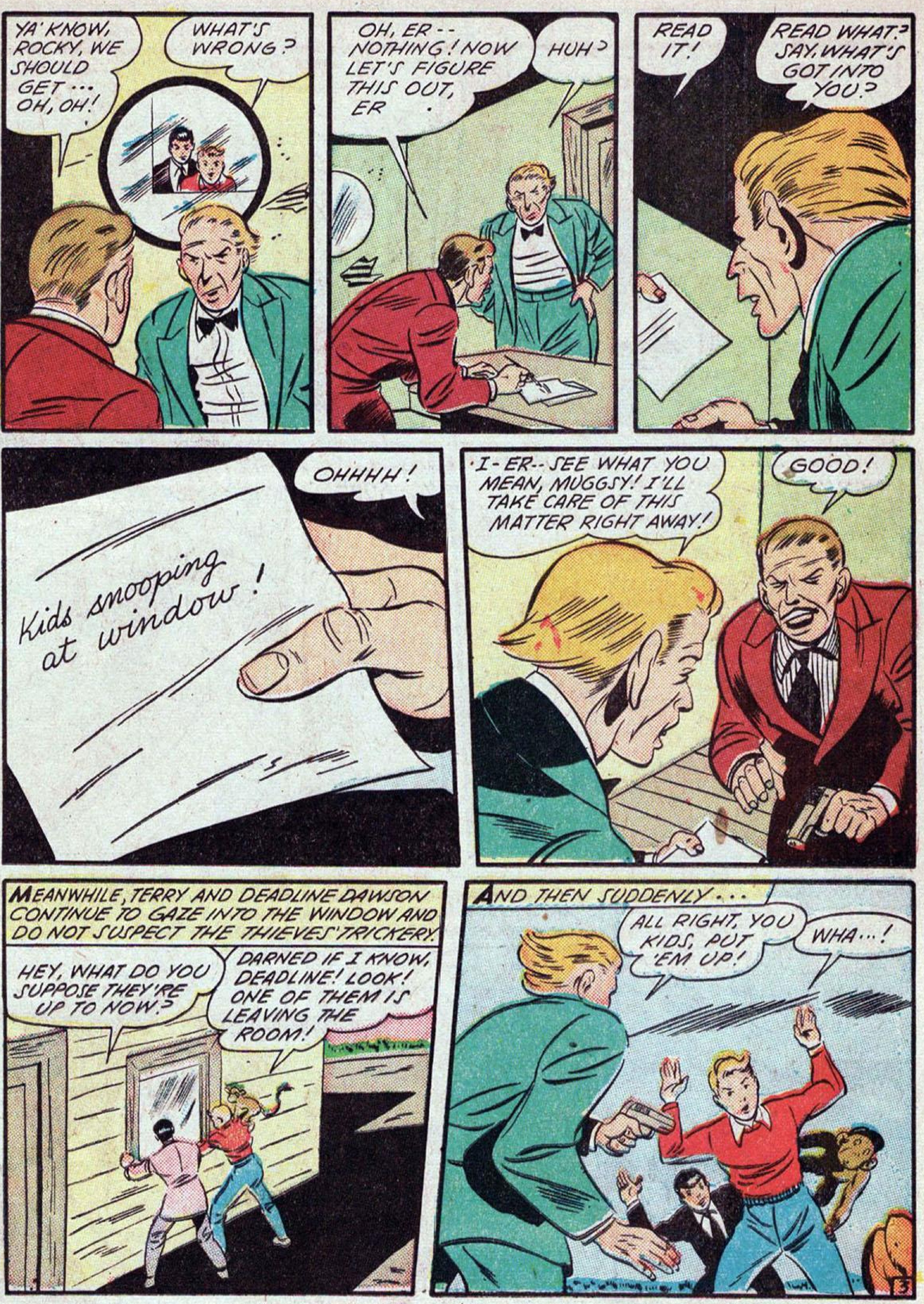
Terry Vance The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH

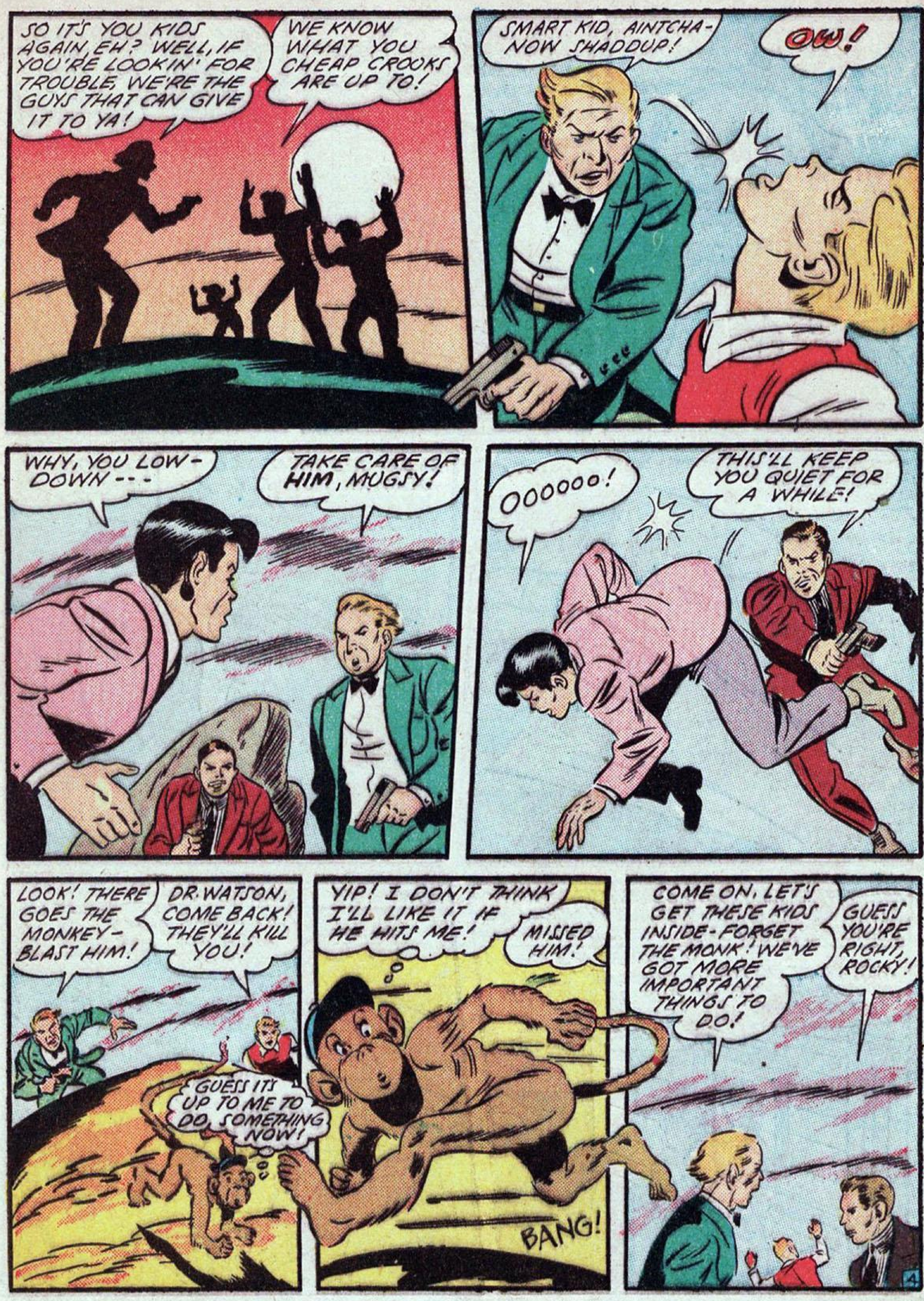

TERRY VANCE AND DEADLINE DAWSON STUMBLE UPON A PLOT THAT ALMOST MEANS CERTAIN DEATH FOR THEM, AND ALMOST BRINGS A SMALL FORTUNE FOR THE SCHEMERS — BUT THE MONKEY STEPS IN TO QUELL THE ACTIVITY AS DR. WATSON TAKES OVER . . .
TELEPHONE BOOK

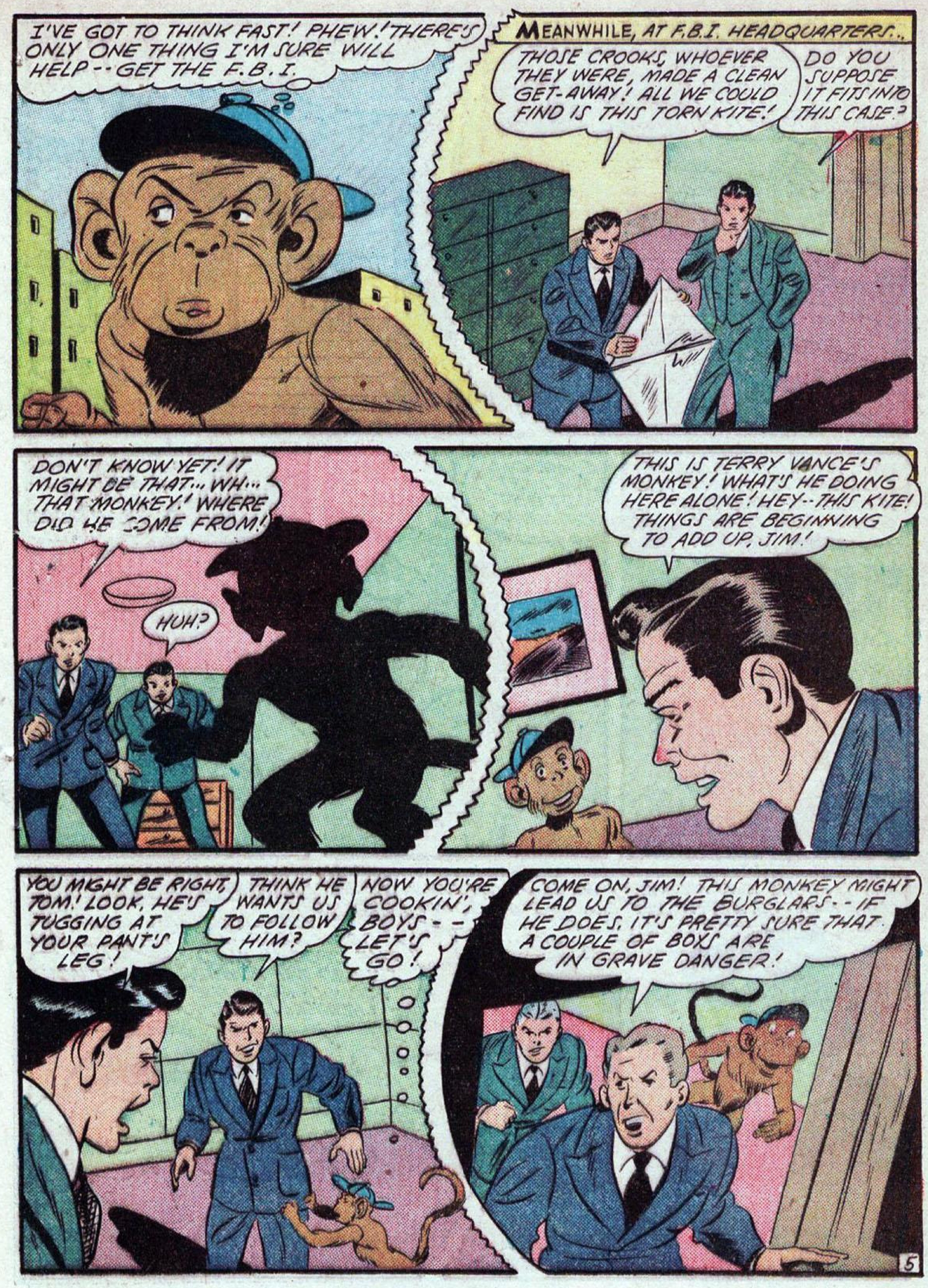

OUR STORY OPENS AS WE FIND TERRY, DEADLINE, AND DR. WATSON WALKING HOME AFTER A DAY OF KITE FLYING...
BOY WE SURE HAD A SWELL TIME TODAY, DIDN'T WE, DEADLINE!
UH-UH!
I WISH SOMEONE WOULD ASK ME HOW I ENJOYED MYSELF.

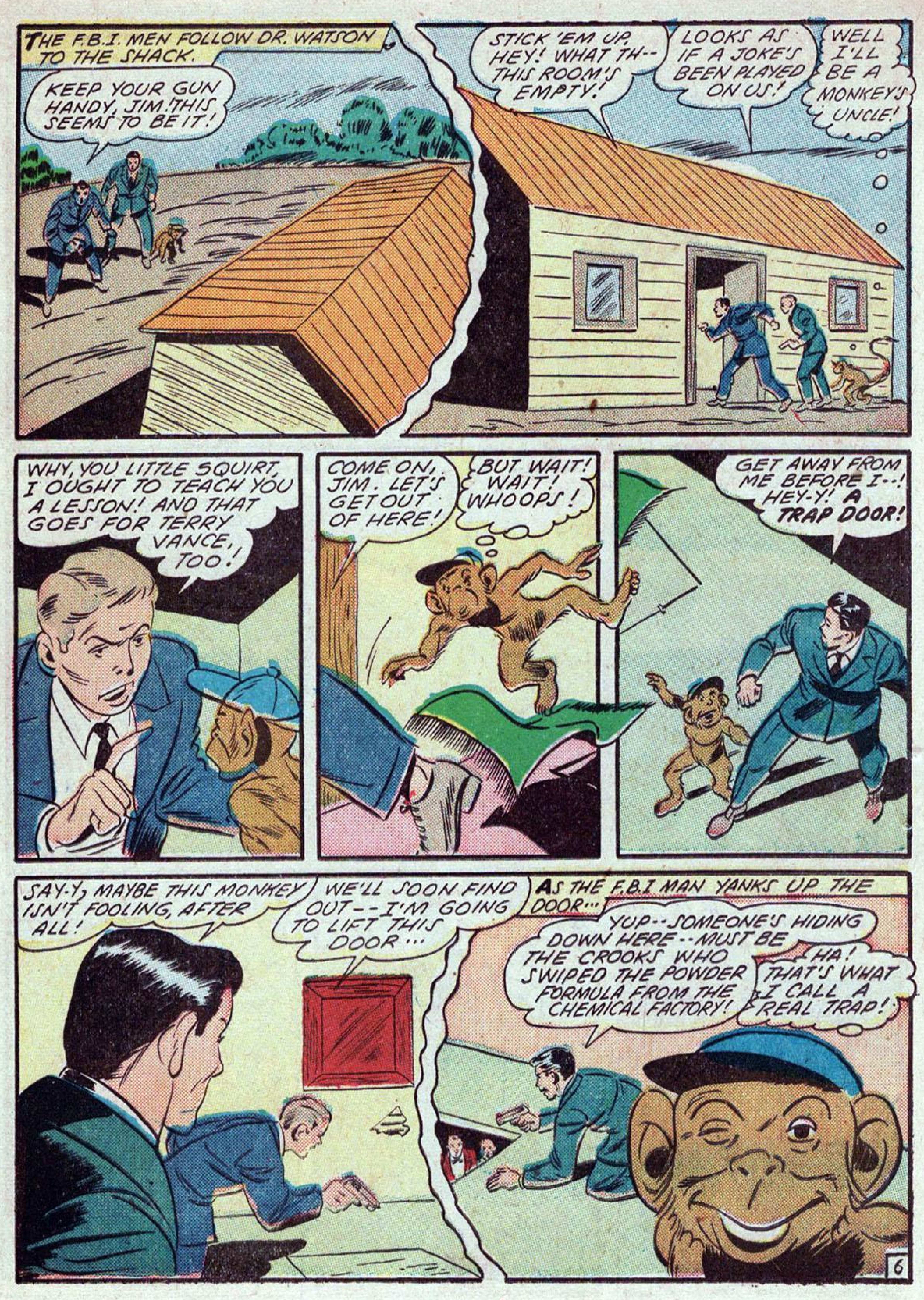

SUDDENLY...
RING-G
CLANG
A BURGLAR ALARM'S GOING OFF IN THAT CHEMICAL FACTORY!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?! C'MON!

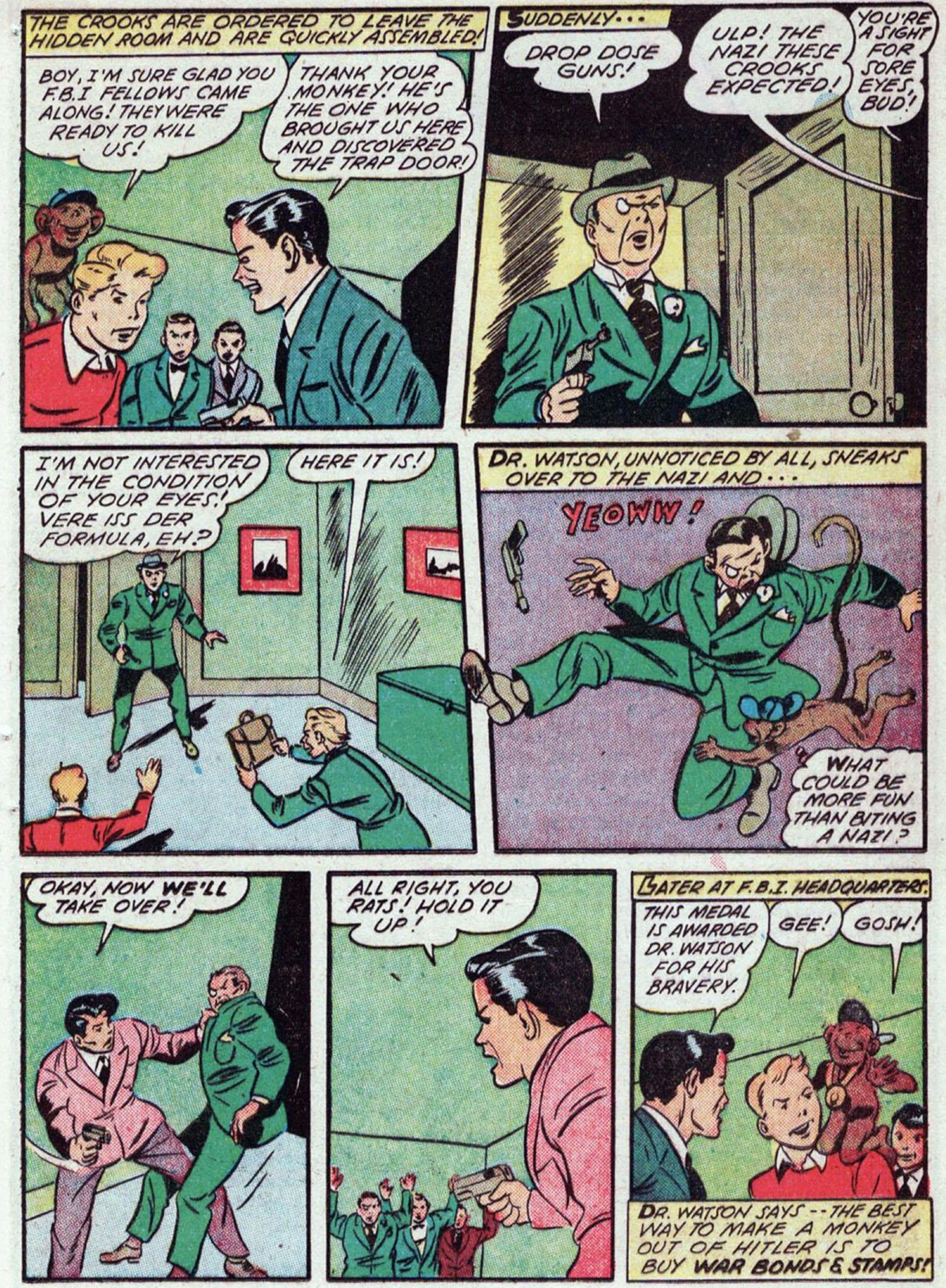

OOF!
OOPS!
WHY YOU..!6%.!!
COME ON, ROCKY, LET'S BEAT IT!
TSK TSK! SUCH PROFANITY!
HEY, TERRY, LOOK WHAT THEY DID TO YOUR KITE!
NEVER MIND, DEADLINE, LET'S GET THOSE BURGLARS!
AFTER PURSUING THE ROBBERS FOR SEVERAL MINUTES, TERRY AND DAWSON STOP TO GAZE AT THE SCENE AHEAD.
FOLLOW BEHIND, DEADLINE, AND KEEP QUIET!
OKAY, TERRY, LEAD THE WAY!
SHHHH!
TERRY, DEADLINE, AND DR. WATSON PEEK INTO THE WINDOW AND OVERHEAR...
SOME HAUL, EH, MUGGSY! DE NAZI SHOULD BE HERE, SOON, TO BUY OFF THIS FORMULA FOR GUNPOWDER!
YEAH! THEY SAY THIS FORMULA IS SOMETHING NEW! MAKES A BULLET GO CLEAN THROUGH A GUY AT A DISTANCE OF 500 YARDS! THAT NAZI WOULD BE WILLING TO PAY PLENTY FOR IT!
DID YOU HEAR THAT, DEADLINE?
THOSE DIRTY RATS-- SELLING OUT TO THE NAZIS!


YA' KNOW, ROCKY, WE SHOULD GET... OH, OH!
WHAT'S WRONG?
OH, ER-- NOTHING! NOW LET'S FIGURE THIS OUT, ER .
HUH?
READ IT!
READ WHAT? SAY, WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU?
OHHHH!
Kids snooping at window!
I-ER-- SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, MUGGSY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS MATTER RIGHT AWAY!
GOOD!
MEANWHILE, TERRY AND DEADLINE DAWSON CONTINUE TO GAZE INTO THE WINDOW AND DO NOT SUSPECT THE THIEVES' TRICKERY.
HEY, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY'RE UP TO NOW?
DARNED IF I KNOW, DEADLINE! LOOK! ONE OF THEM IS LEAVING THE ROOM!
AND THEN SUDDENLY...
ALL RIGHT, YOU KIDS, PUT 'EM UP!
WHA...!
3


SO IT'S YOU KIDS AGAIN, EH? WELL, IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE, WE'RE THE GUYS THAT CAN GIVE IT TO YA!
WE KNOW WHAT YOU CHEAP CROOKS ARE UP TO!
SMART KID, AINTCHA - NOW SHADDUP!
OW!
WHY, YOU LOW-DOWN - - -
TAKE CARE OF **HIM**, MUGSY!
OOOOOO!
THIS'LL KEEP YOU QUIET FOR A WHILE!
LOOK! THERE GOES THE MONKEY - BLAST HIM!
DR. WATSON, COME BACK! THEY'LL KILL YOU!
GUESS IT'S UP TO ME TO DO SOMETHING NOW!
YIP! I DON'T THINK I'LL LIKE IT IF HE HITS ME!
MISSED HIM!
BANG!
COME ON. LET'S GET THESE KIDS INSIDE - FORGET THE MONK! WE'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO!
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, ROCKY!
4


I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST! PHEW! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I'M SURE WILL HELP -- GET THE F.B.I.
MEANWHILE, AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS..
THOSE CROOKS, WHOEVER THEY WERE, MADE A CLEAN GET-AWAY! ALL WE COULD FIND IS THIS TORN KITE!
DO YOU SUPPOSE IT FITS INTO THIS CASE?
DON'T KNOW YET! IT MIGHT BE THAT... WH... THAT MONKEY! WHERE DID HE COME FROM!
HUH?
THIS IS TERRY VANCE'S MONKEY! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE ALONE! HEY--THIS KITE! THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO ADD UP, JIM!
YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT, TOM! LOOK, HE'S TUGGING AT YOUR PANT'S LEG!
THINK HE WANTS US TO FOLLOW HIM?
NOW YOU'RE COOKIN', BOYS -- -- LET'S GO!
COME ON, JIM! THIS MONKEY MIGHT LEAD US TO THE BURGLARS - - IF HE DOES, IT'S PRETTY SURE THAT A COUPLE OF BOYS ARE IN GRAVE DANGER!


THE F.B.I. MEN FOLLOW DR. WATSON TO THE SHACK.
KEEP YOUR GUN HANDY, JIM! THIS SEEMS TO BE IT!
STICK 'EM UP. HEY! WHAT TH-- THIS ROOM'S EMPTY!
LOOKS AS IF A JOKE'S BEEN PLAYED ON US!
WELL I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE!
WHY, YOU LITTLE SQUIRT, I OUGHT TO TEACH YOU A LESSON! AND THAT GOES FOR TERRY VANCE, TOO!
COME ON, JIM. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
BUT WAIT! WAIT! WHOOPS!
GET AWAY FROM ME BEFORE I--! HEY-Y! A TRAP DOOR!
SAY-Y, MAYBE THIS MONKEY ISN'T FOOLING, AFTER ALL!
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT--I'M GOING TO LIFT THIS DOOR...
AS THE F.B.I MAN YANKS UP THE DOOR...
YUP--SOMEONE'S HIDING DOWN HERE--MUST BE THE CROOKS WHO SWIPED THE POWDER FORMULA FROM THE CHEMICAL FACTORY!
HA! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A REAL TRAP!


THE CROOKS ARE ORDERED TO LEAVE THE HIDDEN ROOM AND ARE QUICKLY ASSEMBLED!
BOY, I'M SURE GLAD YOU F.B.I FELLOWS CAME ALONG! THEY WERE READY TO KILL US!
THANK YOUR MONKEY! HE'S THE ONE WHO BROUGHT US HERE AND DISCOVERED THE TRAP DOOR!
SUDDENLY...
DROP DOSE GUNS!
ULP! THE NAZI THESE CROOKS EXPECTED!
YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES, BUD!
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN THE CONDITION OF YOUR EYES! VERE ISS DER FORMULA, EH?
HERE IT IS!
DR. WATSON, UNNOTICED BY ALL, SNEAKS OVER TO THE NAZI AND...
YEOWW!
WHAT COULD BE MORE FUN THAN BITING A NAZI?
OKAY, NOW WE'LL TAKE OVER!
ALL RIGHT, YOU RATS! HOLD IT UP!
LATER AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS.
THIS MEDAL IS AWARDED DR. WATSON FOR HIS BRAVERY.
GEE!
GOSH!
DR. WATSON SAYS -- THE BEST WAY TO MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF HITLER IS TO BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS!

NO PRIZE FOR SECOND

CAPTAIN CURT'S gray eyes squinted in the glare of the Pantellarian sun as he looked quizzically at his young companion, standing with one booted foot off a wing, ready to swing his body into the cockpit of the racy Mustang fighter, squatting on the runway of the airfield recently captured from the Italians.

"Kent," he said, "I think you want to become an Intruder pilot because you've got a crazy idea that you can find your brother. His '23 Skidoo' bomber was shot down over Daglio more than a week ago." He smiled sympathetically. "Intruder pilots don't live long."

Lieutenant Claude Kent smiled, with young, eager blue eyes and a determined set to his firm jaw. "Intruding doesn't scare me, Captain. I dusted crops in the South before the war. I can hedge-hop alright."

"The Intruder is more than a hedge-hopper or a stunt flyer, son. It's a deadly business. You'll have to cross the sea twenty feet above the water. You'll go over the shore installations in Italy with your wheels bumping on Nazi gun emplacements. You'll skim over trees and houses at 400 miles an hour. You'll be a target for every man in Italy that's got a gun. One mistake—just one mistake—and you're a dead duck." He grinned. "Intruder pilots don't live long."

Claude smiled and leaped into the cockpit. Gunned the engine, gently warming it up. "I'm still taking the job, Major. I know all the hazards." His eyes frosted. "Since Tim was shot down in Italy I've had an itch for personal action. Bomber Squadron 23 was swell but now that Tim's gone it doesn't seem the same. I want to sit in my own plane and see the damage I'm doing personally. I guess it's just my way of wanting revenge for Tim."

The major shrugged. "Good luck, kid. If I can't talk you out of it I can at least wish you good luck. Do a good job. But don't build up any false hopes about Tim. Your brother's dead. Half a dozen pilots saw 23 Skidoo go down in flames and crash near Daglio."

Claude pulled the plastic hood of the Mustang over his head. "I'm not so sure. I've got a hunch that Tim's still alive."

THE thousand horses surging in the bowels of the famous liquid-cooled V-1710 engine zipped the P-51 across the waves like a snake doctor fluttering along the surface of a lazy, peaceful creek. Under his steady hand, Claude could feel the pull of the racing wind on the tail and the sideways pull of the slipstream bouncing up against his plane from the choppy sea.

The sea was bright with the rising sun, but no tell-tale gleam betrayed the zooming, breathtaking speed of the dark gray ship as it raced onward toward the Italian shore. Only the surging, throbbing, spitting drone of its engine and the song of its whirling prop betrayed the flight of this man-made messenger of death.

"Boom!" A flash of fire seemed to spit in his face and a bright, darting spatter of flame flicked in his eyes. Bullets rained on the fuselage. Then Claude saw the machine gun, firing through slotted apertures in a concrete pill-box on the shore. An Italian machine gun emplacement.

Claude couldn't get altitude quick enough to get out of range. He had to get them before they got him. He pressed the gun button. The sturdy Mustang quivered under the recoil as his wing guns broke loose, and he could see the triangle of tracers converging in that acute angle that meant accurate coverage. As he watched, that apex of screaming bullets drenched the pill-box in a bath of lead. Silence. His fire was accurate. The pill-box was no more. Its crew was dead.

In the space of a split second he was over the pill-box and headed at 400 miles an hour straight for a large building that he knew had been a famous resort hotel. Now it was a fortress.

HE DROVE ahead, ship singing, pulses pounding, his thumb on the gun button. And the murderous triangle of his wing guns sprayed lead across the wide portico.. Running figures in gray uniforms fell in twisting agony. Still in sudden death.

At the last minute he pulled back on the stick and the P-51 barely cleared the ornate gable with its spinning wheels, his guns spitting and snarling sudden death and destruction among the ack-ack gunners on the roof, who couldn't even man their guns before his bullets cut them down. In a flash of death-like gray he had struck and killed, and he was speeding inland, hunting for new prey for his wicked guns. He smiled half gayly. He felt better. Tim would have liked that sample of hedge-hopping he had just demonstrated. Tim would have loved it.

He raced, scarcely head high, over acres and acres of bare, untilled ground with millions of pock-marks that he knew were Allied bomb craters. The boys had really been raining the heavy stuff over Daglio. He grinned, and then stiffened suddenly in his seat.

He sped over the straggling village of Daglio. He raked a heavy troop truck with fire from his guns. White spots dotted the windshield. The truck wobbled into a ditch and turned over. Troops spilled out into the shallow water.

He pressed the button again and a burst wiped out a squad of soldiers racing to man a pair of ack-acks in the square. A troop train was pulling into the railroad station. Claude banked so steeply he could feel his right tip scrape the ground gently. Then he came back, lying on his side at a crazy angle, his guns raking the windows of the crowded coaches with a spray of whistling, leaden death.

THE water tower loomed up like a wooden ogre in his path. He jerked on the stick. His nose came up, but he couldn't clear the top of the huge structure. His brain raced. He flipped his wings and kicked the rudder viciously. He had one second left to save his life.

The belly roll got him out. He stood on the tip of one wing and his wheels bumped against the timbers as he streaked by and his thumb pushed the gun button and he wrote his name in the heavy timbers with a burst of bullets. Water sprayed out on the ground from a hundred holes. Claude took time out for a chuckle. These Nazis would be thirsty for a while. And that troop train wouldn't go very far without water.

Then he saw it.

A queer marking in the sand on the beach of Lake Daglio. A marking dug in the wet sand by human hands. He zoomed upward and circled frantically, looking downward over the side of the fuselage. He saw a running figure, waving and pointing.

He kicked the rudder, banked over quickly and throttled down, all in the same instant. And at that same moment bullets plastered his fuselage and a miraculous hole appeared in his instrument panel. He twisted around. Squarely on his tail, with all his guns blazing, a Messerschmidt was roosting. Claude could see the fiendish grin of triumph on the pilot's sneering face.

Claude was prepared for that one, too, now that the first shock of surprise was gone. He pulled a lever and white smoke billowed out of his tail pipe in a fleecy, hanging cloud. A smoke screen. Almost at the same minute he pulled an upward, backward loop and he saw the Messerschmidt dive headlong toward the cloud of white smoke. As Claude came out of the loop the Messy was square in his sights. He couldn't miss. He pressed the button and saw his white tracers going home in the swastika-marked ship like the white fingers of death. The engine belched fire and the Messy went down in a spiraling funnel of flaming death and crashed into the sand of the beach.

IN LESS than a minute Claude set the Mustang down on the hard sand of Daglio beach.

A bearded, grinning figure raced across the sand toward him and leaped happily into the cockpit of the P-51. The kid was only 22 but his beard would have pleased a hermit of 70.

Claude squeezed his brother's hand and breathed prayerfully, "Tim! Tim!"

His brother grinned boyishly. "I'm the only one of the crew of the 'Skidoo' that escaped the crash. I've been scribbling those numbers in the sand every day, thinking that one of the boys from the squadron might see it." He pointed across the lake. "Let's get out of here, kid. There's a Wop airfield right across the lake. They might take a notion to investigate that Messy you just shot down."

Twenty minutes later Claude set the Mustang down on the airfield. Major Curt greeted them happily. "We thought you were dead, Tim. Only your brother had faith that you were still alive. How did he manage to find you?"

Claude chuckled. "He wrote his initials in the sand and I saw 'em."

"His initials?"

"A big number 23. Might as well have been his initials. The minute I saw it I knew it was Tim. Bomber Squadron 23. And Tim's plane was '23 Skidoo.'"

Major Curt smiled. "Well, I'm glad you're both back. And now you've found your brother, Claude, I guess you'll be wanting to be assigned to Bomber Squadron 23 again."

Claude frowned. "I'd rather keep on being an Intruder."

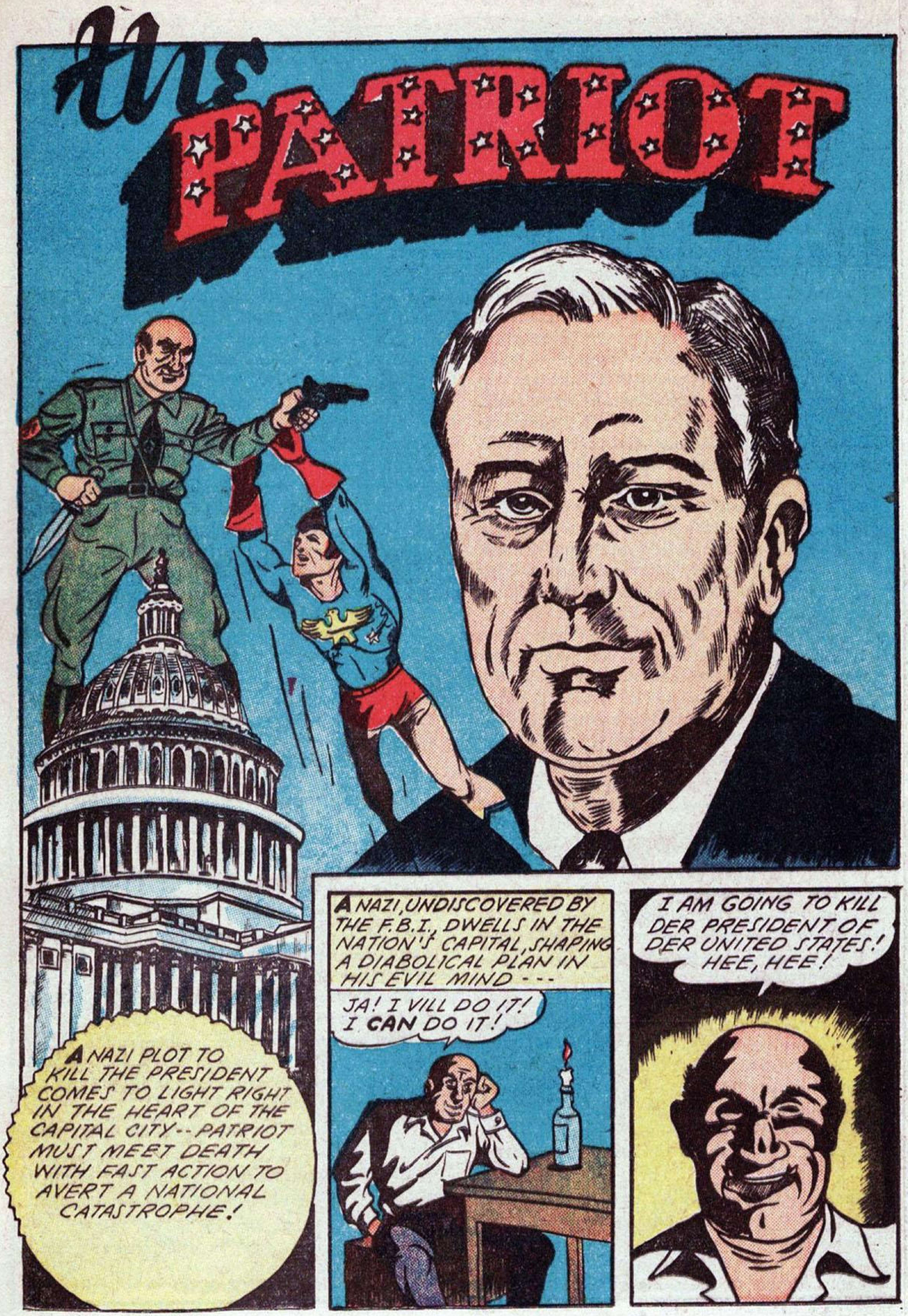
Tim echoed: "Me, too. When you're hedgehopping, you're a one-man war—and, besides, I've got a score to settle for the boys I left behind me—back there."

"The odds are terrific, boys. Intruder pilots don't live long."

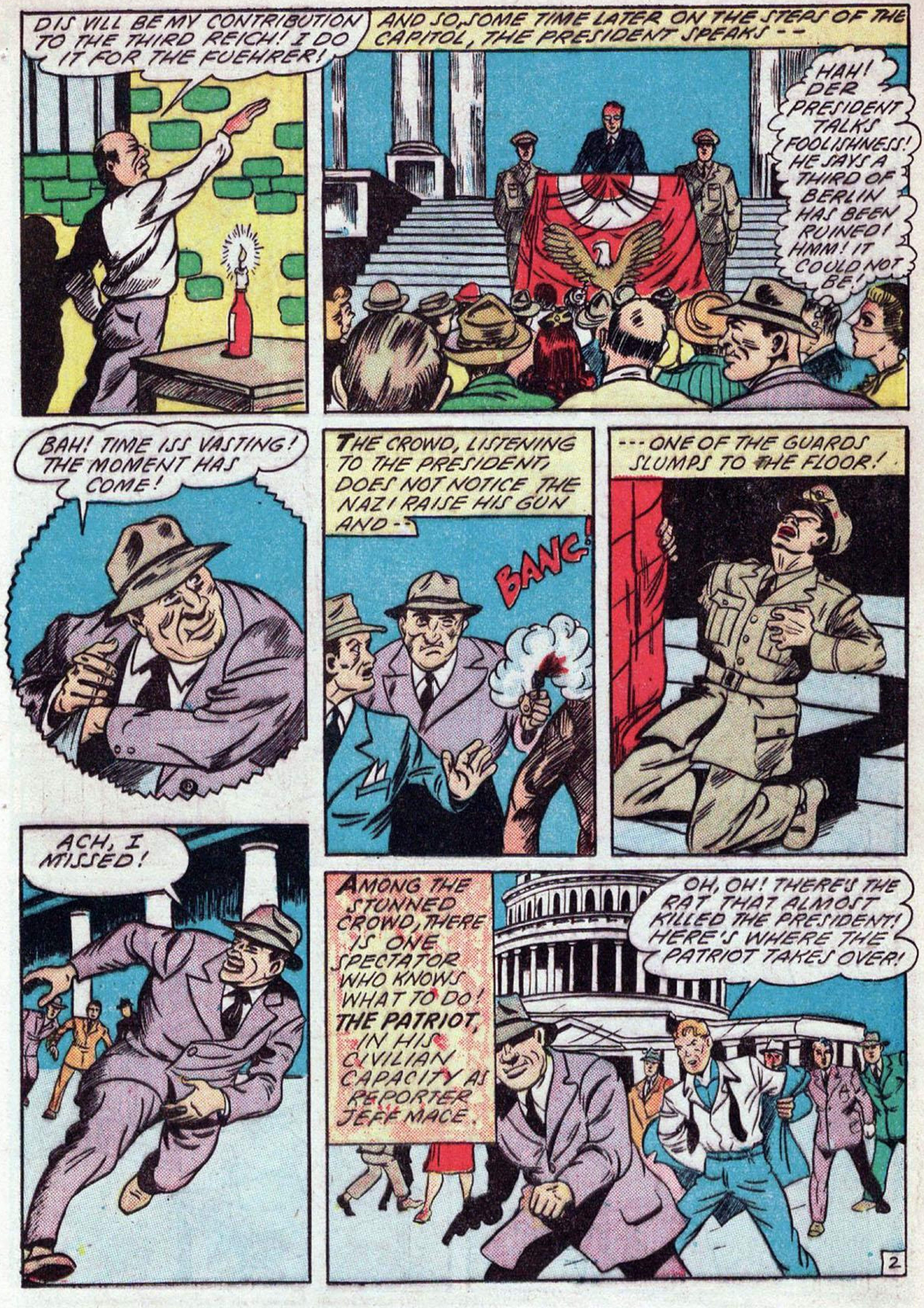
Claude threw his arm around his brother's shoulders and smiled earnestly at his commander. "So what? In war, we win—or we lose. We live—or we die. In war, there is no prize for second place."

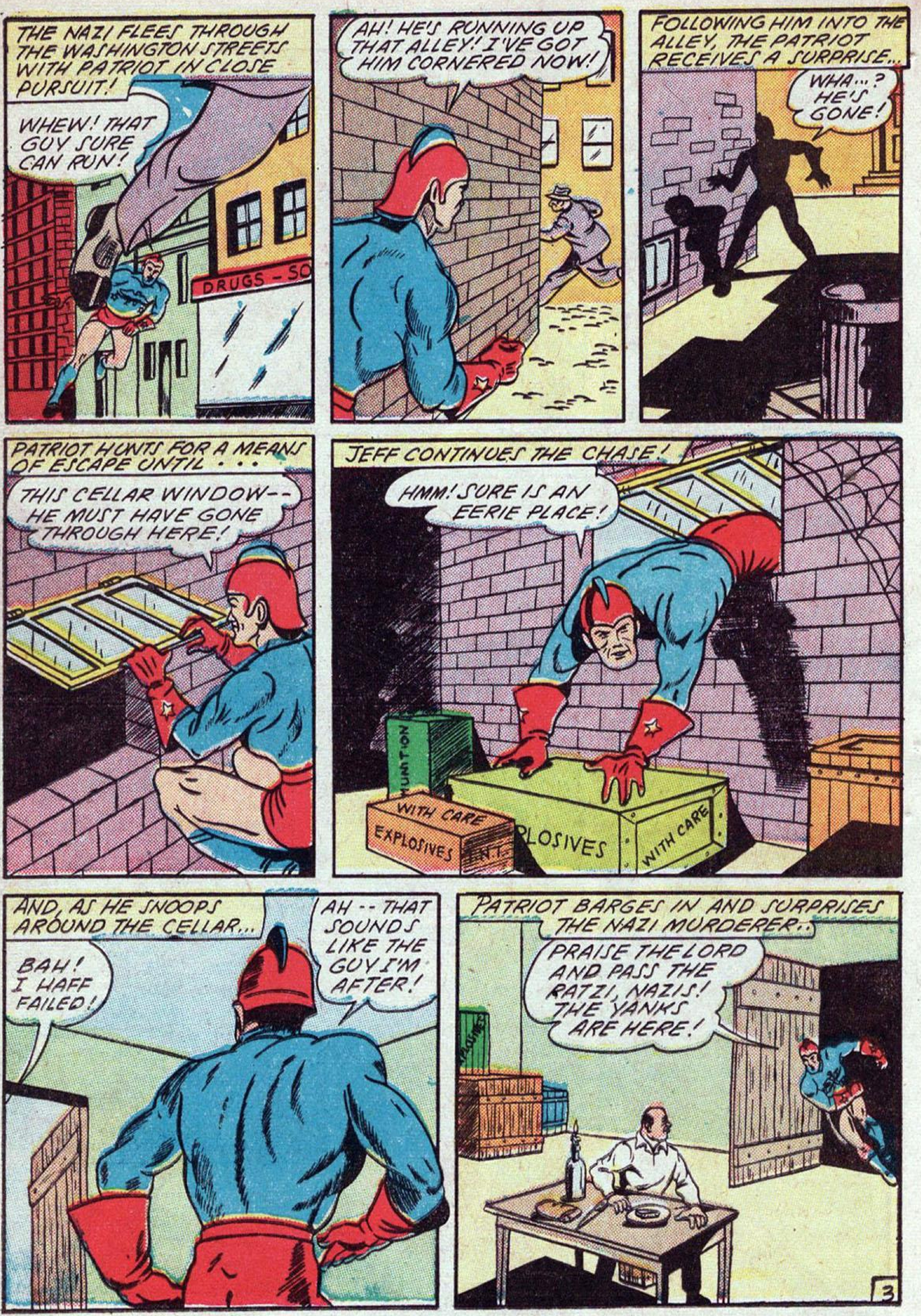
THE END

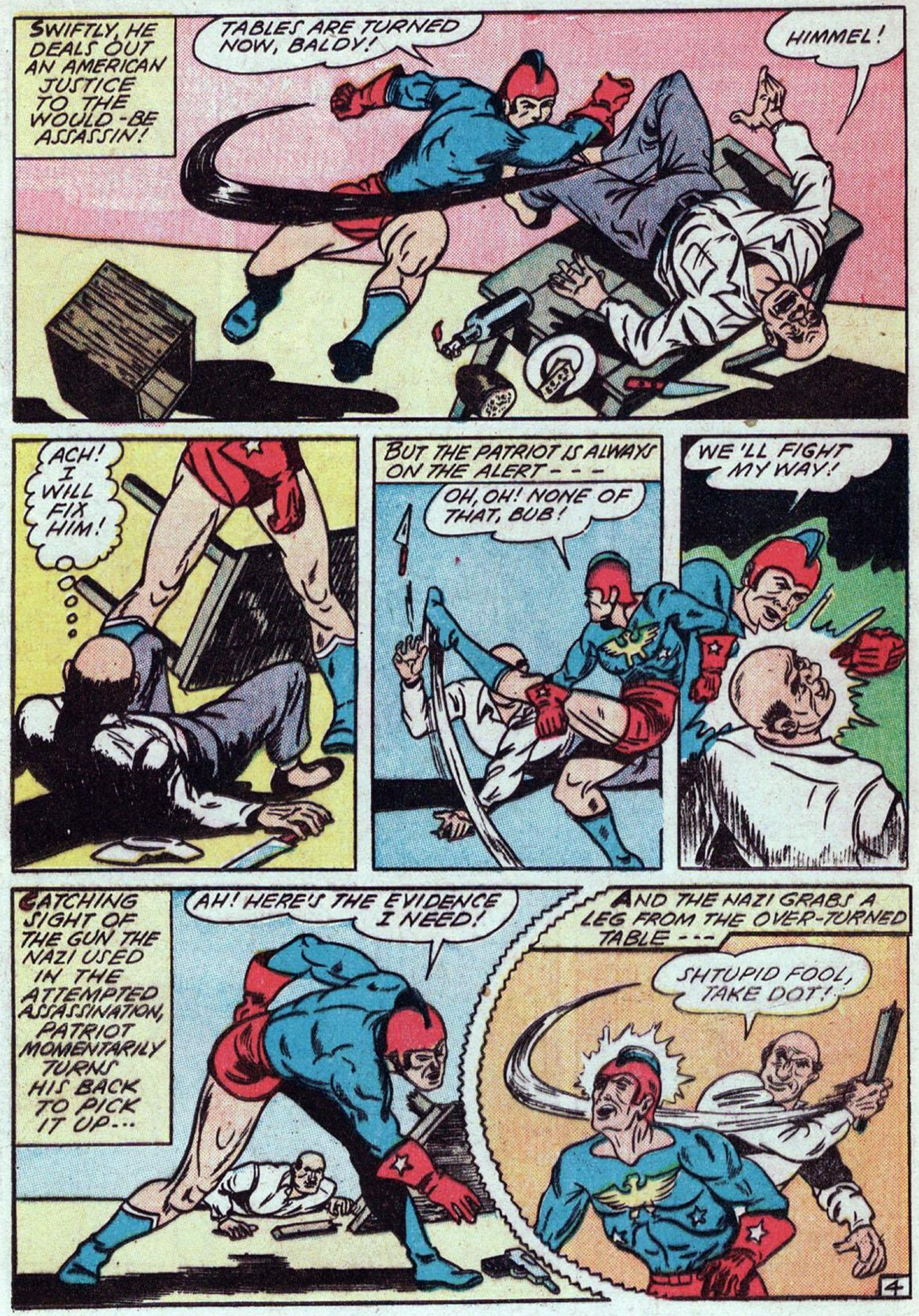
The PATRIOT

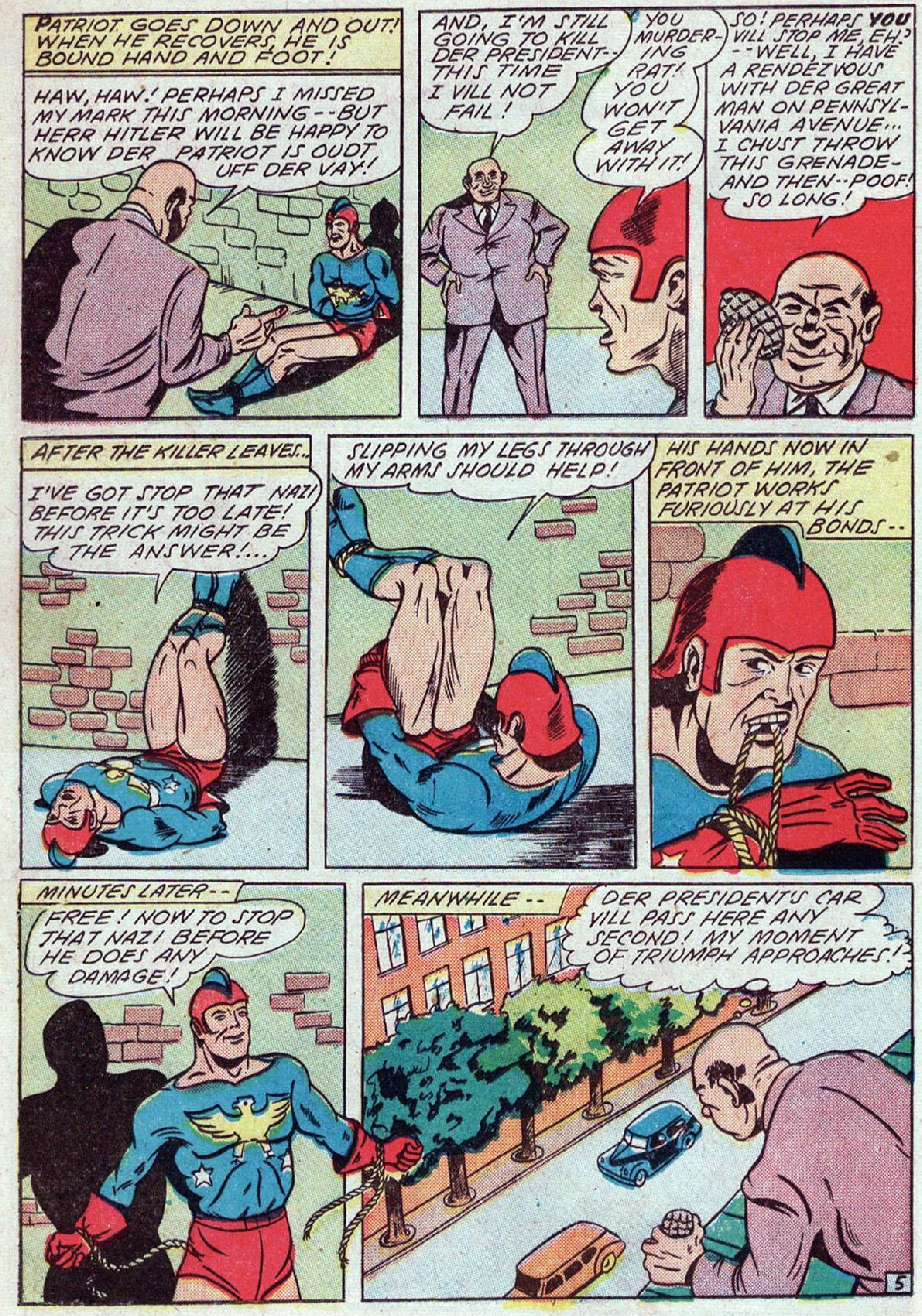


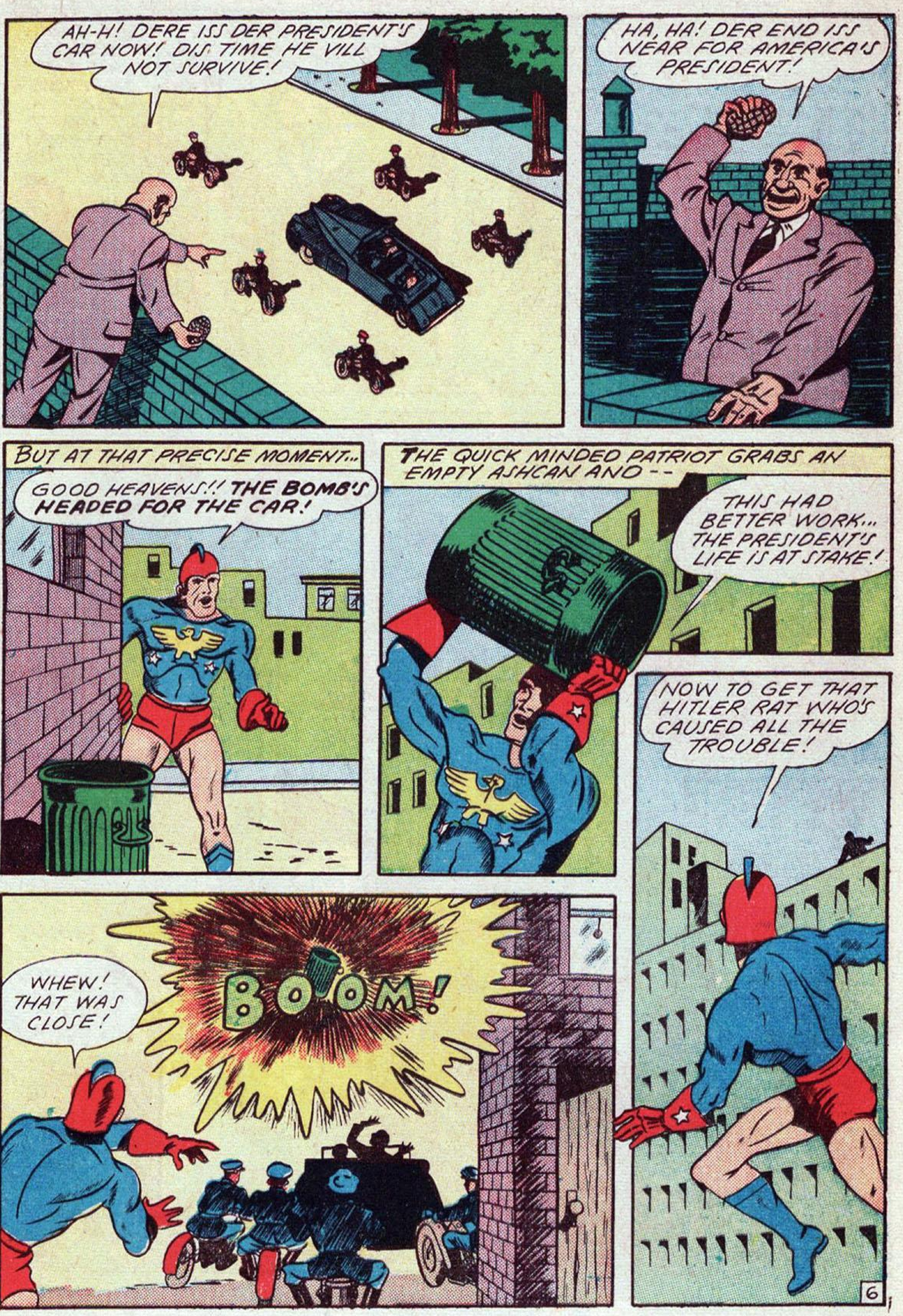
The PATRIOT
A NAZI PLOT TO KILL THE PRESIDENT COMES TO LIGHT RIGHT IN THE HEART OF THE CAPITAL CITY -- PATRIOT MUST MEET DEATH WITH FAST ACTION TO AVERT A NATIONAL CATASTROPHE!
A NAZI, UNDISCOVERED BY THE F.B.I., DWELLS IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL, SHAPING A DIABOLICAL PLAN IN HIS EVIL MIND - - -
JA! I VILL DO IT! I CAN DO IT!
I AM GOING TO KILL DER PRESIDENT OF DER UNITED STATES! HEE, HEE!

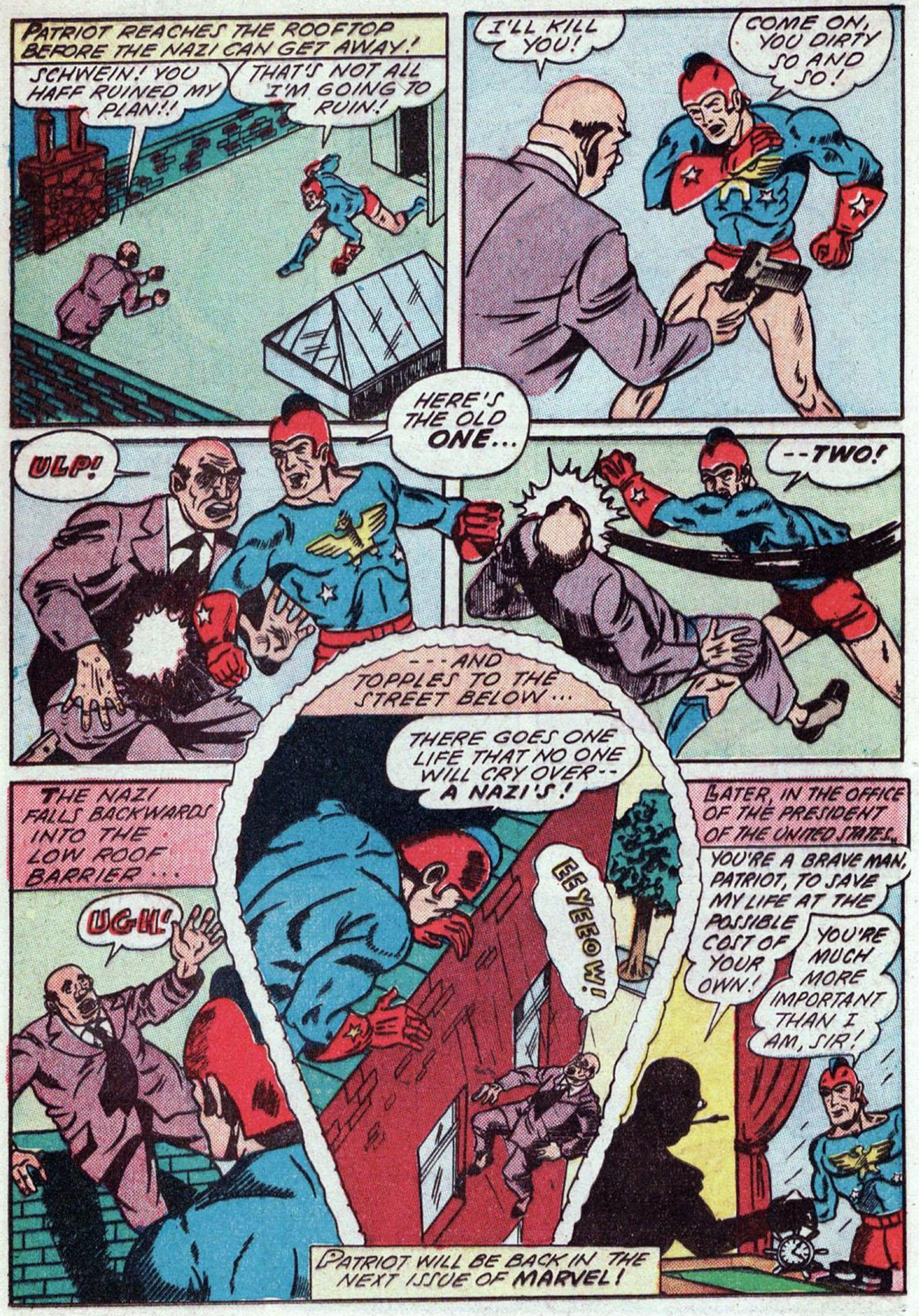

DIS VILL BE MY CONTRIBUTION TO THE THIRD REICH! I DO IT FOR THE FUEHRER!
AND SO, SOME TIME LATER ON THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL, THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS --
HAH! DER PRESIDENT TALKS FOOLISHNESS! HE SAYS A THIRD OF BERLIN HAS BEEN RUINED! HMM! IT COULD NOT BE!
BAH! TIME ISS VASTING! THE MOMENT HAS COME!
THE CROWD, LISTENING TO THE PRESIDENT, DOES NOT NOTICE THE NAZI RAISE HIS GUN AND -
BANG!
--- ONE OF THE GUARDS SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR!
ACH, I MISSED!
AMONG THE STUNNED CROWD, THERE IS ONE SPECTATOR WHO KNOWS WHAT TO DO! THE PATRIOT, IN HIS CIVILIAN CAPACITY AS REPORTER JEFF MACE.
OH, OH! THERE'S THE RAT THAT ALMOST KILLED THE PRESIDENT! HERE'S WHERE THE PATRIOT TAKES OVER!

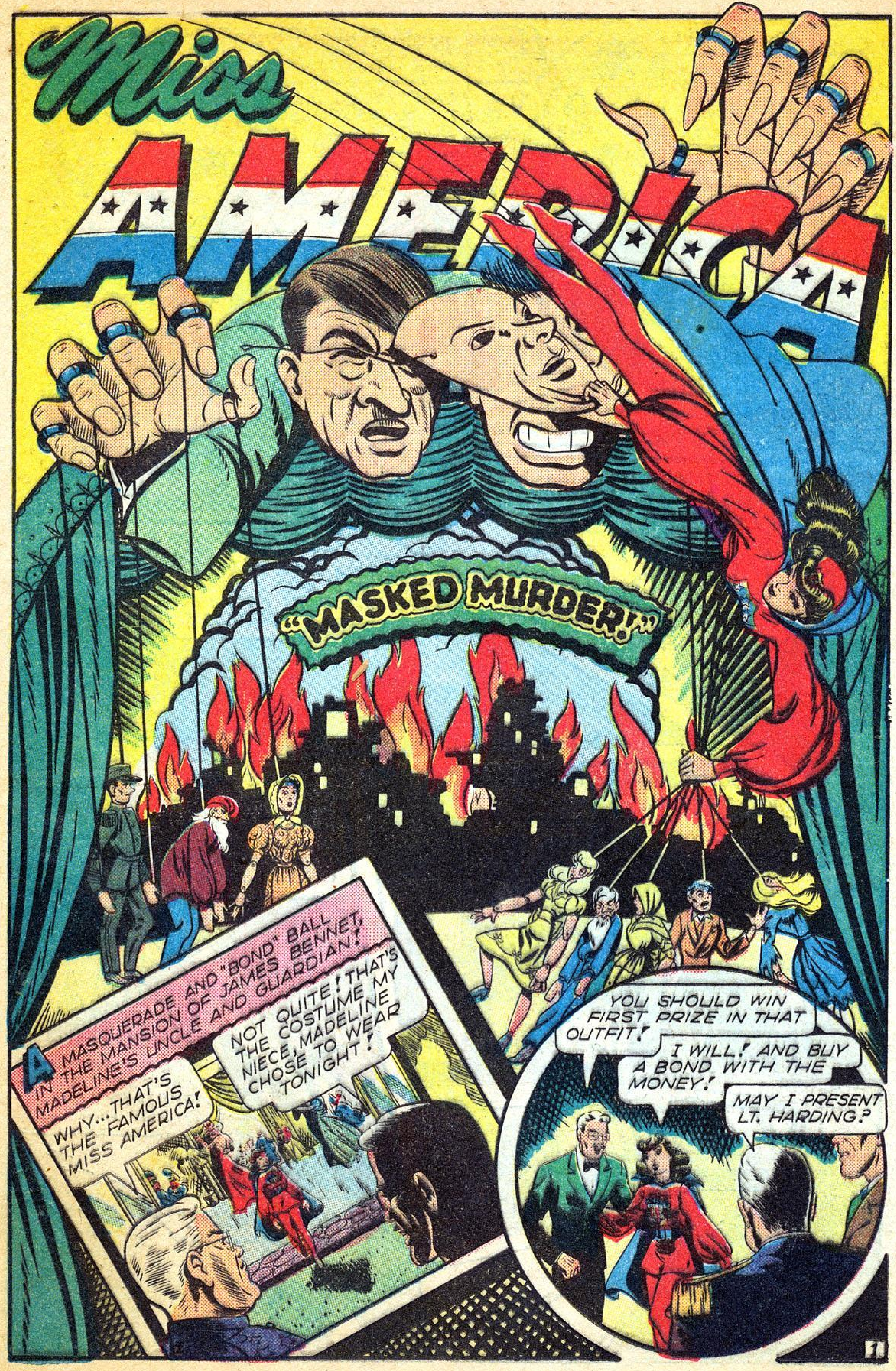

THE NAZI FLEES THROUGH THE WASHINGTON STREETS WITH PATRIOT IN CLOSE PURSUIT!
WHEW! THAT GUY SURE CAN RUN!
DRUGS - SO
AH! HE'S RUNNING UP THAT ALLEY! I'VE GOT HIM CORNERED NOW!
FOLLOWING HIM INTO THE ALLEY, THE PATRIOT RECEIVES A SURPRISE...
WHA...? HE'S GONE!
PATRIOT HUNTS FOR A MEANS OF ESCAPE UNTIL . . .
THIS CELLAR WINDOW-- HE MUST HAVE GONE THROUGH HERE!
JEFF CONTINUES THE CHASE!
HMM! SURE IS AN EERIE PLACE!
MUNITION
WITH CARE
EXPLOSIVES
T.N.T.
PLOSIVES
WITH CARE
AND, AS HE SNOOPS AROUND THE CELLAR...
BAH! I HAFF FAILED!
AH -- THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE GUY I'M AFTER!
PATRIOT BARGES IN AND SURPRISES THE NAZI MURDERER..
PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE RATZI, NAZIS! THE YANKS ARE HERE!

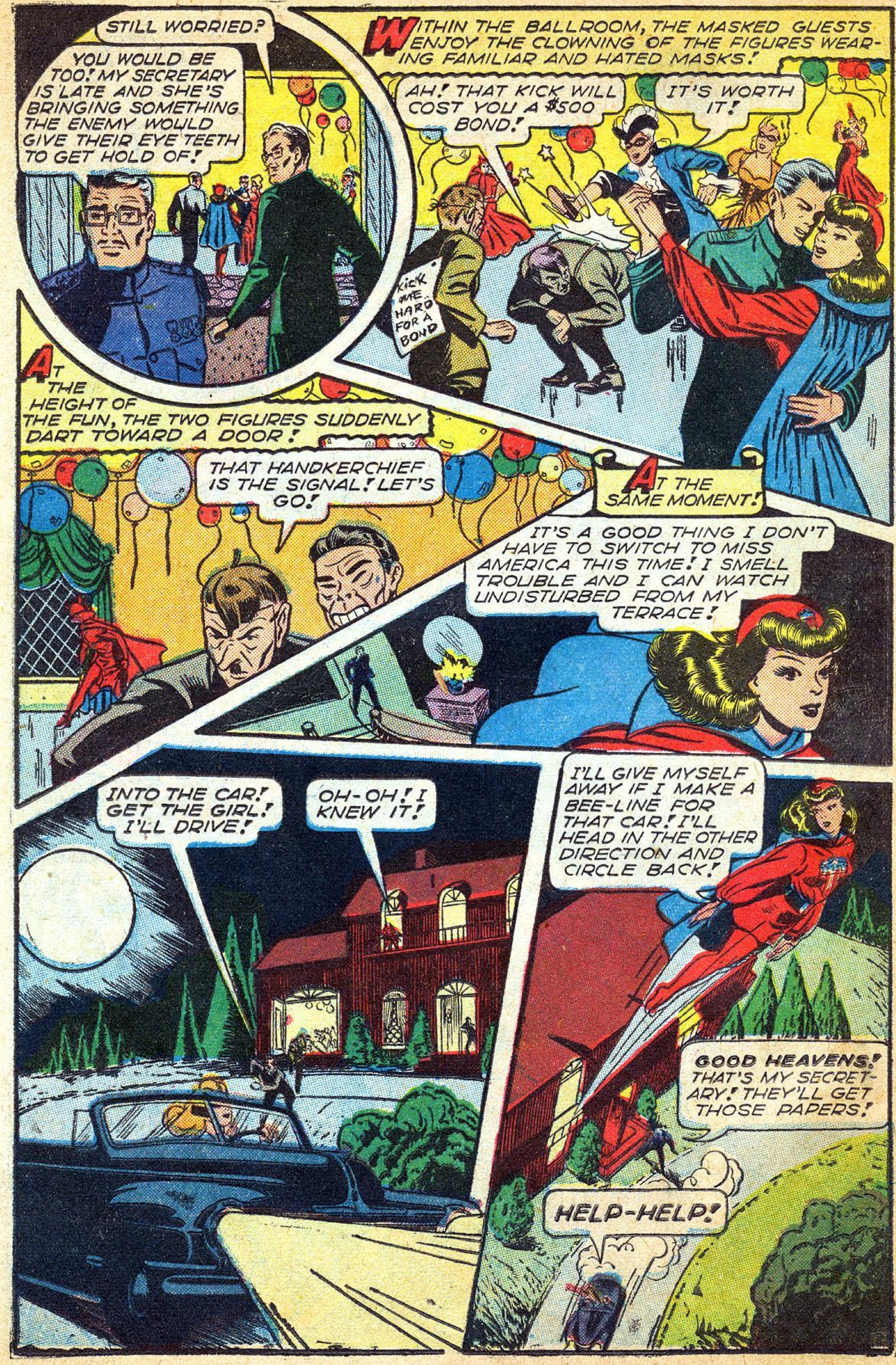

SWIFTLY, HE DEALS OUT AN AMERICAN JUSTICE TO THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN!
TABLES ARE TURNED NOW, BALDY!
HIMMEL!
ACH! I WILL FIX HIM!
BUT THE PATRIOT IS ALWAYS ON THE ALERT---
OH, OH! NONE OF THAT, BUB!
WE'LL FIGHT MY WAY!
CATCHING SIGHT OF THE GUN THE NAZI USED IN THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION, PATRIOT MOMENTARILY TURNS HIS BACK TO PICK IT UP...
AH! HERE'S THE EVIDENCE I NEED!
AND THE NAZI GRABS A LEG FROM THE OVER-TURNED TABLE---
SHTUPID FOOL, TAKE DOT!

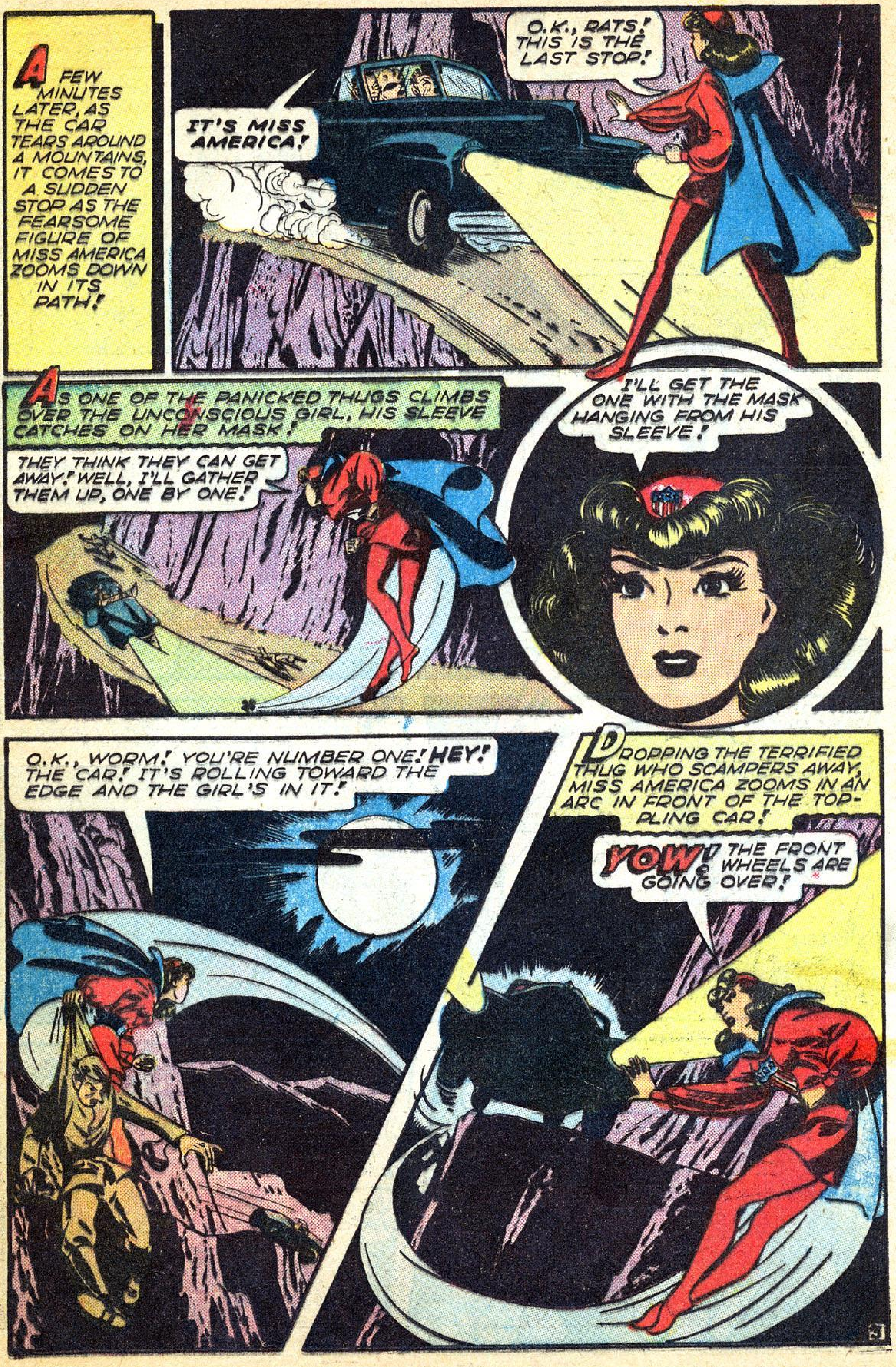

PATRIOT GOES DOWN AND OUT! WHEN HE RECOVERS, HE IS BOUND HAND AND FOOT!
HAW, HAW! PERHAPS I MISSED MY MARK THIS MORNING--BUT HERR HITLER WILL BE HAPPY TO KNOW DER PATRIOT IS OUDT, UFF DER VAY!
AND, I'M STILL GOING TO KILL DER PRESIDENT--THIS TIME I VILL NOT FAIL!
YOU MURDERING RAT! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!
SO! PERHAPS YOU VILL STOP ME, EH?--WELL, I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DER GREAT MAN ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE... I CHUST THROW THIS GRENADE-AND THEN--POOF! SO LONG!
AFTER THE KILLER LEAVES...
I'VE GOT STOP THAT NAZI BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! THIS TRICK MIGHT BE THE ANSWER!...
SLIPPING MY LEGS THROUGH MY ARMS SHOULD HELP!
HIS HANDS NOW IN FRONT OF HIM, THE PATRIOT WORKS FURIOUSLY AT HIS BONDS--
MINUTES LATER--
FREE! NOW TO STOP THAT NAZI BEFORE HE DOES ANY DAMAGE!
MEANWHILE--
DER PRESIDENT'S CAR VILL PASS HERE ANY SECOND! MY MOMENT OF TRIUMPH APPROACHES!

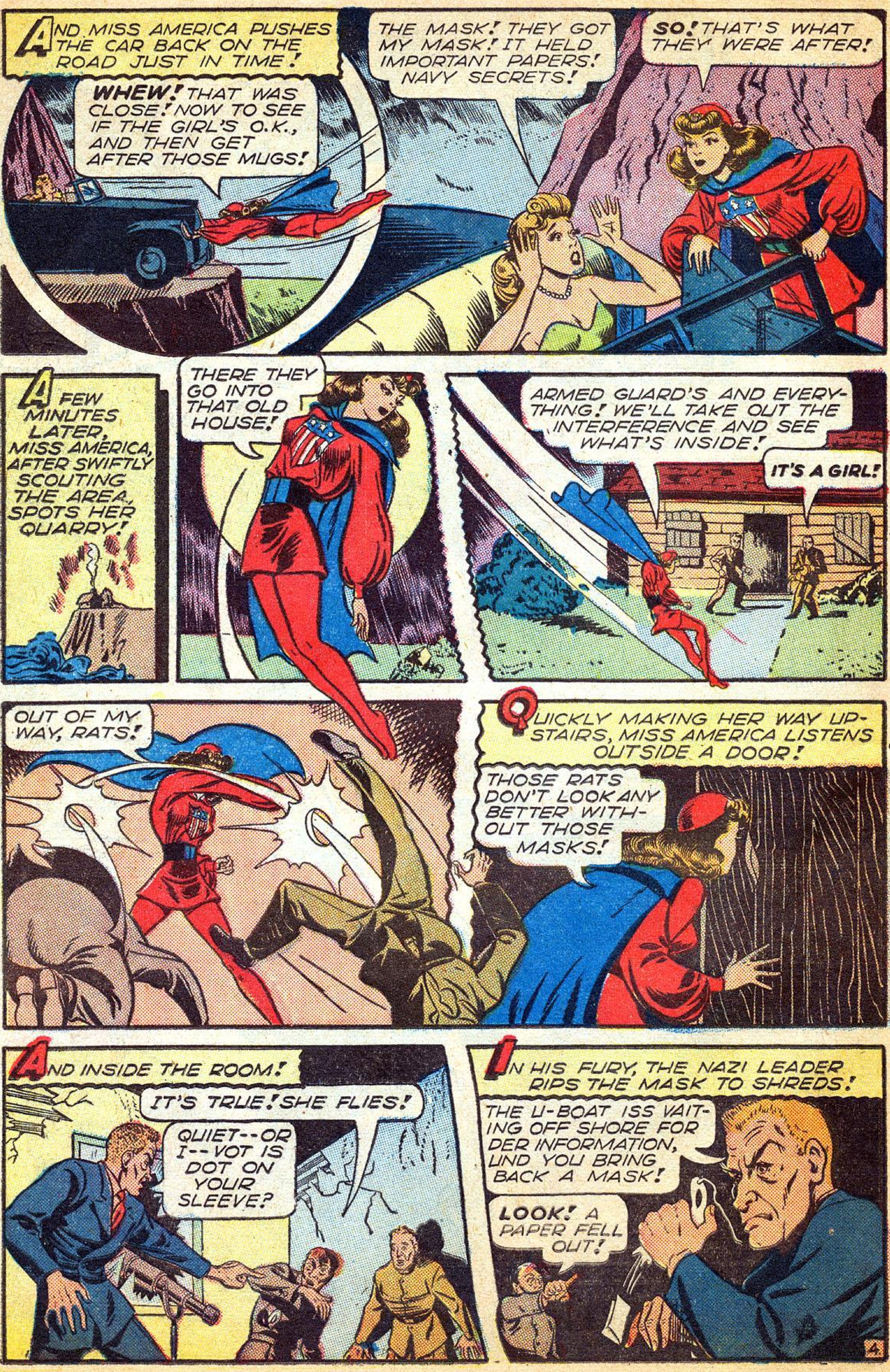

AH-H! DERE ISS DER PRESIDENT'S CAR NOW! DIS TIME HE VILL NOT SURVIVE!
HA, HA! DER END ISS NEAR FOR AMERICA'S PRESIDENT!
BUT AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT...
GOOD HEAVENS!! THE BOMB'S HEADED FOR THE CAR!
THE QUICK MINDED PATRIOT GRABS AN EMPTY ASHCAN AND--
THIS HAD BETTER WORK... THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE IS AT STAKE!
NOW TO GET THAT HITLER RAT WHO'S CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
BOOM!

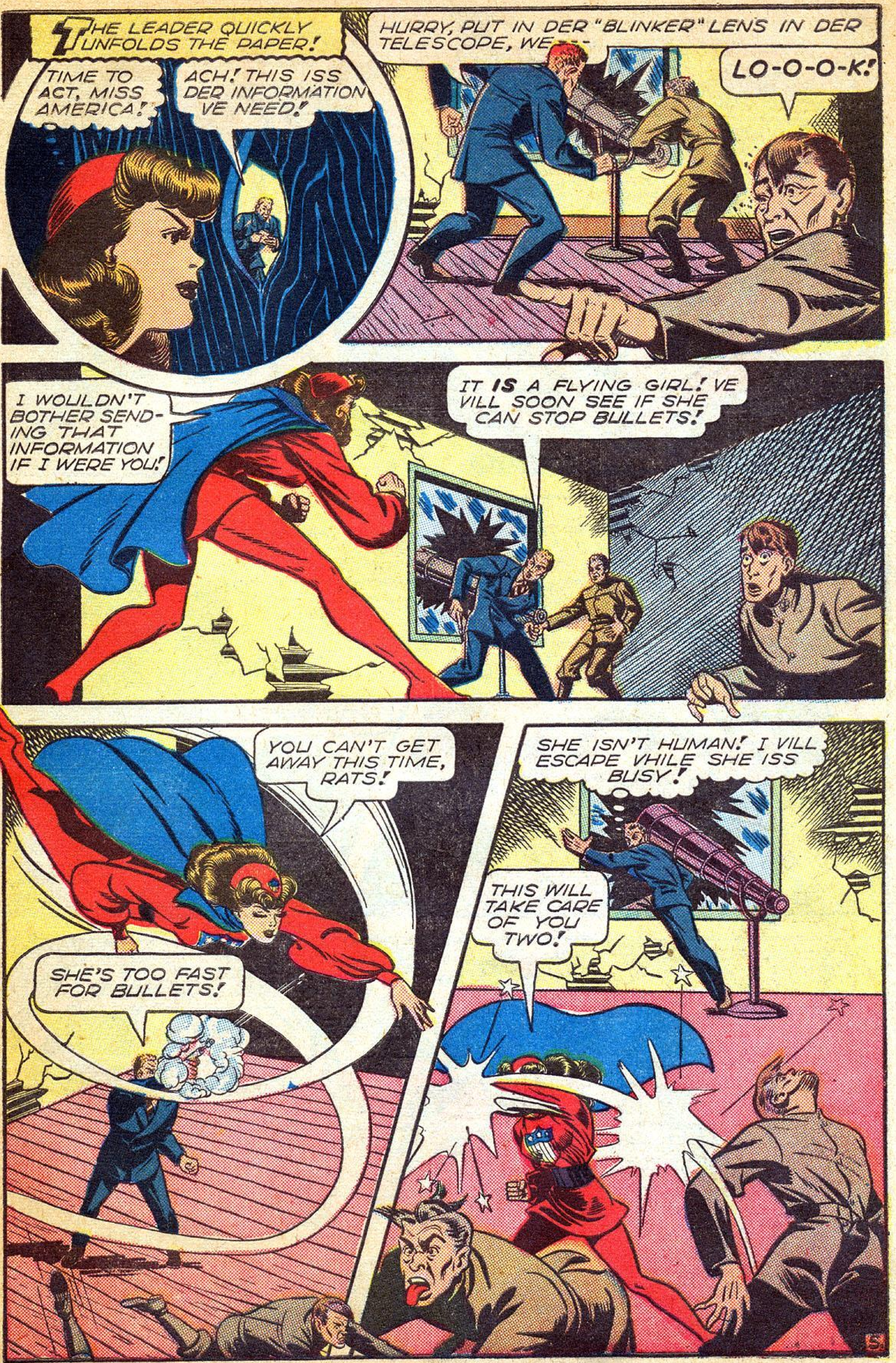

PATRIOT REACHES THE ROOFTOP BEFORE THE NAZI CAN GET AWAY!
SCHWEIN! YOU HAFF RUINED MY PLAN!!
THAT'S NOT ALL I'M GOING TO RUIN!
I'LL KILL YOU!
COME ON, YOU DIRTY SO AND SO!
HERE'S THE OLD ONE...
ULP!
--TWO!
---AND TOPPLES TO THE STREET BELOW...
THE NAZI FALLS BACKWARDS INTO THE LOW ROOF BARRIER...
UGH!
THERE GOES ONE LIFE THAT NO ONE WILL CRY OVER-- A NAZI'S!
EEYEEOW!
LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES...
YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN, PATRIOT, TO SAVE MY LIFE AT THE POSSIBLE COST OF YOUR OWN!
YOU'RE MUCH MORE IMPORTANT THAN I AM, SIR!
PATRIOT WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL!

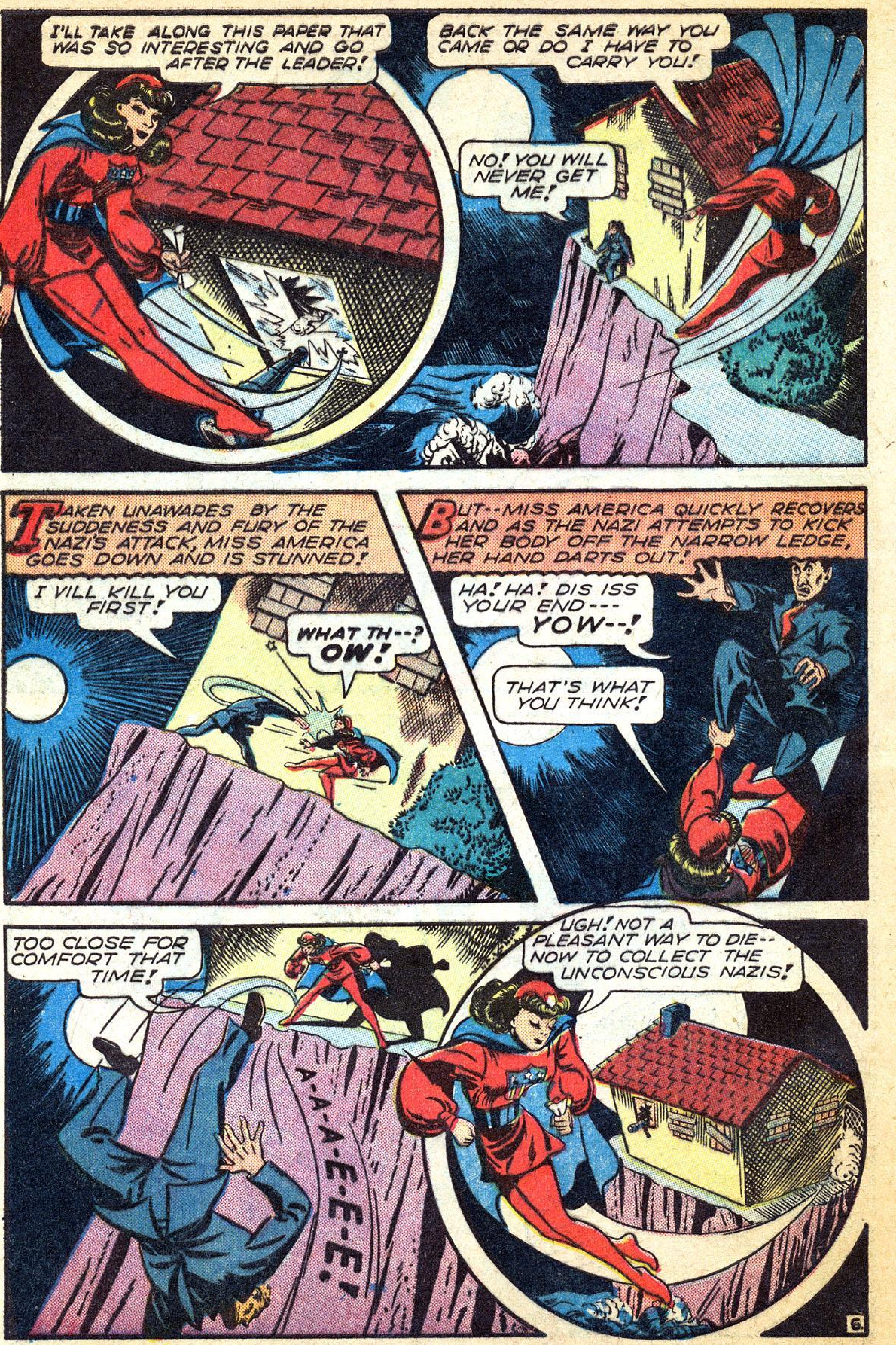

Miss AMERICA
"MASKED MURDER!"
A MASQUERADE AND "BOND" BALL IN THE MANSION OF JAMES BENNET, MADELINE'S UNCLE AND GUARDIAN!
WHY... THAT'S THE FAMOUS MISS AMERICA!
NOT QUITE! THAT'S THE COSTUME MY NIECE, MADELINE CHOSE TO WEAR TONIGHT!
YOU SHOULD WIN FIRST PRIZE IN THAT OUTFIT!
I WILL! AND BUY A BOND WITH THE MONEY!
MAY I PRESENT LT. HARDING?

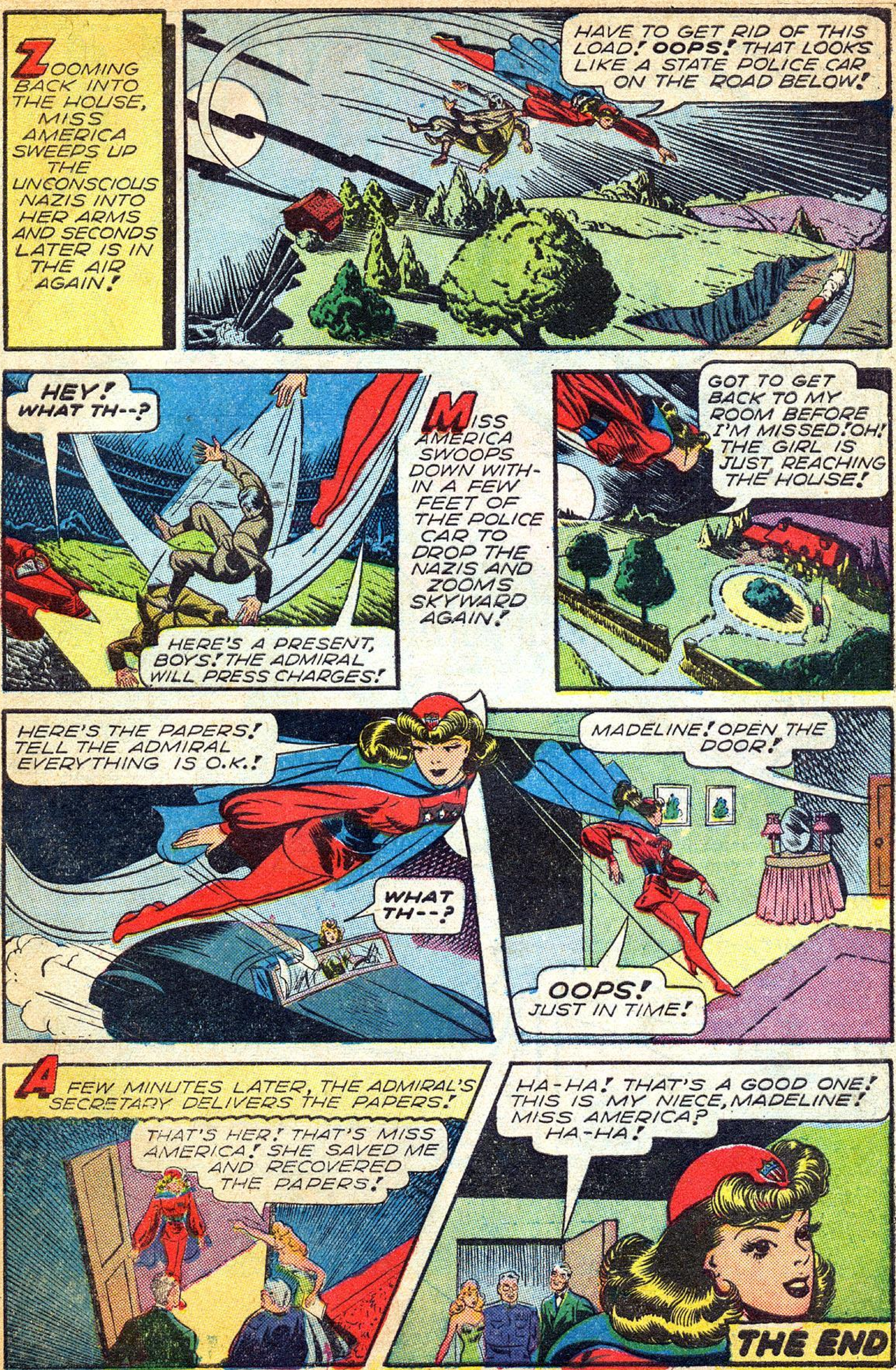

STILL WORRIED?
YOU WOULD BE TOO! MY SECRETARY IS LATE AND SHE'S BRINGING SOMETHING THE ENEMY WOULD GIVE THEIR EYE TEETH TO GET HOLD OF!
WITHIN THE BALLROOM, THE MASKED GUESTS ENJOY THE CLOWNING OF THE FIGURES WEARING FAMILIAR AND HATED MASKS!
AH! THAT KICK WILL COST YOU A $500 BOND!
IT'S WORTH IT!
KICK ME HARD FOR A BOND
AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FUN, THE TWO FIGURES SUDDENLY DART TOWARD A DOOR!
THAT HANDKERCHIEF IS THE SIGNAL! LET'S GO!
AT THE SAME MOMENT!
IT'S A GOOD THING I DON'T HAVE TO SWITCH TO MISS AMERICA THIS TIME! I SMELL TROUBLE AND I CAN WATCH UNDISTURBED FROM MY TERRACE!
INTO THE CAR! GET THE GIRL! I'LL DRIVE!
OH-OH! I KNEW IT!
I'LL GIVE MYSELF AWAY IF I MAKE A BEE-LINE FOR THAT CAR! I'LL HEAD IN THE OTHER DIRECTION AND CIRCLE BACK!
GOOD HEAVENS! THAT'S MY SECRETARY! THEY'LL GET THOSE PAPERS!
HELP-HELP!


A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS THE CAR TEARS AROUND A MOUNTAINS, IT COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP AS THE FEARSOME FIGURE OF MISS AMERICA ZOOMS DOWN IN ITS PATH!
O.K., RATS! THIS IS THE LAST STOP!
IT'S MISS AMERICA!
AS ONE OF THE PANICKED THUGS CLIMBS OVER THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL, HIS SLEEVE CATCHES ON HER MASK!
THEY THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY! WELL, I'LL GATHER THEM UP, ONE BY ONE!
I'LL GET THE ONE WITH THE MASK HANGING FROM HIS SLEEVE!
O.K., WORM! YOU'RE NUMBER ONE! HEY! THE CAR! IT'S ROLLING TOWARD THE EDGE AND THE GIRL'S IN IT!
DROPPING THE TERRIFIED THUG WHO SCAMPERS AWAY, MISS AMERICA ZOOMS IN AN ARC IN FRONT OF THE TOPPLING CAR!
YOW! THE FRONT WHEELS ARE GOING OVER!

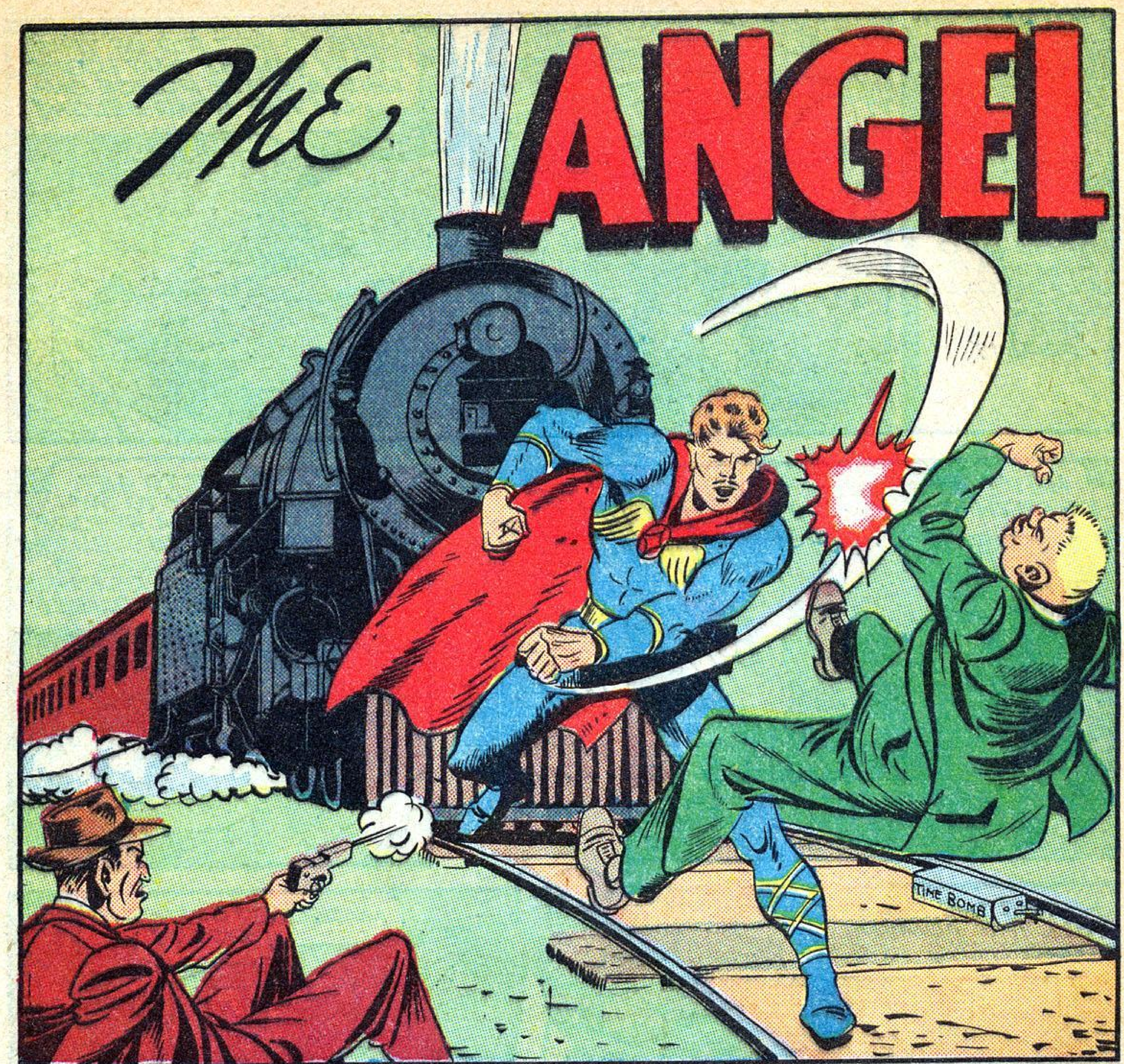

AND MISS AMERICA PUSHES THE CAR BACK ON THE ROAD JUST IN TIME!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! NOW TO SEE IF THE GIRL'S O.K., AND THEN GET AFTER THOSE MUGS!
THE MASK! THEY GOT MY MASK! IT HELD IMPORTANT PAPERS! NAVY SECRETS!
SO! THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE AFTER!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, MISS AMERICA, AFTER SWIFTLY SCOUTING THE AREA, SPOTS HER QUARRY!
THERE THEY GO INTO THAT OLD HOUSE!
ARMED GUARD'S AND EVERYTHING! WE'LL TAKE OUT THE INTERFERENCE AND SEE WHAT'S INSIDE!
IT'S A GIRL!
OUT OF MY WAY, RATS!
QUICKLY MAKING HER WAY UPSTAIRS, MISS AMERICA LISTENS OUTSIDE A DOOR!
THOSE RATS DON'T LOOK ANY BETTER WITHOUT THOSE MASKS!
AND INSIDE THE ROOM!
IT'S TRUE! SHE FLIES!
QUIET--OR I--VOT IS DOT ON YOUR SLEEVE?
IN HIS FURY, THE NAZI LEADER RIPS THE MASK TO SHREDS!
THE U-BOAT ISS VAITING OFF SHORE FOR DER INFORMATION, UND YOU BRING BACK A MASK!
LOOK! A PAPER FELL OUT!

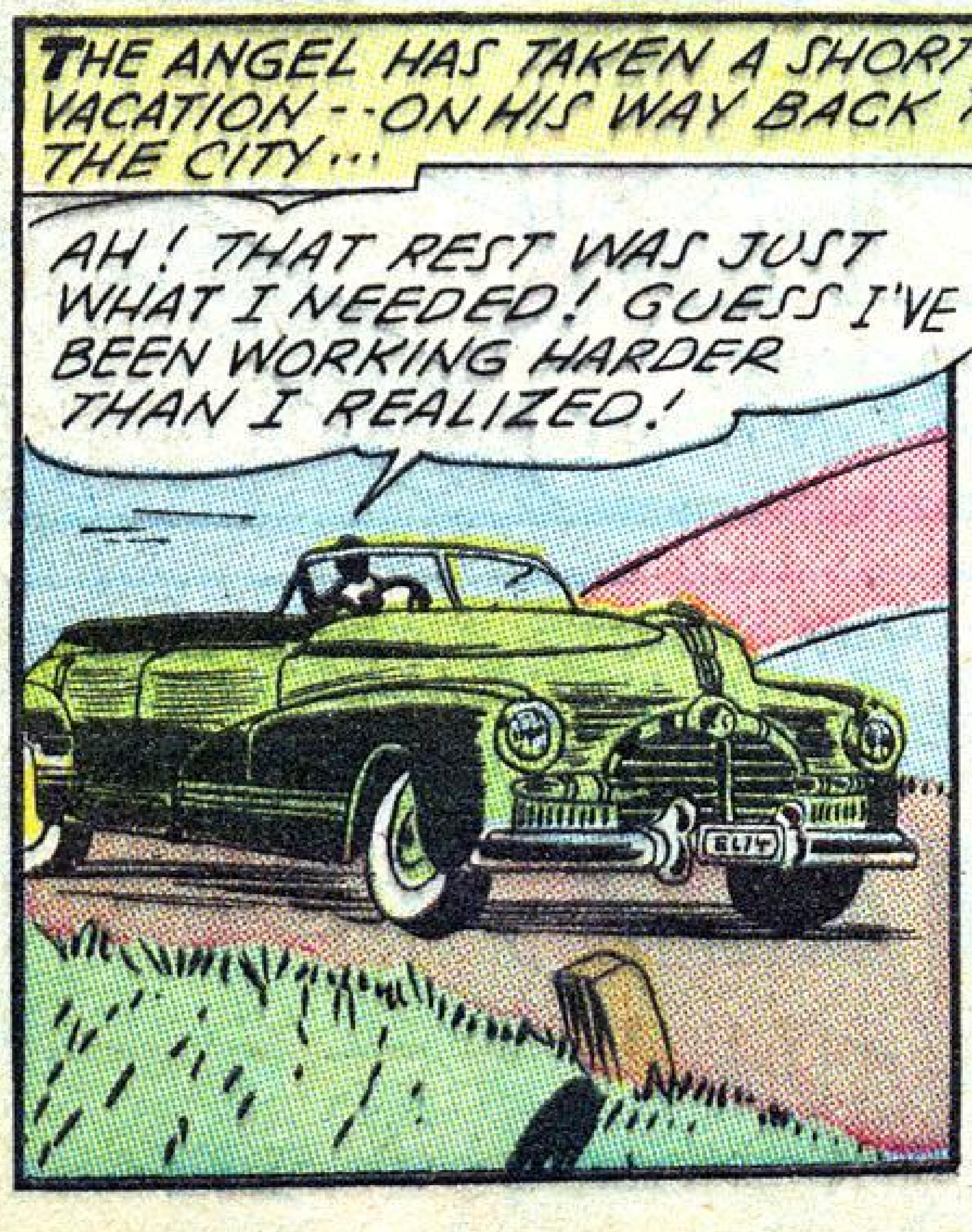

THE LEADER QUICKLY UNFOLDS THE PAPER!
TIME TO ACT, MISS AMERICA!
ACH! THIS ISS DER INFORMATION VE NEED!
HURRY, PUT IN DER "BLINKER" LENS IN DER TELESCOPE, WE---
LO-O-O-K!
I WOULDN'T BOTHER SENDING THAT INFORMATION IF I WERE YOU!
IT IS A FLYING GIRL! VE VILL SOON SEE IF SHE CAN STOP BULLETS!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY THIS TIME, RATS!
SHE'S TOO FAST FOR BULLETS!
SHE ISN'T HUMAN! I VILL ESCAPE VHILE SHE ISS BUSY!
THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU TWO!

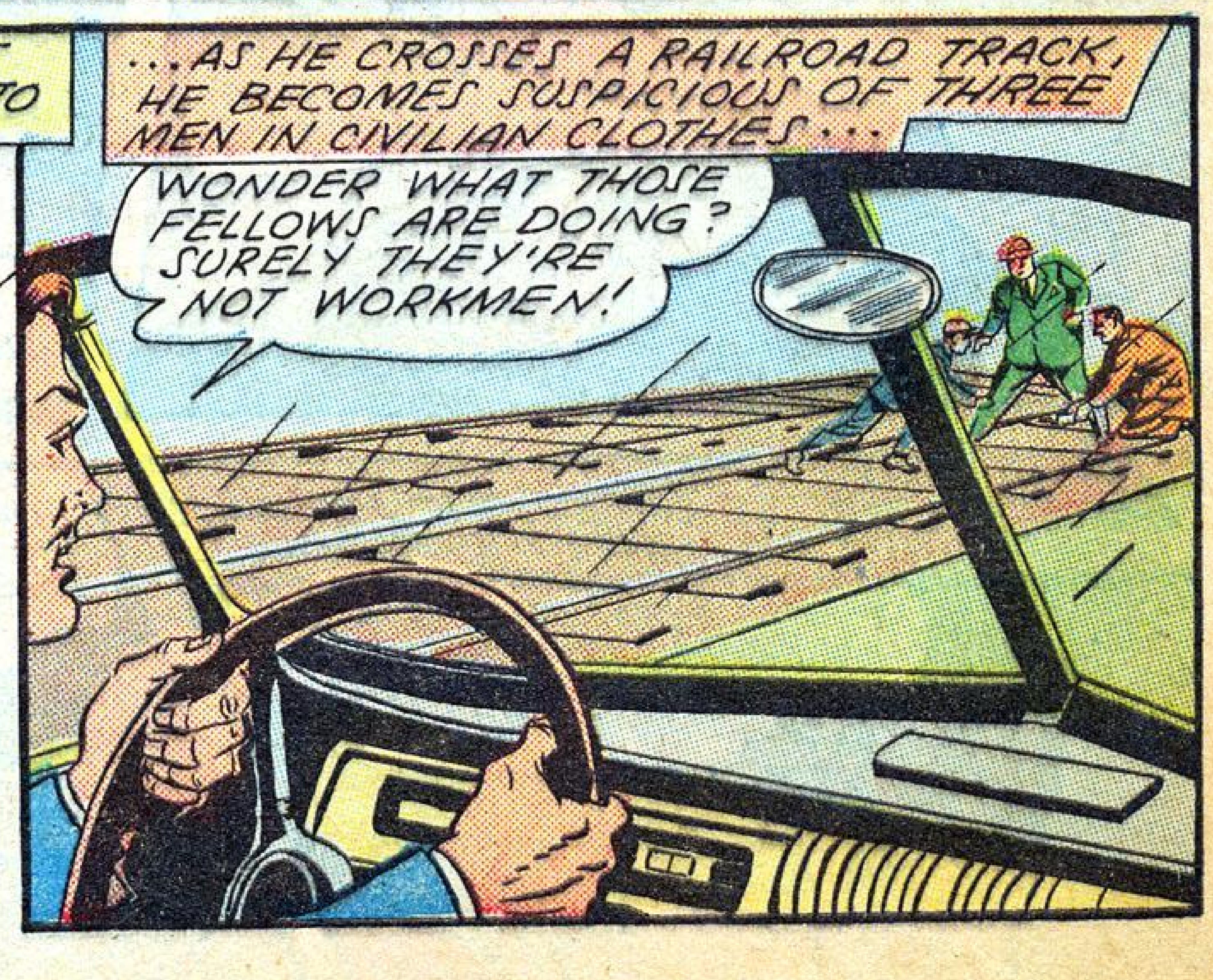

I'LL TAKE ALONG THIS PAPER THAT WAS SO INTERESTING AND GO AFTER THE LEADER!
BACK THE SAME WAY YOU CAME OR DO I HAVE TO CARRY YOU!
NO! YOU WILL NEVER GET ME!
TAKEN UNAWARES BY THE SUDDENESS AND FURY OF THE NAZI'S ATTACK, MISS AMERICA GOES DOWN AND IS STUNNED!
I VILL KILL YOU FIRST!
WHAT TH--? OW!
BUT--MISS AMERICA QUICKLY RECOVERS AND AS THE NAZI ATTEMPTS TO KICK HER BODY OFF THE NARROW LEDGE, HER HAND DARTS OUT!
HA! HA! DIS ISS YOUR END--- YOW--!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT THAT TIME!
A-A-A-E-E-E!
UGH! NOT A PLEASANT WAY TO DIE-- NOW TO COLLECT THE UNCONSCIOUS NAZIS!

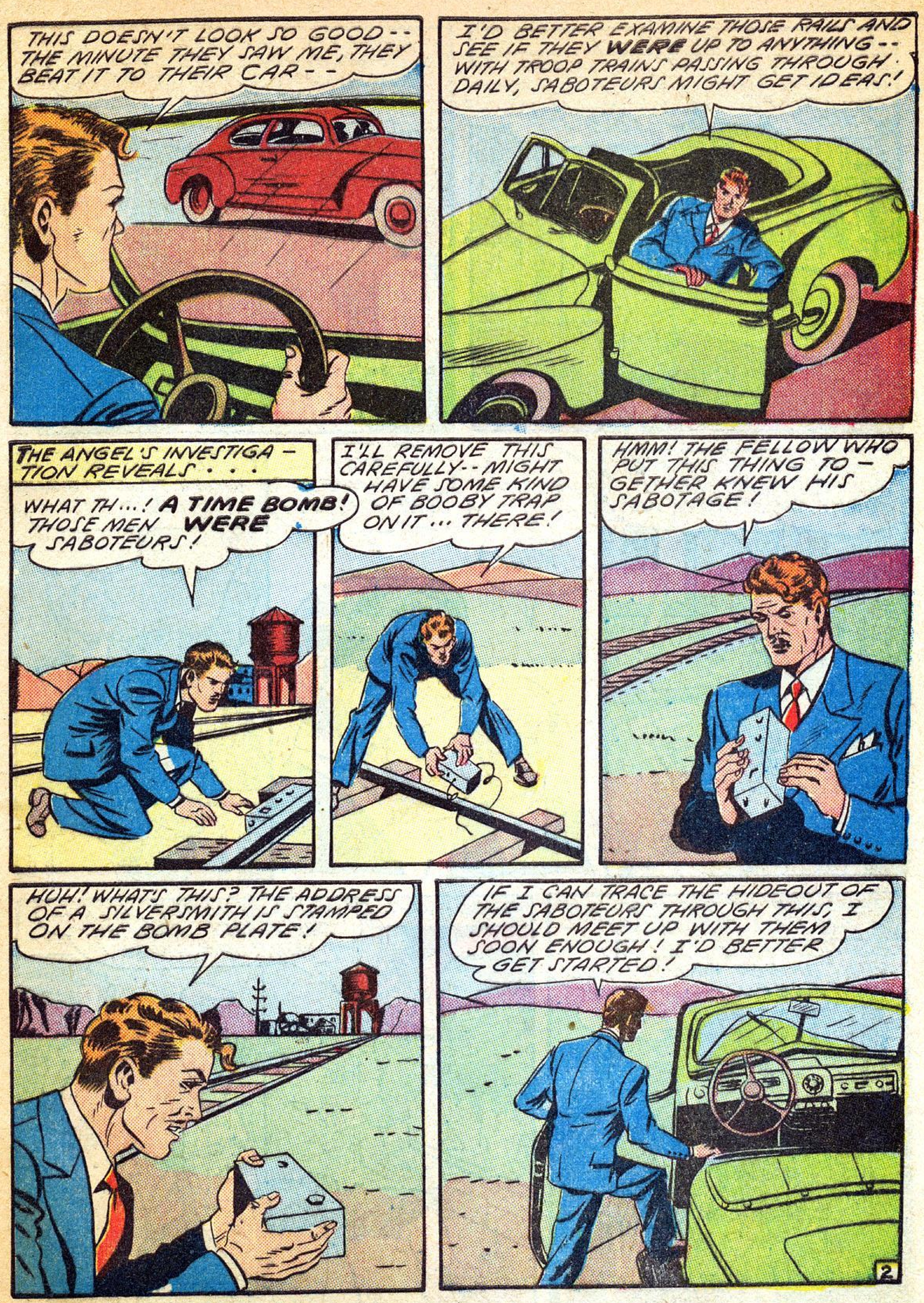

ZOOMING BACK INTO THE HOUSE, MISS AMERICA SWEEPS UP THE UNCONSCIOUS NAZIS INTO HER ARMS AND SECONDS LATER IS IN THE AIR AGAIN!
HAVE TO GET RID OF THIS LOAD! OOPS! THAT LOOKS LIKE A STATE POLICE CAR ON THE ROAD BELOW!
HEY! WHAT TH--?
HERE'S A PRESENT, BOYS! THE ADMIRAL WILL PRESS CHARGES!
MISS AMERICA SWOOPS DOWN WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE POLICE CAR TO DROP THE NAZIS AND ZOOMS SKYWARD AGAIN!
GOT TO GET BACK TO MY ROOM BEFORE I'M MISSED! OH! THE GIRL IS JUST REACHING THE HOUSE!
HERE'S THE PAPERS! TELL THE ADMIRAL EVERYTHING IS O.K.!
WHAT TH--?
MADELINE! OPEN THE DOOR!
OOPS! JUST IN TIME!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE ADMIRAL'S SECRETARY DELIVERS THE PAPERS!
THAT'S HER! THAT'S MISS AMERICA! SHE SAVED ME AND RECOVERED THE PAPERS!
HA-HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE! THIS IS MY NIECE, MADELINE! MISS AMERICA? HA-HA!
THE END

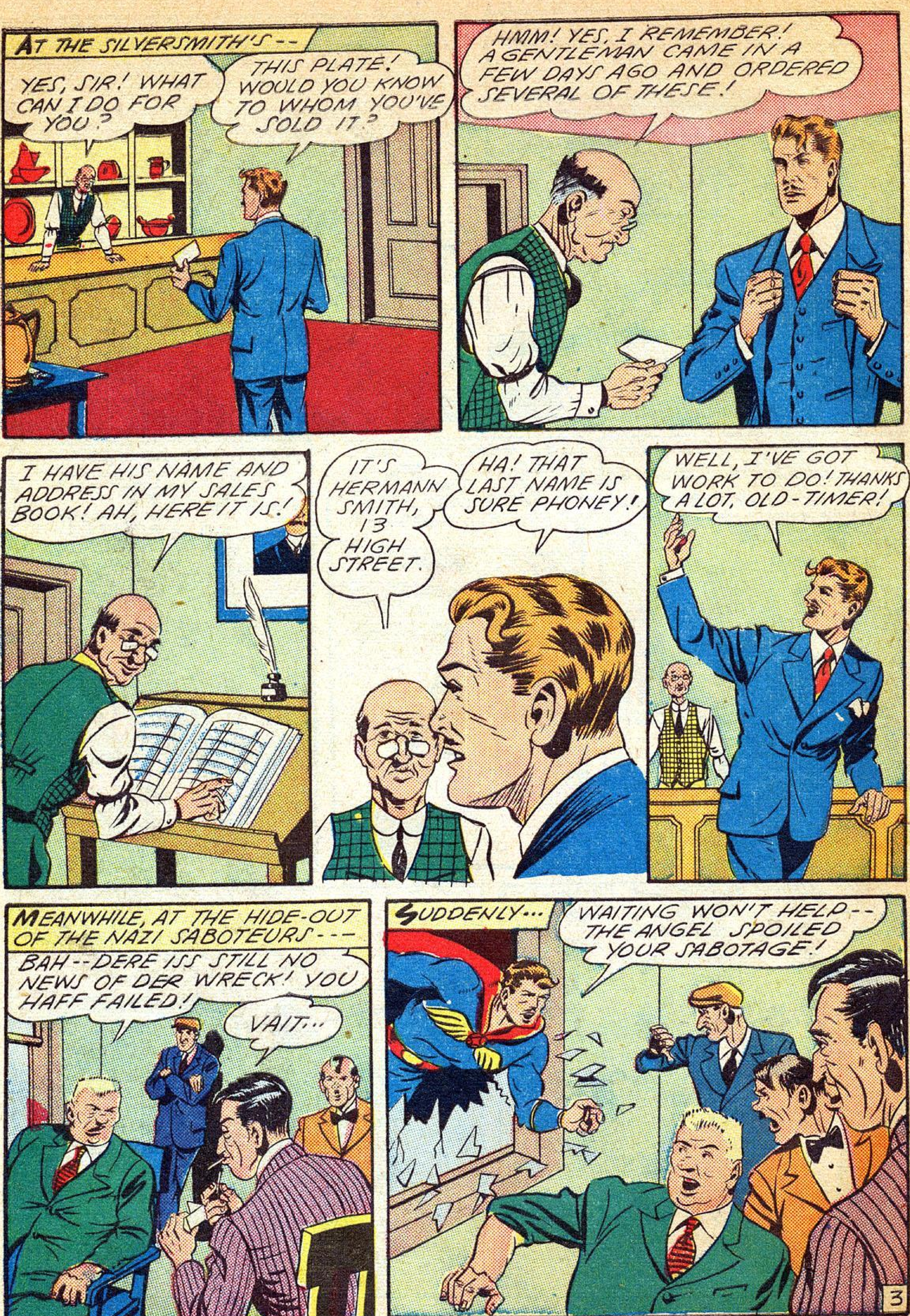
The ANGEL

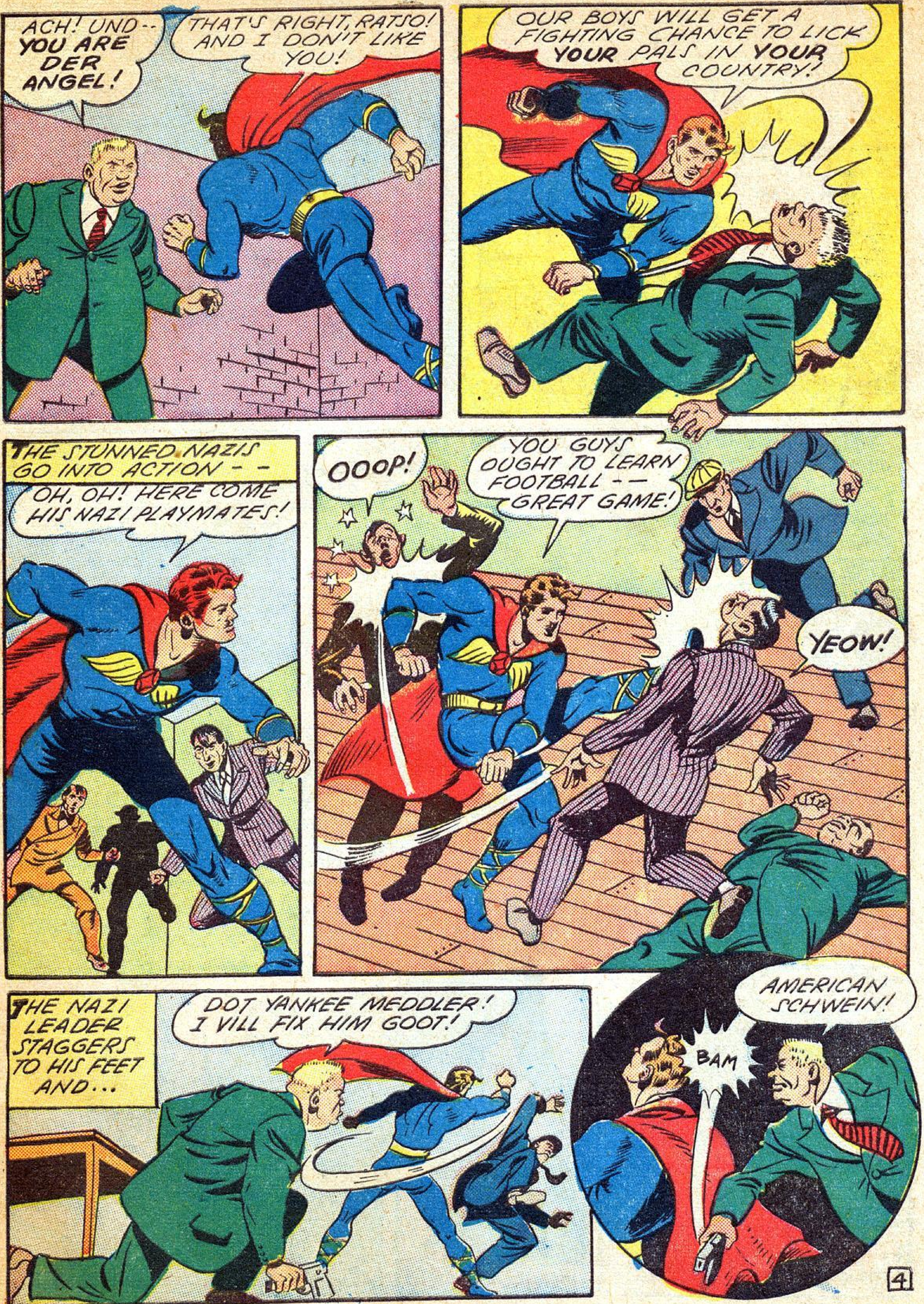

TIME BOMB

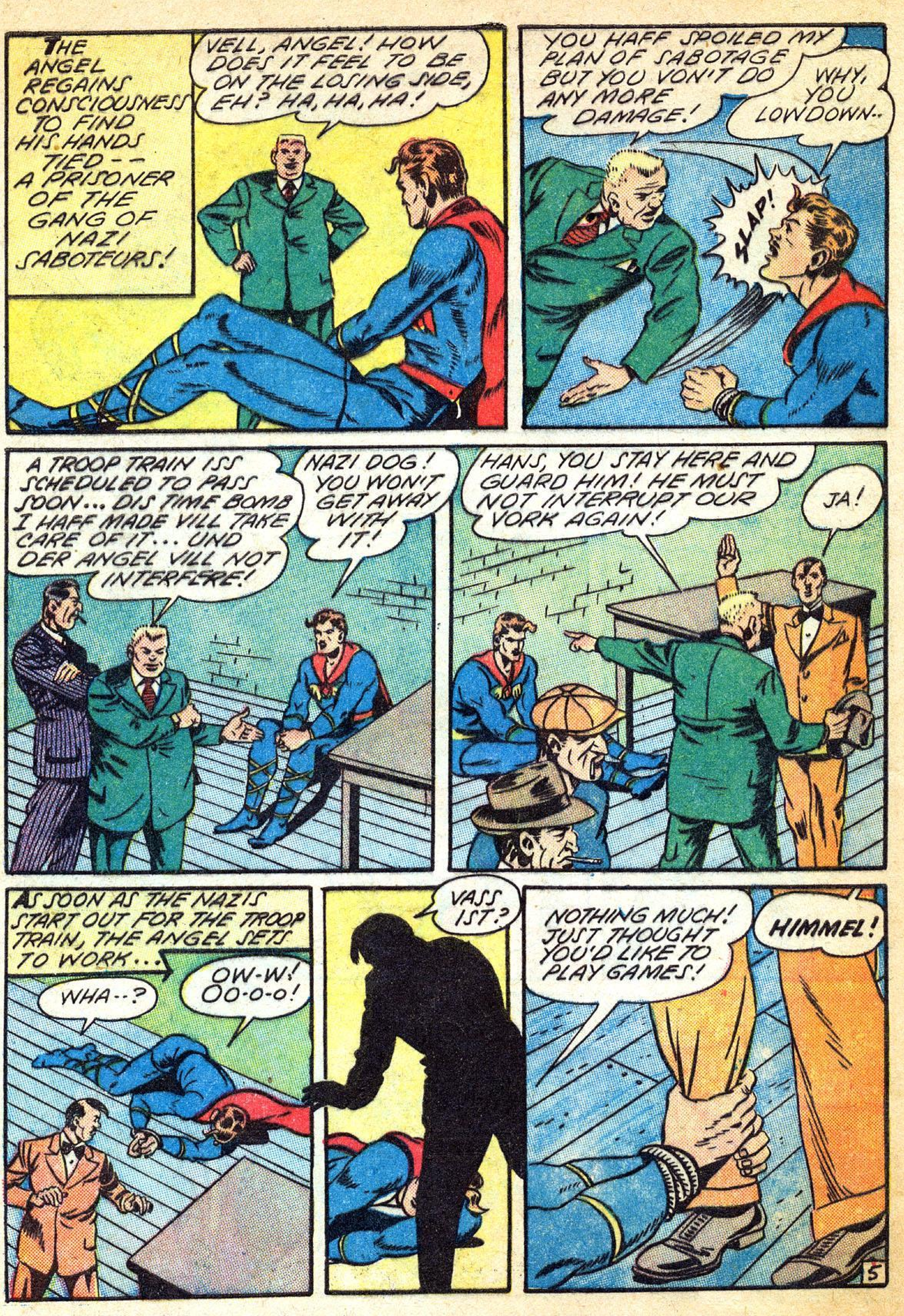

THE ANGEL HAS TAKEN A SHORT VACATION--ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE CITY...
AH! THAT REST WAS JUST WHAT I NEEDED! GUESS I'VE BEEN WORKING HARDER THAN I REALIZED!

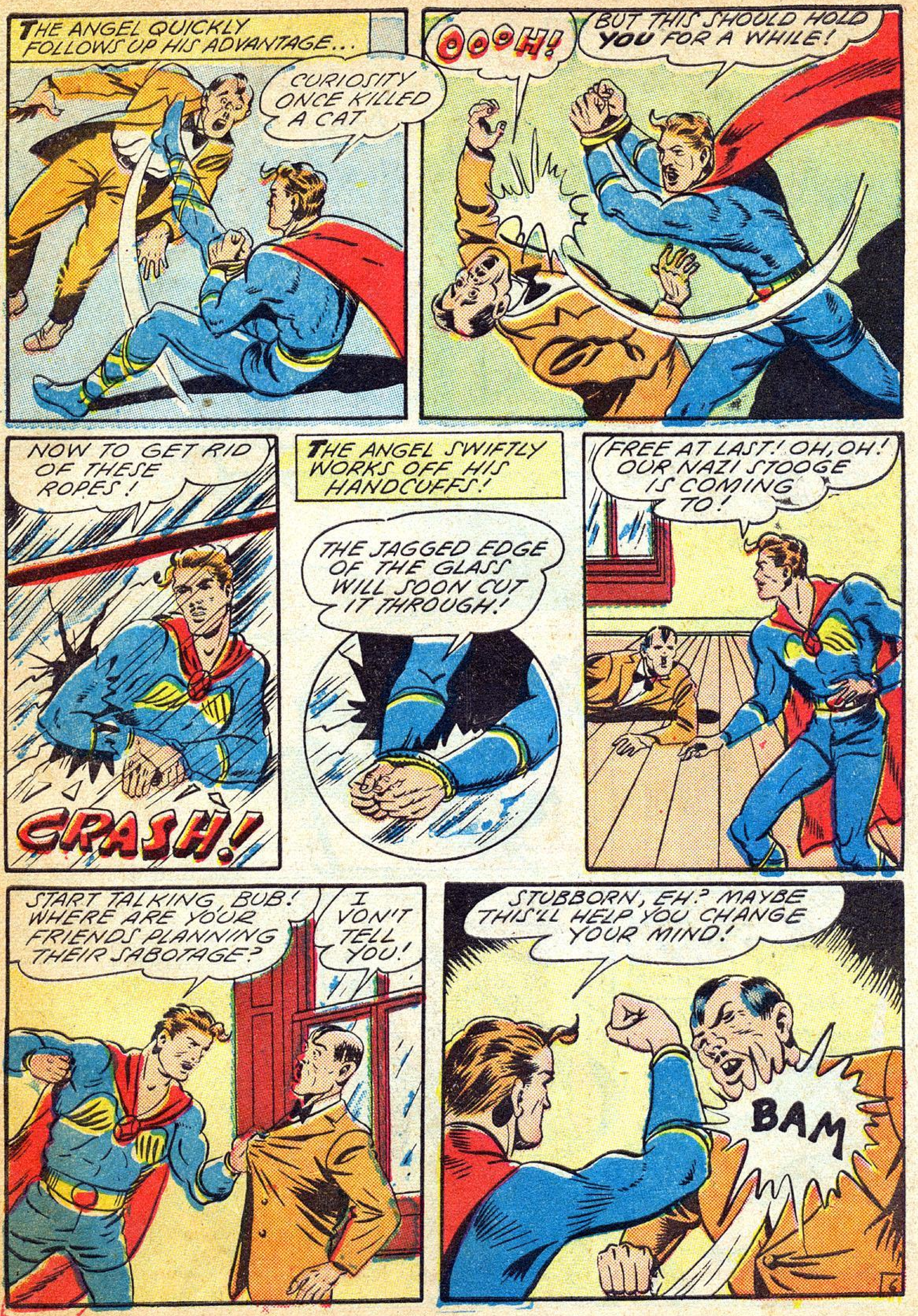

...AS HE CROSSES A RAILROAD TRACK, HE BECOMES SUSPICIOUS OF THREE MEN IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES...
WONDER WHAT THOSE FELLOWS ARE DOING? SURELY THEY'RE NOT WORKMEN!

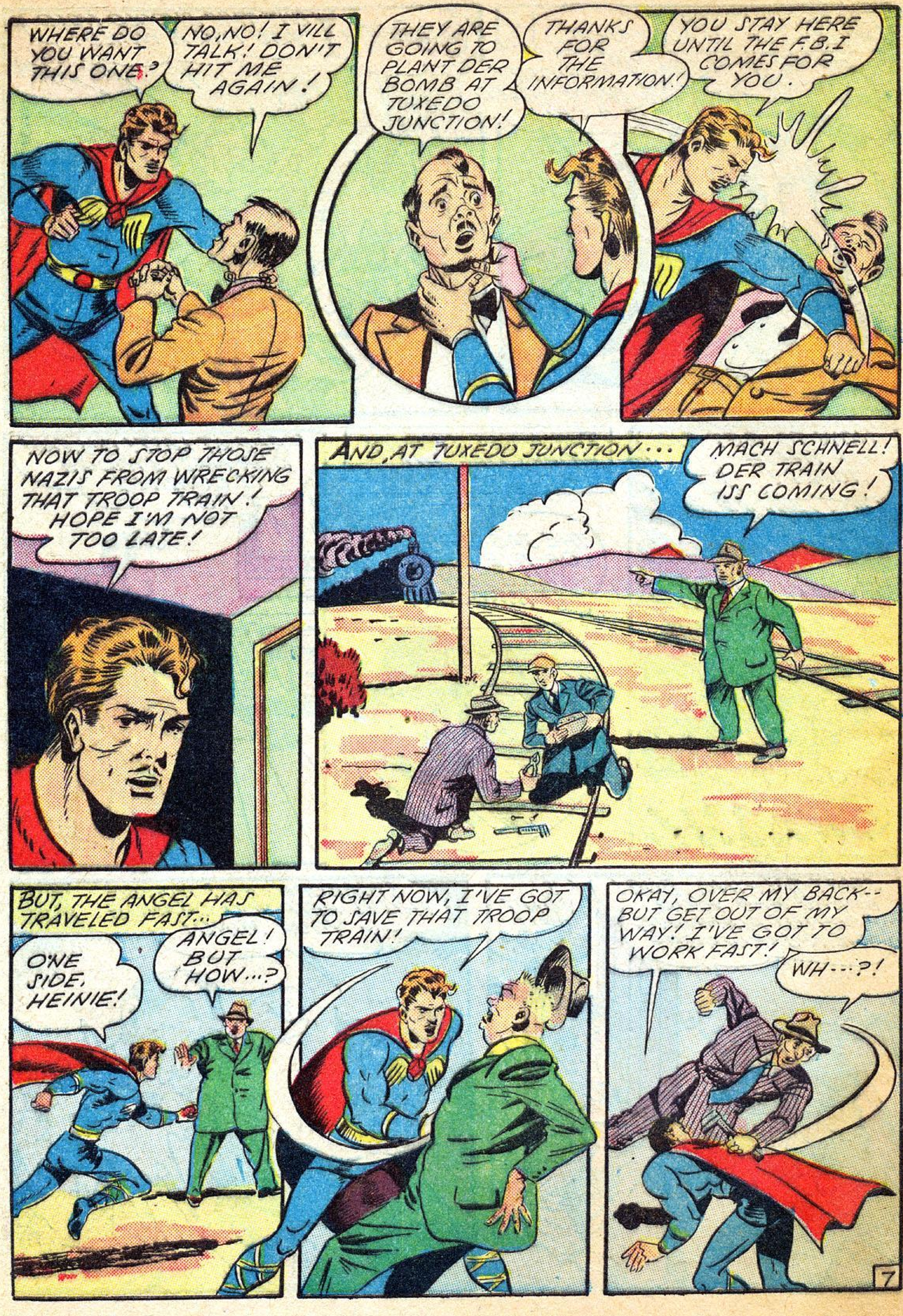

THIS DOESN'T LOOK SO GOOD -- THE MINUTE THEY SAW ME, THEY BEAT IT TO THEIR CAR --
I'D BETTER EXAMINE THOSE RAILS AND SEE IF THEY WERE UP TO ANYTHING -- WITH TROOP TRAINS PASSING THROUGH DAILY, SABOTEURS MIGHT GET IDEAS!
THE ANGEL'S INVESTIGATION REVEALS . . .
WHAT TH ...! A TIME BOMB! THOSE MEN WERE SABOTEURS!
I'LL REMOVE THIS CAREFULLY -- MIGHT HAVE SOME KIND OF BOOBY TRAP ON IT ... THERE!
HMM! THE FELLOW WHO PUT THIS THING TOGETHER KNEW HIS SABOTAGE!
HUH! WHAT'S THIS? THE ADDRESS OF A SILVERSMITH IS STAMPED ON THE BOMB PLATE!
IF I CAN TRACE THE HIDEOUT OF THE SABOTEURS THROUGH THIS, I SHOULD MEET UP WITH THEM SOON ENOUGH! I'D BETTER GET STARTED!

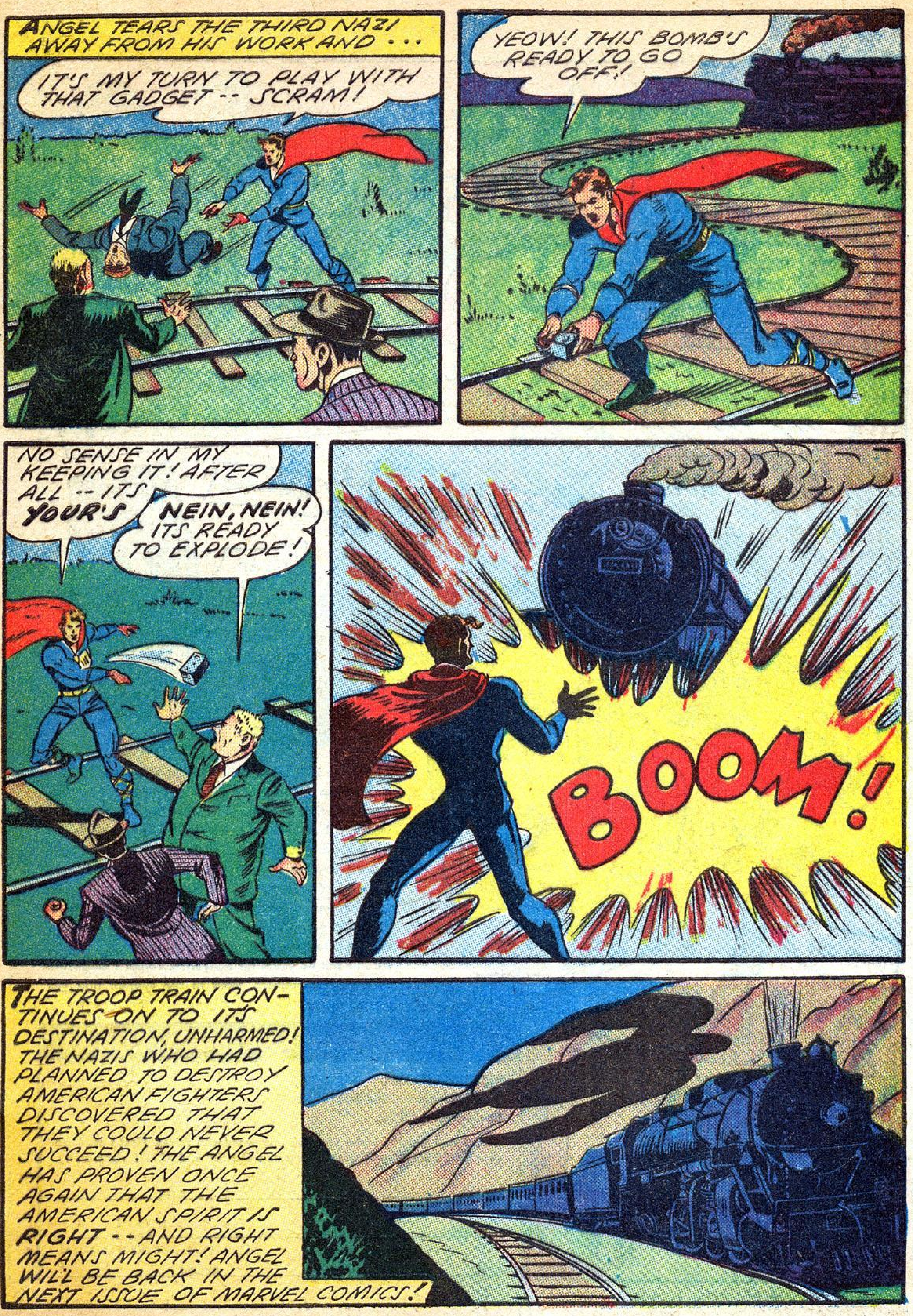

AT THE SILVERSMITH'S --
YES, SIR! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
THIS PLATE! WOULD YOU KNOW TO WHOM YOU'VE SOLD IT?
HMM! YES, I REMEMBER! A GENTLEMAN CAME IN A FEW DAYS AGO AND ORDERED SEVERAL OF THESE!
I HAVE HIS NAME AND ADDRESS IN MY SALES BOOK! AH, HERE IT IS!
IT'S HERMANN SMITH, 13 HIGH STREET.
HA! THAT LAST NAME IS SURE PHONEY!
WELL, I'VE GOT WORK TO DO! THANKS A LOT, OLD-TIMER!
MEANWHILE, AT THE HIDE-OUT OF THE NAZI SABOTEURS ---
BAH -- DERE ISS STILL NO NEWS OF DER WRECK! YOU HAFF FAILED!
VAIT...
SUDDENLY...
WAITING WON'T HELP -- THE ANGEL SPOILED YOUR SABOTAGE!

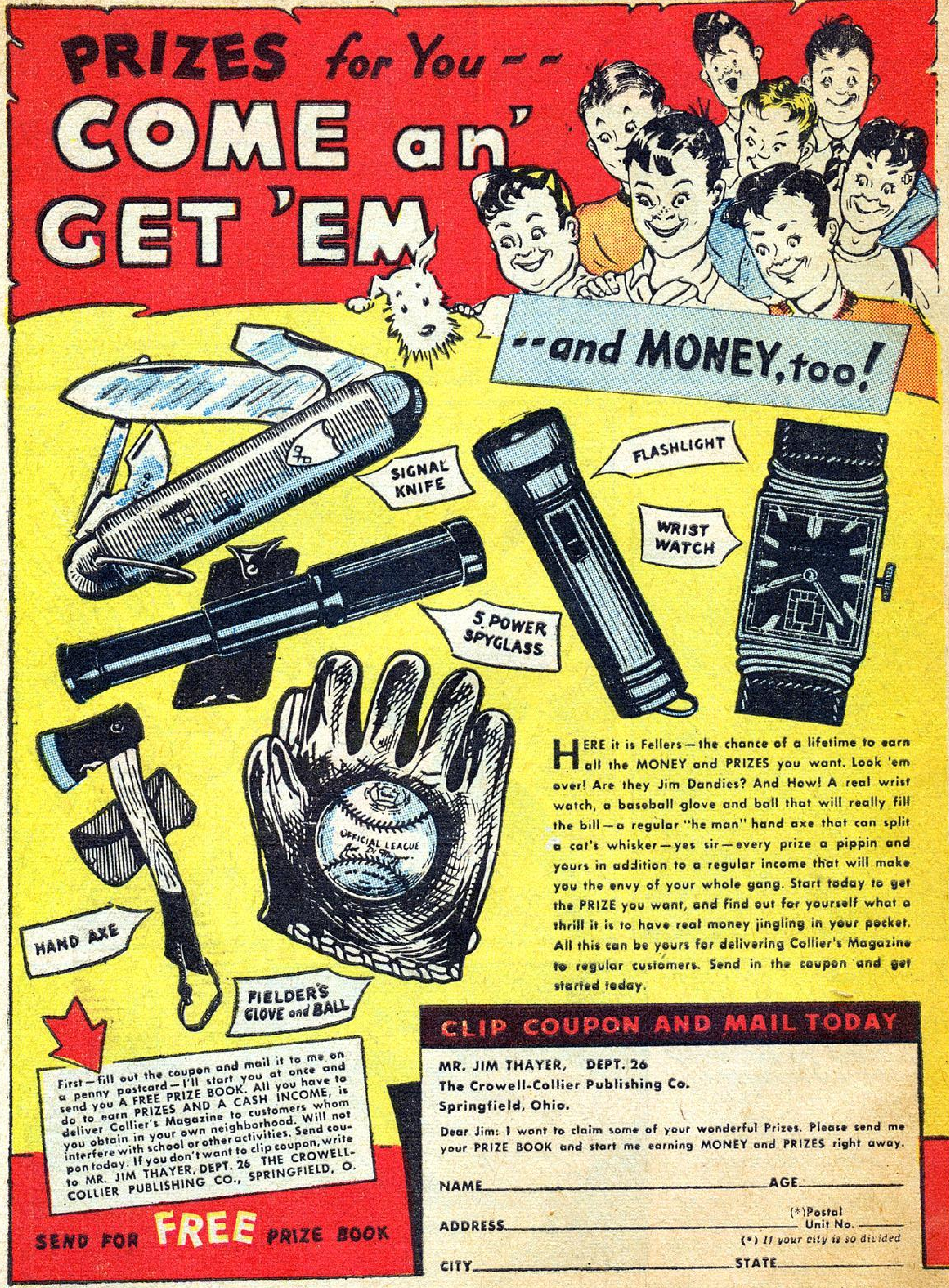

ACH! UND -- YOU ARE DER ANGEL!
THAT'S RIGHT, RATSO! AND I DON'T LIKE YOU!
OUR BOYS WILL GET A FIGHTING CHANCE TO LICK YOUR PALS IN YOUR COUNTRY!
THE STUNNED NAZIS GO INTO ACTION - -
OH, OH! HERE COME HIS NAZI PLAYMATES!
OOOP!
YOU GUYS OUGHT TO LEARN FOOTBALL -- GREAT GAME!
YEOW!
THE NAZI LEADER STAGGERS TO HIS FEET AND...
DOT YANKEE MEDDLER! I VILL FIX HIM GOOT!
AMERICAN SCHWEIN!
BAM


THE ANGEL REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND HIS HANDS TIED -- A PRISONER OF THE GANG OF NAZI SABOTEURS!
VELL, ANGEL! HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE ON THE LOSING SIDE, EH? HA, HA, HA!
YOU HAFF SPOILED MY PLAN OF SABOTAGE BUT YOU VON'T DO ANY MORE DAMAGE!
WHY, YOU LOWDOWN..
SLAP!
A TROOP TRAIN ISS SCHEDULED TO PASS SOON... DIS TIME BOMB I HAFF MADE VILL TAKE CARE OF IT... UND DER ANGEL VILL NOT INTERFERE!
NAZI DOG! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!
HANS, YOU STAY HERE AND GUARD HIM! HE MUST NOT INTERRUPT OUR VORK AGAIN!
JA!
AS SOON AS THE NAZIS START OUT FOR THE TROOP TRAIN, THE ANGEL SETS TO WORK...
WHA--?
OW-W! OO-O-O!
VASS IST?
NOTHING MUCH! JUST THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO PLAY GAMES!
HIMMEL!


THE ANGEL QUICKLY FOLLOWS UP HIS ADVANTAGE...
CURIOSITY ONCE KILLED A CAT
OOOH!
BUT THIS SHOULD HOLD **YOU** FOR A WHILE!
NOW TO GET RID OF THESE ROPES!
CRASH!
THE ANGEL SWIFTLY WORKS OFF HIS HANDCUFFS!
THE JAGGED EDGE OF THE GLASS WILL SOON CUT IT THROUGH!
FREE AT LAST! OH, OH! OUR NAZI STOOGE IS COMING TO!
START TALKING, BUB! WHERE ARE YOUR FRIENDS PLANNING THEIR SABOTAGE?
I VON'T TELL YOU!
STUBBORN, EH? MAYBE THIS'LL HELP YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND!
BAM


WHERE DO YOU WANT THIS ONE?
NO, NO! I VILL TALK! DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!
THEY ARE GOING TO PLANT DER BOMB AT TUXEDO JUNCTION!
THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION!
YOU STAY HERE UNTIL THE F.B.I COMES FOR YOU.
NOW TO STOP THOSE NAZIS FROM WRECKING THAT TROOP TRAIN! HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
AND, AT TUXEDO JUNCTION...
MACH SCHNELL! DER TRAIN ISS COMING!
BUT, THE ANGEL HAS TRAVELED FAST...
ONE SIDE, HEINIE!
ANGEL! BUT HOW...?
RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT TROOP TRAIN!
OKAY, OVER MY BACK-- BUT GET OUT OF MY WAY! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!
WH--?!


ANGEL TEARS THE THIRD NAZI AWAY FROM HIS WORK AND . . .
IT'S MY TURN TO PLAY WITH THAT GADGET -- SCRAM!
YEOW! THIS BOMB'S READY TO GO OFF!
NO SENSE IN MY KEEPING IT! AFTER ALL -- ITS **YOUR'S**
NEIN, NEIN! ITS READY TO EXPLODE!
BOOM!
THE TROOP TRAIN CONTINUES ON TO IT'S DESTINATION, UNHARMED! THE NAZIS WHO HAD PLANNED TO DESTROY AMERICAN FIGHTERS DISCOVERED THAT THEY COULD NEVER SUCCEED! THE ANGEL HAS PROVEN ONCE AGAIN THAT THE AMERICAN SPIRIT IS **RIGHT** -- AND RIGHT MEANS MIGHT! ANGEL WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!



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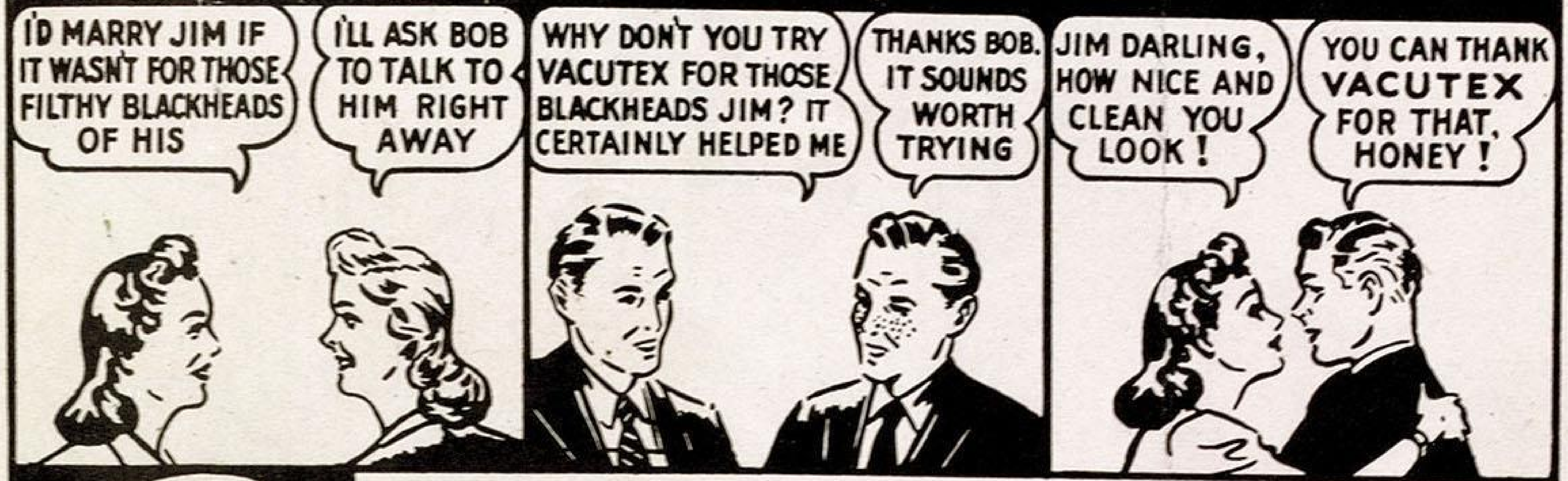
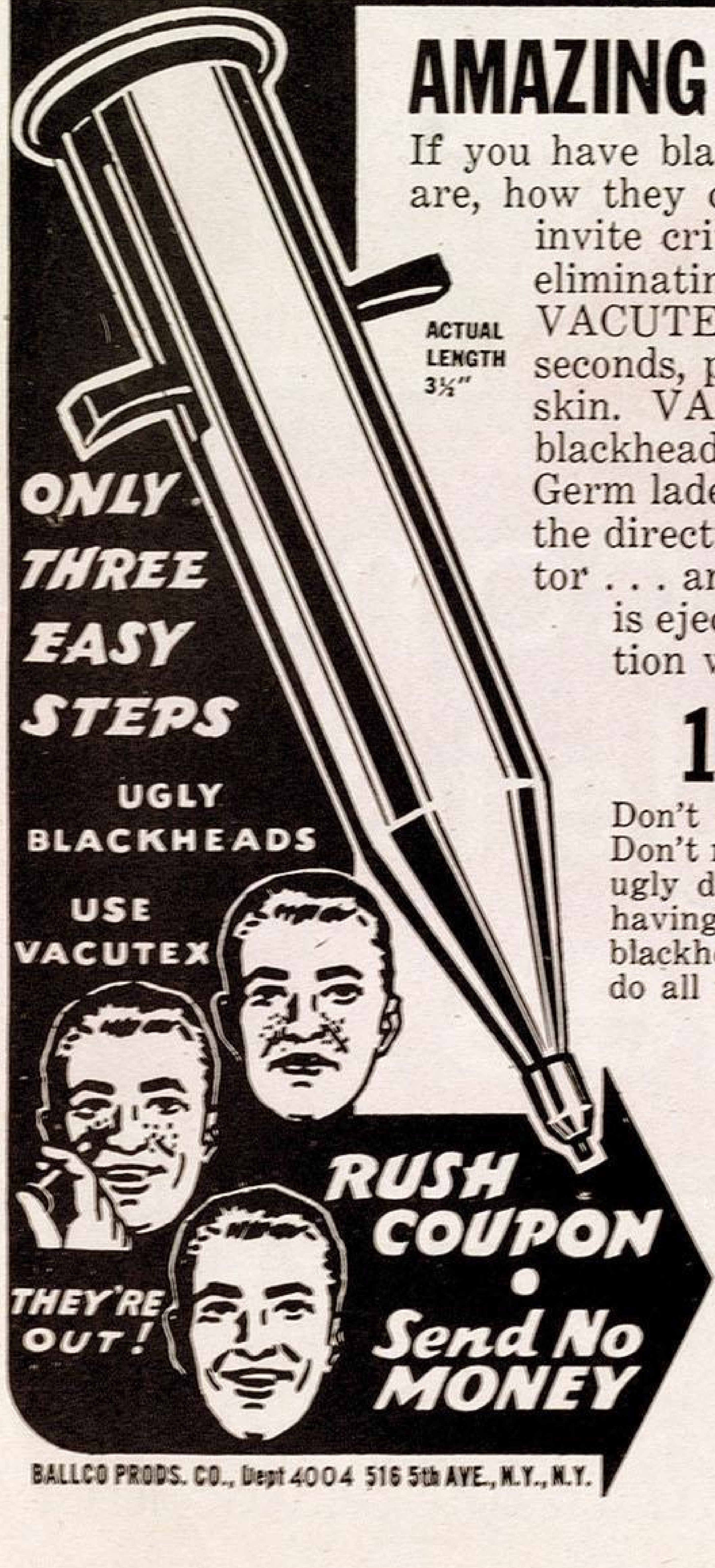
REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST


I'D MARRY JIM IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE FILTHY BLACKHEADS OF HIS
I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY
WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME
THANKS BOB. IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING
JIM DARLING, HOW NICE AND CLEAN YOU LOOK!
YOU CAN THANK VACUTEX FOR THAT, HONEY!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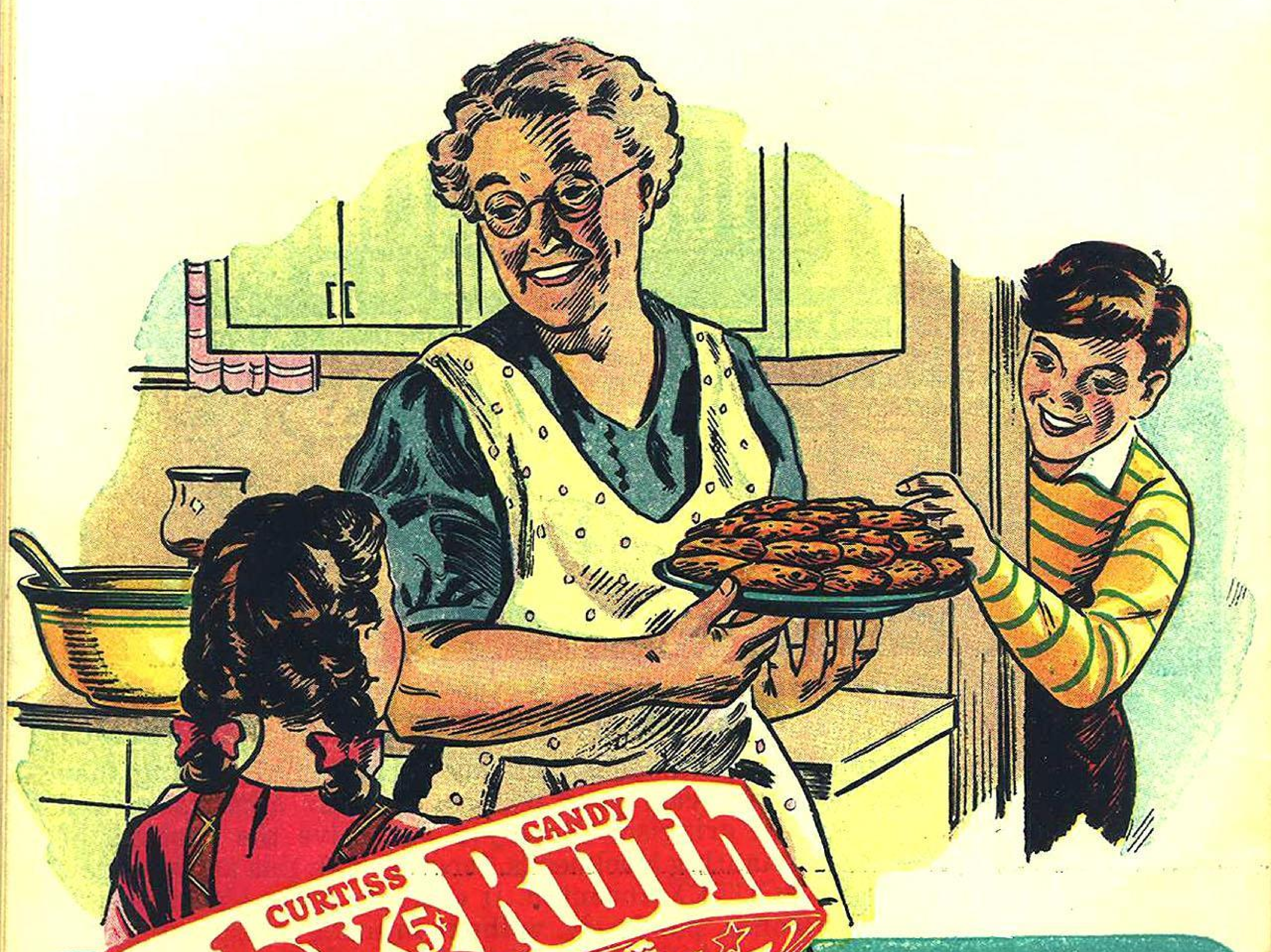
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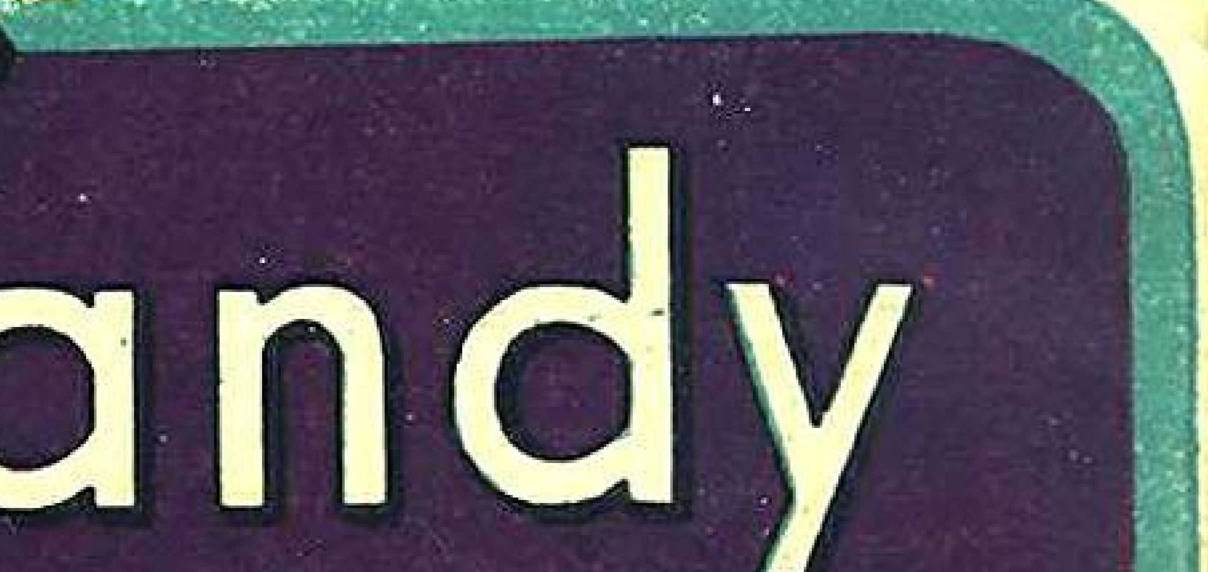

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